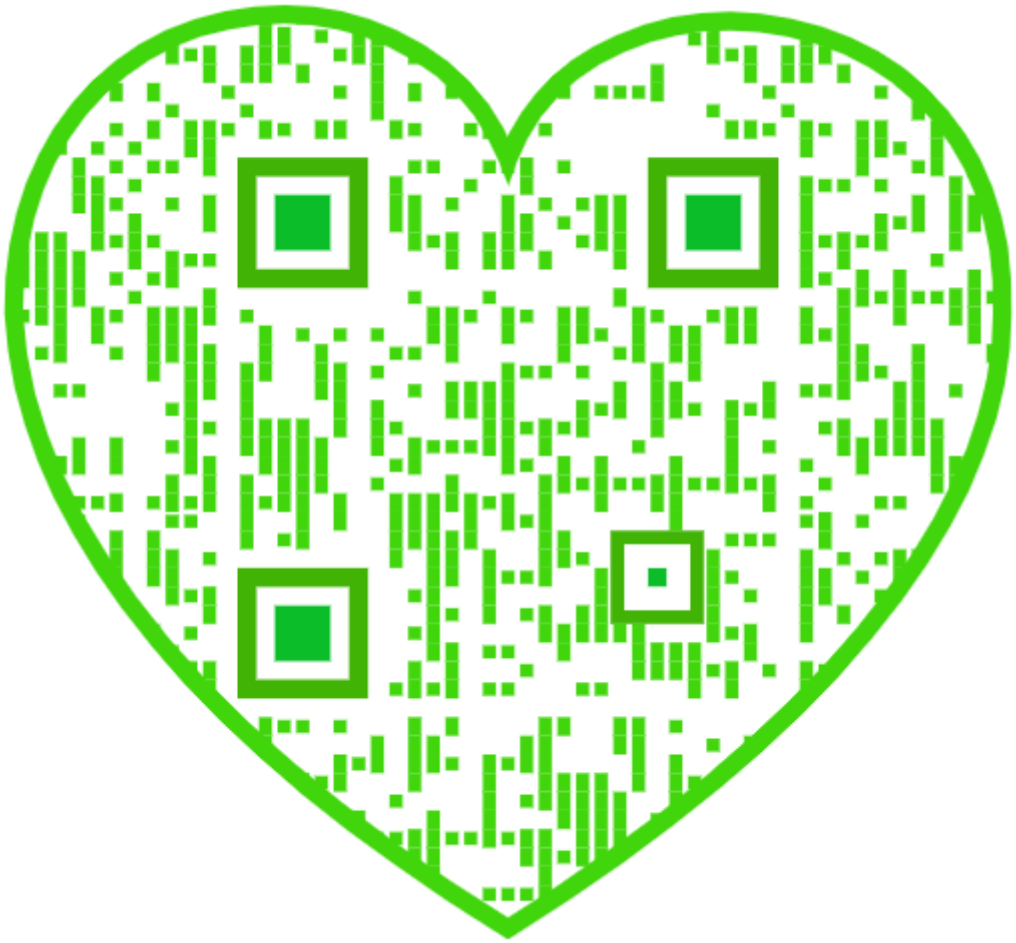
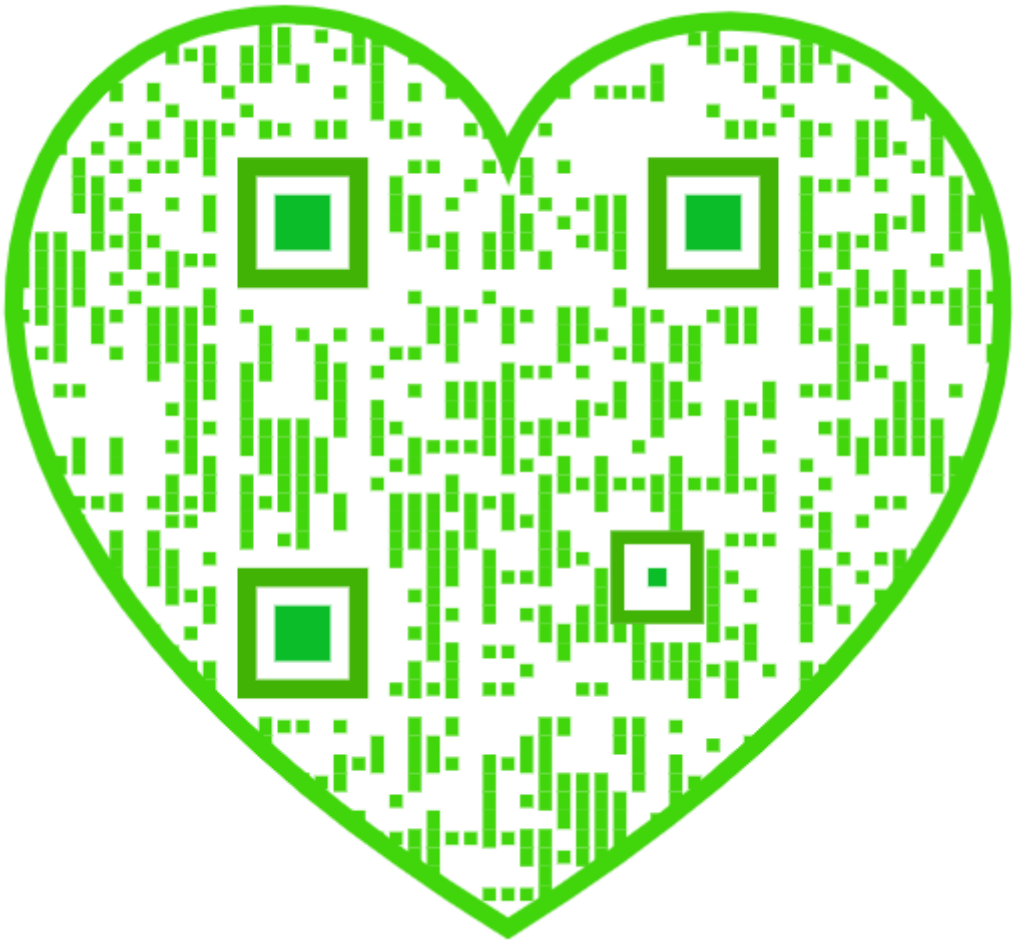
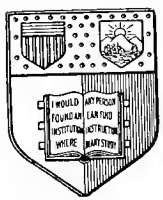






New York
State College of Agriculture
At Cornell University
Ithaca, N. Y.

Library

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
3 1924 050 307 325

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

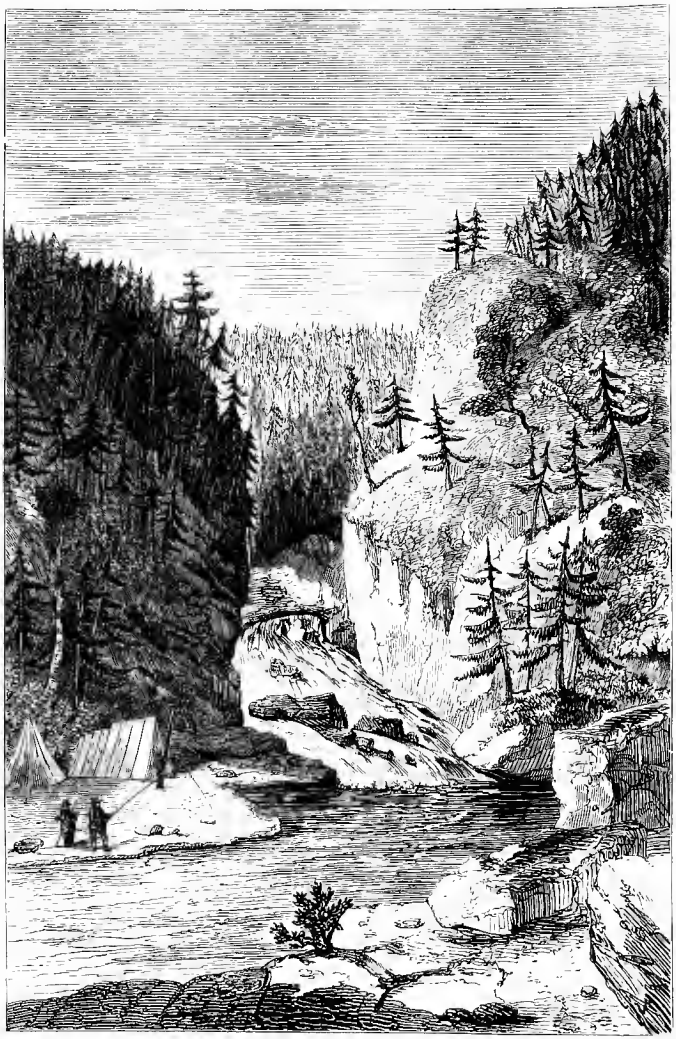
There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924050307325

SALMON-FISHING IN CANADA

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything

SHAKSPEARE



THE UPPER FALLS OF THE GIPPONT [Frontispiece

SALMON-FISHING

IN CANADA

BY A RESIDENT

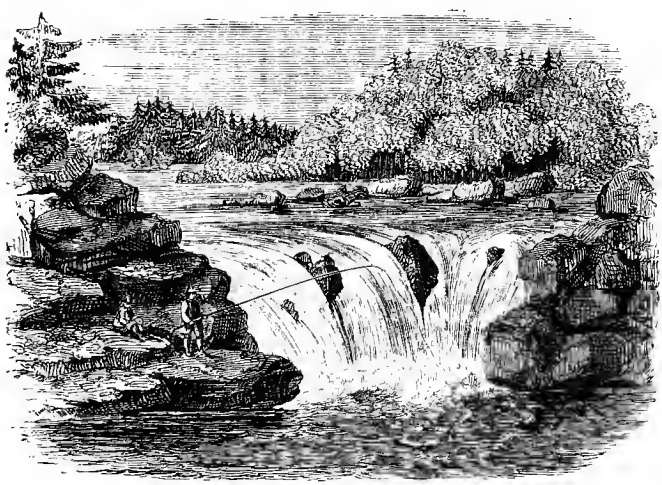
EDITED BY

COLONEL SIR JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER

KNT. K.C.L.S. 14TH REGT.

AUTHOR OF 'EXPLORATIONS IN AMERICA, AFRICA, ETC.'

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



THE CHUTE-EN-HAUT

LONDON

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

1860

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

INSCRIBED TO

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROWAN, K.C.B.

COLONEL 19TH REGT.

LATELY COMMANDING THE FORCES

AND

ADMINISTRATOR OF THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

INTRODUCTION.

It is impossible to over-value the provinces of Great Britain lying in North America beyond the Atlantic wave. They have attracted, and will continue to attract, the greatest attention, as the hope and the home of the emigrant. A haven of rest, after honourable toil, will be found there by those who are debarred, by the competition in "the old country," from realising their cherished dreams of independence. The eastern townships of Lower Canada will receive and occupy the wanderer; Canada west has many modes of employing him, its resources are being so rapidly developed by steam and rail. The dark forests of New Brunswick, laced with bright rivers, were not created to be

unsubdued by the hand of man; and the valuable though neglected island of Cape Breton, a dependency of Nova Scotia, with its great salt lake, the Bras d'Or, is rich in coal, possesses exhaustless fisheries, and a soil capable of supporting large numbers of industrious settlers.

The heart of Canada may be reached for 6*l.*, the Maritime Provinces of North America for 4*l.*; an advantage which is not shared by our distant though important possessions in South Africa and Australia.

The soldier and the civilian, the merchant and the farmer, in the West may diversify and lighten their duties and their toils with the most exciting sport in these vast regions,—the haunts of the bear, the deer, and the fox; and the fisherman has such a scope for his "gentle art" on the lakes and rivers frequented by the great maskanonge, salmon, bass, white fish, &c., that home-fishing would appear very tame ever after.

The careless manner in which some of the greatest boons of the Almighty Creator are treated is evinced

in the reckless destruction of the valuable salmon family. Some rivers are protected in Britain and America, and the salmon are judiciously used there; but it is too often the case that some of the finest salmon rivers are now abandoned on account of even the gravel of the spawning beds being removed to make walks, whilst poachers destroy fish, lean and unwholesome at the breeding time; and weirs, stretching across a river near its mouth, by some old feudal right, and for the benefit of one proprietor, absorb what might be a means of existence and pleasure to hundreds living higher up the stream. Surely this great abuse cannot continue.

We have hunted, fished, and explored in the British Provinces of North America, and sojourned there for years, and now propose to give some account, mixed up with facetious matter, from the notes of a very experienced hand, of SALMON FISHING IN CANADA; adding, in an Appendix, curious information of various kinds bearing on salmon fishing in our North American possessions generally. We may add that the highest degree of enjoyment is to be

found in a cruise to the salmon grounds on the Lower St. Lawrence, whilst enthusiastic fishermen from England find it well worth their while to go all the way to the American maritime provinces to "make camp," and cast their lines over the clear waters of the rivers which empty themselves into the Bay of Chaleur.

J. E. A.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	—INTRODUCTORY AND EGOTISTICAL	1
II.	—IS THERE SALMON FISHING IN CANADA?	17
III.	—WHAT FLIES ARE SUITED FOR CANADA?	39
IV.	—HOW ARE WE TO GET TO THE SALMON RIVERS IN CANADA? .	59
V.	—WHICH ARE THE SALMON RIVERS IN CANADA? . . .	79
VI.	—A SUNDAY AT THE SAGUENAY	111
VII.	—SALMON FISHING IN THE SAGUENAY	141
VIII.	—SALMON FISHING IN THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE SAGUENAY	159
IX.	—THE ESQUEMAIN	177
X.	—THE PETITE ROMAINE, SAULT DE MOUTON, PORT NEUF, AND BERSIMITS	193

CHAP. PAGE

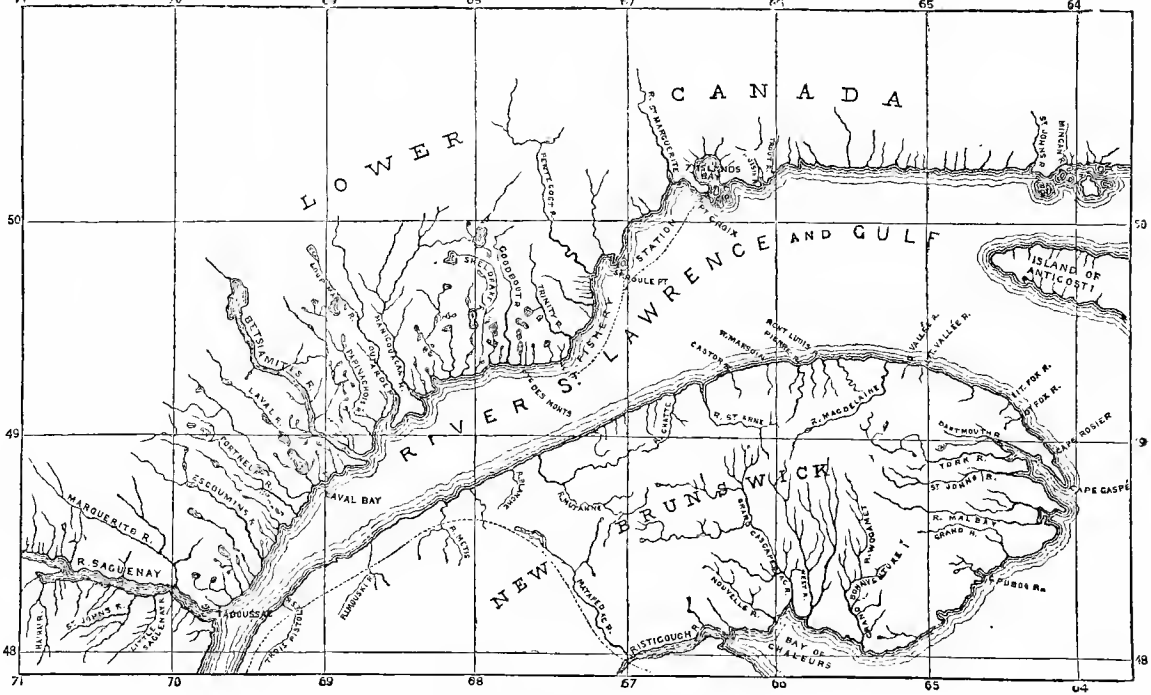
XI.—SHELDRAKE, GOODBOUT, MATANE, AND METIS 209

XII.—TRINITY, PENTECOST, MARGARET 227

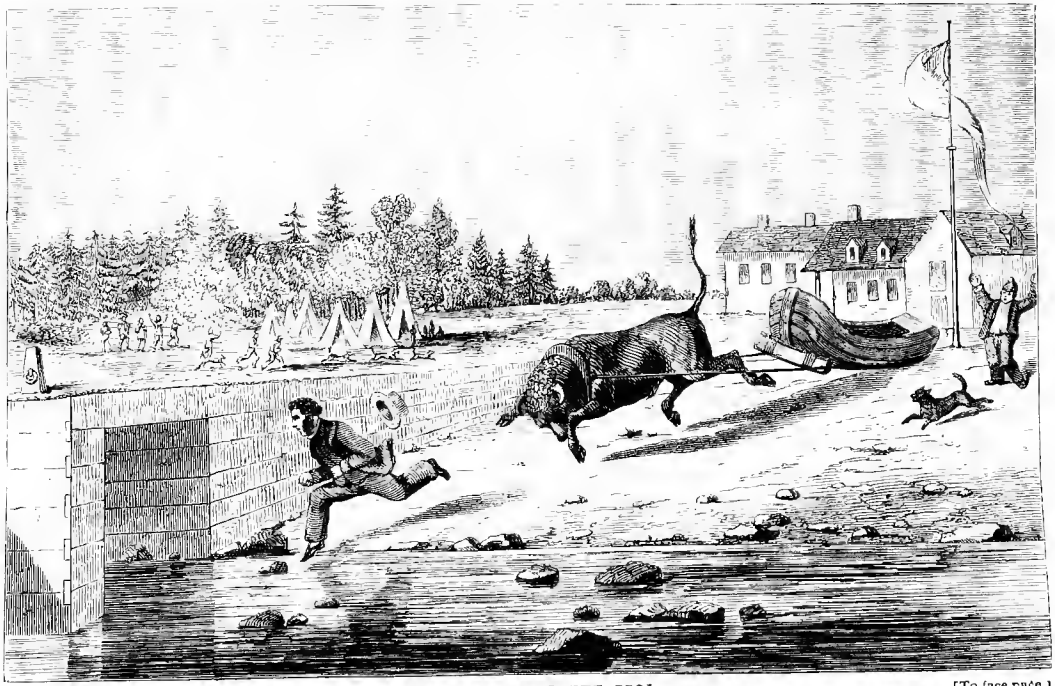
XIII.—WHALE FISHING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE, AND WHALE STORIES . 247

XIV.—SALMON FISHING IN THE MOISIE 277

APPENDIX 287



MAP OF THE SALMON RIVERS OF CANADA.



THE CAPTAIN AND THE BULL

[To face page 1

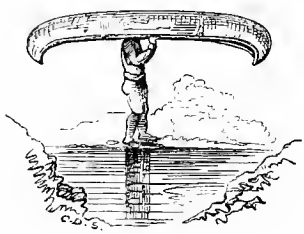
CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY AND EGOTISTICAL.

"Low was our pretty cot, our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window; we could hear,
At silent noon, and eve and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined. The little landscape round
Was green and woody and refreshed the eye:
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion."

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY AND EGOTISTICAL.



THE reader who takes up this book with the design to peruse the following pages, may be desirous to learn in the first instance with whom he is about to travel, what description of person pretends to publish his experience in the "gentle art," and in what company he is invited to explore the rugged banks and unfrequented pools of the romantic and secluded Canadian rivers. Such a desire is only reasonable, but, no doubt, a short sketch will be deemed sufficient.

The lines which are prefixed to this chapter accurately describe, as far as they go, a comfortable but small glebe house, which by the favour of the bishop of the diocese, the writer took possession of at the age of twenty-six, having been for the previous three years curate of a populous and considerable town near the centre of Ireland.

This house was situated in a western county, and although

well sheltered, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, stood on comparatively high land about the middle of the valley. Its windows commanded an extensive view of a chain of blue and limpid lakes, abounding in pike and perch, which stretched away towards the foot of the mountains, while partly hidden by intervening trees, was another series of still more beautiful sheets of water, whose shores were well wooded, whose surfaces were interspersed with green islands, and whose depths were well stocked with most magnificent trout and abundance of silvery roach.

The reader will readily come to the conclusion that these lakes, and the streams flowing from them, were not over fished by a superabundant population of sporting gentry, when he is informed that the writer, being not a little proud of his promotion by a learned prelate, and being moreover under some slight impression that he was not the worst preacher in the diocese, had made rather a careful preparation for his introductory sermon in his new parish, and that when he ascended the pulpit to deliver it, his congregation consisted of two policemen and the squire's coachman.

Having mentioned the squire's coachman, it would be wrong to omit all mention of the squire himself. He was a gentleman. He had inherited a dark Spanish appearance from his mother. His understanding had been opened by a university education in which he had distinguished

himself, and his manners had been polished by foreign travel and intercourse with the best society. In early life he had run into the usual extravagances and dissipations of young Irishmen who have not to win their way in the world, and by them had been seduced from following the toilsome steps which, with his manners and talents, would have inevitably led to distinction at the bar, to which he had been called. Long before the period of which we write he had been married, and had just returned from a continental tour with his wife, having left their two sons at school in England.

He was fond of shooting and an excellent shot, but unfortunately had no taste for fishing. However, his house was capacious, his demesne beautiful, his hospitality unbounded, and at his table it was my good fortune to meet two men, who subsequently were closely connected with many of my most interesting fishing experiences — Sir Hugh Dillon Massy of Doonas, and David Blood of Shandangun. The former was the very beau ideal of an Irish baronet of the period, tall, handsome, polished, cheerful, vivacious, passionate and hospitable. The latter was, in every sense of the word, one of the best men and the best fishermen I have ever encountered among all the changes and chances of my eventful life. Many were the happy days which he and I spent in his Norway praam on the smooth waters of Rossroe, and splendid were the trout, with baskets full of which we used to return, sometimes at eight,

sometimes at nine o'clock in the evening, to my little glebe, there to enjoy with my wife a late dinner, and kill our fish all over again. Many an exciting hour have we passed in the rapids of the Shannon at Doonas—rapids which I recommend every fisherman in Europe to see, and to fish if he can—they are six miles from Limerick. Many were the strong salmon which there walked off with our most valued flies, and many were the beautiful and shining swimmers which there fell victims to our feathered deceits. These, however, were the days when Irish gentlemen did not rent their rod-fishing, but were glad to have it near their residences, as an inducement to their friends to come and visit them and stay with them. For fourteen years I fished these beautiful, bright, and rapid pools, generally devoting to them a fortnight in April, and another fortnight in June. In the former month the fish were heavier, in the latter much more abundant. I have, in a single day, killed twenty-one salmon and salmon peal in these waters, and that on a bright, balmy, dewy day in June.

But my first lessons in fly-fishing were not learned in the "mightie Sheenane shining like y^{e} sea." John Mason, a lame gamekeeper of my grandfather, lent me an old rod, attached to it a clumsily tied hook, impaled thereon a long red worm, and brought me for the first time to try my fortune in the brook which flowed across the road which faced the entrance gate of which he was a guardian.

There had been rain—the water was much the colour of table beer. Old John pulled out trout after trout, and oh how I admired their yellow sides and crimson spots as they danced and jumped upon the green grass glittering with dew drops! None for a considerable time sought to make acquaintance with my bait—at last I felt a pull at it, and well was it for my peace of mind during the remainder of that day, that my line was formed of stout hemp, for in return I gave such a pull as sent a trout of nearly a pound weight flying over my head into a remote part of the field behind me. I ran, I caught him, I disengaged the hook from his tongue, I stretched him on the grass, I lay down beside him, I feasted my eyes upon him. I brought him, with those which old John had taken, to my grandmother; I heard his flavour approved at dinner, and from that hour was irretrievably a fisherman.

Soon I began to wield one of Martin Kelly's light brook rods—I have it still. Soon I learned to despise the crawling worm, and with my fine gut casting line, my black hackle with a dark blue body for a stretcher, and my red hackle for a bob, found my way to the Dargle river, with which the brook of which I have already spoken mingles its waters. Soon, accompanied by a chuckle-headed, bull-necked, red-haired peasant named Ned Nowlan, the son of an old nurse who had lived a long life on my grandfather's property and in my grandfather's house, I essayed to try more distant streams and lakes. Few are

the waters which flow through the beautiful and romantic county of Wicklow, that have not yielded to my early efforts, dozens of their spotted beauties—Glencree, the Ventry, Lugalaw, Lough Dace, the Seven Churches, Lough Ullar, Poul a phuca; and oh what reminiscences of early morning walks, of hearty breakfasts at the lowly country inn, of Henley's hearty laugh, and Blakeley's melodious voice, and Tyrrell's équivoque, do the names of these places call forth from the cells of memory!

But it was not in the waters of the exquisite county of Wicklow that I slew my first salmon. That glory, like many others won by my countrymen, was reserved for Great Britain. During one of my college vacations, I crossed from Dublin to North Wales, and taking up my quarters at Caernarvon, made various excursions for the enjoyment of my favourite pastime. One morning early—I could tell the exact date if it was important — Captain Knipe, a thorough fisherman, who always angled for trout with a white maggot on and covering the hook of his fly, and always killed the largest fish, old Rice Thomas, a gouty, passionate, good-natured Welsh gentleman, and myself started for the inn at the beautiful Bethgellart, where having bespoken beds, we proceeded to Lyn Quinnan.* I am not sure about the spelling of this last word, but it is according to the way in which we pronounced it. Here we found a boat waiting for us, with a cross-grained old

* Gwynant.

man to row us. The sand of the shore shelving gradually into the water of the lake, and the boat being a heavy, clumsy concern with a keel, we had to wade to get on board; but this would have been death to old Rice Thomas, whose toes were not even then free from certain twinges of his hereditary enemy, the gout; I therefore took him off the jaunting car on my back, and carried him bodily to the boat,—an act which completely gained the old man's heart, and made him my fast friend as long as he lived.

Now it is to be remembered that these worthy men were old and experienced Brothers of the Angle; that I was young, and green, and careless; that they came to this lake for the special purpose of fishing for salmon; and that I did not very steadfastly believe in the existence of such a fish in any other place than at Johnny Green's the fishmonger's in William Street, or on the dinner table, accompanied by parsley and butter — and then it will not excite surprise that they should look slightingly at my light rod and tackle, and turn up their noses at my collection of the neatest trout flies that were ever turned out of Sackville Street. However, old Rice Thomas, taking pity on me, picked from his soiled and weather-stained and well-worn pocket-book, a queer-looking, dingy, tarnished, red-bodied, red-hackled, turkey-winged fly, which I thought it about as much use to put upon my casting-line as it would be to bait my hook with an eagle, and go bob for whales: however, I fastened it on, and upon inquiring what I should

do next, found that we were about to troll along the edges of the lake, and that my fly was to be the middle one, thus following exactly the wake of the boat. We spent but a short time at this work, when I was alarmed by an awful splash in the still water behind me and a sudden and simultaneous effort to pluck my rod from my hand. On turning round to see what was the matter, for I had been steering and sitting with my back to the stern, while my fly trailed after, I perceived that I had hooked something, and that that thing, whatever it was, was darting through the water and spinning out my wheel line at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. Then arose a din and a tumult and a confusion of tongues, which must have astonished the naiads in the peaceful glades of Lyn Quinnan; "Give him line!" shouted fat Knipe; "Give the butt!" exclaimed old Thomas; "Keep up the top of your rod!" growled the cross-grained old boatman. I endeavoured to do all; but, unfortunately for me, there was a knot upon my reel line; it would not pass the rings; the fish was brought to a dead halt in his race, he spun up at least five feet into the sunshine, shook his head violently, fell back into the sparkling water, and swam quietly off with old Rice Thomas's red-hackle stuck in his jaw and about ten yards of my line.

My agitation, vexation, and disappointment may be more easily imagined than described; they were in fact a severe punishment, but when the old fellows began to

growl, and snarl, and find all sorts of faults with all I had done and all I had not done, it was too much for human nature. I kept my temper, however, and quietly stepping over the gunwale into about four feet water, I said, "Good morning, gentlemen, I think you will do better without me; we will meet at dinner." And extremely glad I do believe they were to get rid of me.

My reflections, as I lounged along the lake side, were not of the most agreeable nature. I felt like a guilty thing, like one who ought to be ashamed; but still as the knot was on my line without my knowledge, I found excuses for myself, and my disposition not being a despondent one, soon recovered my usual equanimity; and when I got out of sight of the old boys, sat down, reeled all the line off my wheel, untied the knot, and resolved to fish for trout along the river which runs from the lake, and flows, foaming amongst rocks and precipices, and glades and meadows, towards the inn at Bethgellart.

I began at the spot where the stream leaves the lake, sometimes tossing the smaller fish lightly to the bank, sometimes wading under overhanging trees and slowly drawing to the landing-net the speckled beauties of a larger size. The day was fine, my ardour great, the water in good order, and my success was commensurate, for I was really a handy trout fisher. Long before the slanting beams of the declining sun had given evidence of the approach of evening, my small kreel was full; but not

satisfied with such abundant and unexpected sport, I went on filling the pockets of my jacket, until their weight became unpleasant, and the waning light warned me to expedite my progress towards my quarters for the night. Having passed a considerable portion of the river without fishing, the path led through some low and rich meadows, along which I wearily strayed, now and then throwing my fly into an inviting pool, unwilling to give up the sport, yet conscious that I ought to seek food and repose: when just as the dimness of twilight silently settled upon mountain and valley, and blending roads and rivers, trees and rocks into one dull hue, the path approached the river's edge where its waters having hurried down a short sharp rapid were gathered into a circular basin in which they eddied round and round in concentric circles except close to the bank on which I stood, whence they were carried forward by a moderate current. Into the still water at the far side of this current, I deftly dropped my fly, letting the water carry it round towards me, when suddenly I found an enormous weight upon the end of my line; immediately I gave the butt and wound up, until I felt, for I could not see, the loop of my casting line grate against the ring on the top of my rod. I peered into the water with all my eyes, but nothing could I discern, except floating bubbles and a dim reflection of the clouds and trees. In vain I raised my hand and rod, endeavouring to move the object of my anxiety; but I might as well have

attempted to push Snowdon from its base. I then began to doubt whether I had hooked a fish, a log, or a stone. After about five minutes of this incertitude, my fears were awakened by the animal, whatever it was, running down the stream at a rate which made me pull into a fast trot, and caused my wheel to discourse most eloquent music. Suddenly he stopped in a small pool in the middle of the river, and again I took in line as far as prudence would permit, and bore hard upon him, hoping to float him over to my side of the stream. At this time I actually suspected he was an otter!! Again he left the quiet eddy and tumbled, and rolled, and splashed, as I could hear, down, and down, and down the river. I could not stop him. I could with difficulty run fast enough to prevent him from running out all my line. Through rapids, and pools, and streams, and eddies, down, down the river he went to a spot where it turns an acute angle, and where its banks are thickly studded with overhanging hawthorns. These I could not pass by land; the river was deep underneath them; I could not lift my rod high enough to clear the line of them; I stood hesitating on the river's brink, holding on by my rod till it was ready to break; the wheel was about to give off its last turn of line; I plunged in up to my chin; again I approached my enemy, walking, and stumbling, and winding, and again got so near as to take in all but my casting line. Again I looked and peered and peeped and stared and blinked into the dark waters, but nothing could I see

of my tormentor. After waiting for a while I resolved to endeavour to put my landing net under where he ought to be, according to my calculations; in effecting which, as fortune would have it, the net caught in my bob fly, and at the same moment my foe made another rush down the stream. I suffered the landing net to go along with him, and followed as I could, sometimes up to my middle, sometimes clothed in water to my armpits, and frequently falling on my face, and with much difficulty regaining my feet, encumbered as I was with my pockets full of trout as well as my basket. My patience was nearly exhausted: at last, after following down and down the stream, I ascertained that he had again stopped, and when I approached the place where I considered that he was, I perceived the landing net caught between two stones, and determined, whatever might be the consequences, to give up sounding the bed of the river, and betake me to the shore. I therefore seized the net with a bold hand, and strode recklessly towards the bank; fortunately, at this place the bottom consisted of gravel, so that I could keep my footing steadily, and directing my steps to where the surface of the meadow dipped lowest towards the water, I came upon the very spot where a drain or grasscut emptied itself into the river: I walked up into it, drawing the landing net gradually, and the weight attached to it, after me; as I proceeded I found the drain grew narrower and narrower, when the idea occurred to me of pushing on, until the fish, if fish it

was, would be unable to turn: this I did, and coming to a very narrow part of the drain sooner than I expected, let fall both rod and net, flung myself down on the grass, put both my arms deep into the water, and threw out, ten feet into the field, a fine, fresh salmon, weighing ten pounds!!!

I shall not attempt to describe my triumphant feelings as I proceeded to my inn, nor my exultation when on my arrival in the hall of that comfortable little hostelry, I overheard my old friends Knipe and Rice Thomas assuring two newly arrived piscators that there was no sport to be had in the neighbourhood; that the river was too low for trout-fishing; that the salmon had not yet run up; and that the only stray fish which had essayed to do so, had been that morning wounded and lost by the awkwardness of a young wild Irishman. Nor will I delay to narrate how I refuted all their arguments, dissipated all their facts, and macadamised all their theories, by marching into the room where they sat in all the comfort of after-dinner ease, throwing my salmon on the sideboard, with the small broken fly still in his lip; calling lustily for dish after dish, and filling them from my basket and my pockets with as numerous a collection of beautiful trout as I ever saw killed in a day in North Wales.*

* Since these events the Tweed and the Tay, the Erne, the Moy, the Bush, and the Shannon have yielded victims to my more experienced angle.

But we will now, if the reader will accompany us, leave my early experiments with the rod and fly, and proceed to Canada, where the writer, amongst other more important avocations, has been occasionally fishing for the last seventeen years.

CHAPTER II.

IS THERE SALMON FISHING IN CANADA?

"O rus quando ego te aspiciam?"— HORACE.

CHAP. II.

IS THERE SALMON FISHING IN CANADA?

ANY one who doubts that there is salmon-fishing in Canada is mistaken: there is; and the author believes as good as in any other part of the world, and better, much better, than in a great many highly vaunted countries. "Then where is it to be had? Into what part of Canada are we to go for it?" asks the impatient angler, if there can exist such a paradoxical animal.

Both questions may be answered by one reply: Take a map of Canada, find out Quebec; then run your eye eastwards along the left hand or northern side of the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence; you will see many streams marked there; almost every one of them is a salmon river, and in every one of them that has been fished, excellent sport has been had, and heavy fish killed.

With the exception of one single stream, a most beautiful one—the Jacques Cartier, there is not anything which can be called salmon fishing to the westward of Quebec. It is true that the salmon ascends the St. Lawrence, and enters the St. Francis, the Credit, the Humber, and other streams beyond Toronto, and are there speared and taken in nets; but they have not, that I can ascertain, been ever taken in any of them with the fly. The fact is, I suppose, that they become wearied and spent by the long voyage over a thousand miles which they perform in the fresh water, and are not on their arrival in these waters in condition to rise with the same vigour and recklessness which they do when recently arrived from the depths of the sea. After such an expedition for the purposes of perpetuating their species, it is but reasonable that they should set about that business at once, and give up the folly of rollicking after grasshoppers and butterflies.

It is, however, a melancholy fact that the extermination of this noble fish has been commensurate with the civilisation and settlement of the country. A very few years back every stream on both sides of the St. Lawrence from Gaspé and Labrador to the Falls of Niagara abounded with salmon; and it is no small reflection upon the legislators of the country, that they have suffered such a valuable article of commerce to be so wantonly and recklessly destroyed. The spear of the Indian would never have accomplished this; the gill net of the settler would never

have effected it; the fly of the angler would have revolted from such an outrage; the whole evil has arisen from neglect in the formation of mill dams. No man in his senses will say that in a young country any obstruction should be thrown in the way of the erection of mills; but every man of reflection will grant that where they are built the rivers should not be so completely blocked up as to prevent a single salmon from ascending them. There is no difficulty, no additional expense, in leaving an opening sufficient for this purpose, when it is attended to during the construction of the dam. Recently, however, an Act of Parliament for obtaining and enforcing such a provision has been passed. In Canada salmon would not only supply a recreation to the rich man, but a wholesome and luxurious article of food to the tiller of the soil. Should the latter once be enabled to obtain a few from his own waters, which would be effected by allowing some of them to pass upwards during the summer, there can be no doubt that the present rapid course towards the utter extinction of this noble fish would be effectually arrested.

When we assert that there is no salmon fishing to be found westwards of Quebec, except in the Jacques Cartier, we of course do not allude to the salmon of the great lakes, which is a distinct fish from the true Salmo Salar. The differences between them it is not necessary here to specify; that will be more properly done should we ever be induced to treat of the inland waters of Canada: our

business now is with salmon fishing proper; such as it has been in Scotland, Ireland, Norway and England. All we shall at present say is, that pleasant and delightful as it is to wander along the devious banks of a pastoral stream, broken into the varieties of sharp falls and smooth deep reaches, to inhale the odours of the blooming thorn, "the wild rose, and the woodbine sweet;" to mark from beneath the overhanging fringed bank, the alarmed flight of the dingy water-hen or painted halcyon: or see hovering over the stilly sheltered pool the dragon-fly, proudly arrayed in all his glorious sheen of azure, and tourquois, and emerald, and royal purple, and burnished gold,—that the lake, too, has its charms of natural objects and locomotion, of a kind peculiar to itself. The lounging, reclining ease, while borne along the undulating waves, your flies or minnow trolling after you; the pleasing alarm when the music of your revolving wheel announces a stricken fish; the action of hope and of exercise while on the active angle; the varying appearance of the surrounding shores, and the delightful and all-engrossing anxiety felt from the moment one of these monstrous fish is hooked until it is safe in the bottom of the skiff,— are pleasures of which the true disciple of old Isaac Walton can alone form a competent notion; then, as advancing from shore to shore, one sees, when the water is clear, the bottom diversified and broken with silvery sand and marl, aquatic vegetation, or ponderous and abrupt rocks, less and less distinct till lost

and involved in the profound deep; then, when imagination leagued with knowledge pierces the dark abyss, boldly invading the antediluvian paths and caverns which only the last universal conflagration shall lay bare of the waters deposited upon them by the great deluge: how rich, various, and unremitting, are the occupations of the mind which is not rendered sluggish by the torpor of ignorance, or chilled in its aspirations by the coldness of infidelity. River angling certainly requires more delicacy and art in its pursuit, but that of the Lakes of Canada has a character of expansion and sublimity which must also recommend it to the reflecting mind. At all events, having lived for nearly four years on an island in the greatest of the Canadian lakes, I have come to the conclusion that extremely agreeable fishing is to be found in them, and that Marmontel was wise when he said, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a."

But with regard to the Jacques Cartier; where is it? how is it to be approached? and what sort of fishing is to be found there? It is within thirty miles, or three hours' drive, of Quebec. The caleshes of the country are the vehicles best adapted for the roads which lead to it, and they are always to be had, with civil drivers, who will gladly convey you there for three dollars, twelve British shillings. I have frequently left Montreal at six o'clock in the evening, having previously written to a friend to

have a calesh in waiting for me in the morning, arrived at Quebec at five o'clock A. M., started immediately, breakfasted gloriously at Billy Button's, nine miles from the city, and before one o'clock have had my first fish killed.

For the following description of this very beautiful stream and the fishing in it, I am mainly indebted to Staff Surgeon Henry, who, in a most interesting volume called "Trifles from my Portfolio," has told some of his experiences with the pen of a scholar, a gentleman, and a sportsman.

There are three roads from Quebec to the Jacques Cartier—that along the shore of the St. Lawrence is one of the finest drives in the province for picturesque and panoramic prospects, but that by St. Foy is usually preferred as the least hilly, and the shortest, the views from it also are particularly beautiful. The Jacques Cartier takes its name from Jacques Cartier, the intrepid and persevering French navigator, who once wintered at its mouth. It is as large as the Thames above the tide, but of a very different character. It takes its rise several hundred miles north-east of Quebec, running for a long way through mountain defiles, impeded by chaotic rocks, whose primitive hardness almost defies its power. At length, escaping from the mountains, it subsides into a tranquil stream, until it approaches to Déry's Bridge, where it becomes extremely rapid, and has scooped out for itself a wide, deep, and most singular bed in the limestone,

about half a mile in length, through which it pours its formidable torrent with most picturesque impetuosity.

A white cottage on the western bank of the river immediately adjoining the romantic-looking bridge, the habitation of Louis Déry, is the chief resort of fishermen during the season; but there is another on the hill on the eastern bank, inhabited by a worthy inhabitant named Trepannier, which, if its situation is not quite so romantic, is compensated for by its greater airiness; and I can fearlessly assert that any one who sets up his abode in it will have nothing to complain of on the score of the cleanliness, civility, and honesty of the inmates. Even fishing tackle is there safe from depredation, and that I have never been able to say of any other house I have been domiciled in any part of the world; and wonderful to say, Trepannier is somewhat of a poacher, a rude but very successful fisherman, and an excellent guide and gaffman. Soyer ought to have made a pilgrimage to Jacques Cartier to learn Madame Trepannier's mode of cooking wild pigeons with French beans.

The beautiful glen through which this river flows, is bounded by high, nay lofty banks, whose slope affords soil for a great variety of umbrageous forest trees; with here and there a tall pine rising above the thick mass of foliage. The mountain ash grows in abundance. Part of the rock for twenty or thirty yards from the river is interspersed with dwarf trees and shrubs, and along its surface innumerable little streamlets of the purest and

coldest spring water run sparkling from the bank. On one side of the most rapid part, huge cedars growing out from the fissures of the rocks fling their grotesque arms far across the stream. Nor are floral ornaments wanting in this scene of sylvan wildness and beauty; wild flowers are found in great variety and profusion.

The river is a succession of rapids and pools from the St. Lawrence to the fishing ground, which is a distance of nearly nine miles; the fish have consequently a rough journey and are often severely hurt in their toilsome voyage; but when they reach the lower end of the gorge cut in the rock by the force of the water below the bridge, their troubles are only beginning, for there they meet a torrent of such magnitude and power as no fish can possibly surmount unless when the water is low.

Until within a few months, the poor salmon—like the hapless flying fish which escapes the albatross and gull only to fall into the mouths of the bonito and albacore—when they had evaded the tempting snares of the angler, surmounted the lower rapids, and worked themselves with immense labour through the terrible torrent in the chasm to the very top, there they found an absolute cataract to leap up, worse than all that was past. But this was not all. Here there is a circular and lateral recess at the bottom, worn into the rock by an eddy, and forming a small, and comparatively quiet spot: in this boiling and raging torrent, where they are forced to stop for breath

before attempting to overcome the last grand impediment, whilst reposing at this resting place, dreaming of no evil from human hand, and occupied only with their fluvial difficulties, Louis Déry used quietly to approach the roaring gulf, lower into its depths a ladder about five and twenty feet long, which, being held in its perilous position by his wife, he clung to with one hand, while with the other armed with a long-handled-polenet, he mercilessly scooped out four, five, or six fine salmon at a time,—handing the pole of the net to his wife, who assisted him in drawing them up the side of the precipice, and carrying them alive and with care to a reservoir of water filled by copious springs only a few paces distant; where the captives used to remain until a sufficient number was collected to be sent to the Quebec market.

When the water was low, Déry used sometimes to descend this dangerous ladder without the assistance of his wife; and rumour says that she often took his place on the slippery rounds, when any undue excitement rendered it probable that his footing would not be so firm or his hand so steady as usual.

But this wholesale slaughter is now at an end; the fishing of the river has been leased by a gentleman of Quebec, whose object is to protect and perpetuate the salmon, while affording to the fair fisherman every reasonable opportunity for the enjoyment of a day's sport.

Strange names have been given by the Canadians to the

different holes and pools formed by the eddies of this beautiful stream. Immediately under the bank of Déry's garden is a recess, worn deep in the rocky bank and shaded by the overhanging precipice, called the "Trou noir." This pool is close by the bridge, from whence the fish in it may be distinctly seen, but not so easily hooked.

A little lower down, on the opposite side, the rock slopes to within about nine feet of the water, and there forms a slippery ledge, standing upon which fish may be hooked in the quiet eddy below; and there must all the skill and energy of the fisherman be put forth, for from this eddy rushes a raging torrent, through which it requires the hand of an artist and the activity of a gladiator to guide a salmon to the "Petit Rets," another small pool, where he will only rest for a moment, and then pursue his way to the most famous spot in the river, which is called "l'Hôpital," where the salmon are supposed to congregate to be cured of any wounds and bruises which they may have had inflicted upon them in the passage from the ocean. For half a mile below this, there is at times most excellent fishing in several beautiful pools, the locality of which will be best understood by reference to a map. The best of them, which is without a French patronymic, I have called the "Head of the Fall," and is immediately above a sloping rock running quite across the stream, where the water makes a "chute," or rather runs rapidly down a long and steep inclined plane. This pool is only

to be well fished from the left or eastern bank of the river, and by wading about to your knees; but great caution is requisite in doing so, for the ledge of rock on which you have to tread, shoals away suddenly under water and is very slippery; so that if the fisherman should take one step too much in advance, or slip or overbalance himself in throwing his line or in playing a fish, he will go pop into eighteen feet water, with a powerful current carrying him towards the fall, — and then I would not be in his coat for the bishopric of Durham.

The pool on the opposite or western side of the river, which is fished from the island, is equally dangerous from a similar cause, requiring a trusty guide in the first introduction to it, and a careful treading at all times.

In the first-named pool a circumstance occurred to me, which I have often heard has happened to others, but which was the only instance which I ever *saw* in a long experience of salmon fishing. About fifteen years ago, I was fishing the pool; beside me, and holding my gaff, stood Mr. Ross of the Rifles. I hooked a fish about eight pounds' weight, which made some lively runs and violent leaps; after a while I brought him sufficiently near to the bank, when Mr. Ross gaffed him in his usual masterly style, upon which my fly at once fell from his mouth; whereupon I proceeded to finish him by a blow or two upon the head, when my friend cried out, "Take care of your fly! take care of your fly!" Knowing that I had laid my fly carefully

upon the green sward along with my rod, I looked in his face for an explanation, when he pointed to the salmon's head, where, to my surprise, I saw another fly fast hooked close under his eye. Ross looked even more surprised than I did, for upon examination he found that the fly was his own, being one which he had lost the day before in a fish, in the same pool. This was a small fly, tied by Martin Kelly, whose materials and manufacture appear to me to be more favoured by anglers, for the simple reason that they are more attractive to the fish, than those of any other manipulator.

There is not room on this river for more than three rods, yet I have reckoned fourteen men fishing it keenly at the same time, the most of whom had some sport. The fish do not run very large here, nor have I ever known any one kill more than five or six fish in one day, and this was after the salmon had changed their positions in the pools in consequence of a flood.

In visiting Déry's Bridge, the traveller will find it for his advantage to bring with him some tea, sugar, fresh meat, and whatever he may choose to drink. I prefer beer, and as good as any in the world can be had at Boswell's Brewery in Quebec. Nothing can possibly exceed the flavour and refreshing exhilaration produced by this delightful beverage, when after having lain for two or three hours in one of the countless cool springs which flow from the banks of the Jacques Cartier, a bottle of it is

opened and applied to the parched fauces of the angler, who has been for the same length of time pursuing his vocation under the beams of a broiling Canadian sun.

During the same summer in which I recovered Mr. Ross's fly in so unusual a manner, intending to visit the Jacques Cartier, I wrote to a valued and excellent friend of mine, who had promised to accompany me, to have a calesh ready on a certain morning, to look after the commissariat department, and above all not to neglect to lay in a plentiful store of Boswell's bottled beer. On my arrival at the wharf of Quebec there I found my friend, as punctual as the sun, and with him two caleshes, one well packed with hampers, deal boxes, and butcher's baskets, into which we transferred our portmanteaus, fishing rods, &c., in the other we seated ourselves, the more comfortably for being unencumbered with luggage. Not doubting for a moment the kind attention of my good friend to my request for plenty of beer, we jolted cheerfully along on our road, recounting to each other the news and gossip of the cities in which we respectively dwelt, anticipating a mutton chop at Trepannier's, and a successful evening's fishing. To inquire or to doubt about the presence of the beer never entered into my imagination. At length we arrived at our destination, unpacked our baggage waggon, took possession of our neat and clean bedrooms, and having given Madame Trepannier directions about luncheon, I suggested to my fellow traveller the pro-

priety of putting a bottle of beer to cool in one of the cold springs; upon which his face assumed a look of vacancy, his lip quivered with a malicious smile, and his eyes were cast down as if with shame. At last doubt laid her icy hand upon my heart, and I exclaimed in agony, "You have forgotten the beer?" He at once confessed he had brought no beer. And he urged only one plea in palliation—there was nothing could justify him—he had brought plenty of champagne. It was "Ruinarts et Fils," and we managed with it; but frequently in the course of the week I contrived to remind him of his iniquity; asking him at breakfast to take another cup of beer, as if in mistake for tea; inviting him at dinner to pledge me in a glass of beer, when we had only the finest wine to drink; until I teased him so much about the beer, that he, the very best-tempered fellow upon earth, became rather dangerous, and it was not quite safe to mention "beer" in the same room with him; in fact I only did so latterly when we were fishing on opposite sides of the stream.

At length came Sunday; a day not to be desecrated by the Christian angler. After breakfast and a walk on the lofty bank, we collected all who would join with us in prayer and in searching a portion of the Word of Truth; and subsequently strolled along the river side, picked wild raspberries, examined the curious traces and remains of old organised existence that abounded in the limestone; collected bouquets of hairbells, or borrowed its pitcher

from the provident Sarracenia. After a long and pleasant walk we sat down on a high bank, commanding an extensive view of the stream. The day was deliciously clear and calm, even the leaf of the mountain ash was motionless, and every object round us appeared to harmonise in deep quiescence with the boon of Sabbatical rest, conferred by its Creator upon a toiling world. Beneath us flowed the now placid river, its low and endless monotony telling of that Almighty energy which first set it in motion, and bade it be

"——— in omne volubilis Ævum;"

whilst the twitter of the swallow as it shot along the surface of the water, the distant sound of the cow-bells, and the cooing of the wild pigeon amidst the thick foliage of the banks, joined in producing a pleasing and appropriate harmony.

"Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
'Or o'er our favourite stream' with fond delay —
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing
In hollow murmurs died away."

But this was no scene for melancholy. Who with a clear conscience could feel otherwise than happy and tranquil where every object round — bird, tree, flower, stream, and the stainless azure that o'ercanopied the

whole, breathed peace and security, the holy repose of nature! *

My companion appeared particularly happy and cheerful; I therefore ventured, and drawing from my side pocket a periodical of the day read to him the following copy of verses:—

SIR JORAM À BURTON.

A LEGEND OF XXX.

Sir Joram à Burton went to sup
One night with the Abbot of Swigglesea;
Sir Joram à Burton took a cup
Too much of the Abbot his Malvoisie.

Like many another valiant knight,
By a flagon or two the worse for wine,
Sir Joram became inclined to fight,
And vow'd he would go to Palestine.

Sir Joram à Burton woke next morn
With a headache—his temples were like to split;
Quoth he, as he thought of the oath he'd sworn,
"I have made a right goodly mess of it.

"Good Ellen, my lady, half-seas o'er
I got yester even, I grieve to say,
And when I was so far gone, I swore
I'd cross then to Palestine all the way."

"Oh, tilly vally, my lord!" cried she;
Said he, "I have sworn it by the rood!"
"That's always the way," said the fair ladye,
"With knights when they 've gotten a little screw'd."

* Dr. Henry.

"That capon," he said, "must have been too fat,
Too rich by a deal must have been that chine!"
"Nay, certes," quoth Ellen, "it was not that,
It was all along of the plaguey wine."

"It booteth not now thereof to clack,
Eftsoons must thy liege lord cut and run;
My carpet-bag, therefore, I prithee, pack"—
"I cannot, my lord, till our washing's done."

"Now, an I must stay till our washing's done,
I'll tell thee, my lady, what we will do;
We'll set us to work, and a mighty tun
Of the strongest treble X ale we'll brew.

"And, Nell, on the day of thy lord's return,
An it pleasure the pigs, my lady dear,
Old Rose will we sing, the bellows burn,
And tap, on the strength of it, that same beer."

They summon'd their vassals, the Knight and Dame,
To aid in the brewing, both great and small;
The Abbot of Swigglesea also came,
To look on at the work, unto Burton Hall.

To each twelve gallons of liquor stout
They added of malt good bushels three,
And wormwood—for hops were not found out—
In measure befitting and right degree.

'T was merry, 't was merry at Burton Towers,
Whilst they were a-brewing this wondrous ale;
And sweeter by far than sweetest flowers,
Was the perfume that floated in Burton Vale.

The wort in the mighty tun was stored;
Sir Joram à Burton could not write,
But his mark thereon he three times scored,
In the wise of a good old English knight.

And then in the cellar they stowed the tun,
Whose staves were made out of a huge oak-tree;
And lastly, the brewage, when 't was done,
Was blest by the Abbot of Swigglesea.

Sir Joram à Burton then farewell
Bade unto Dame Ellen, his lady dear;
"Seven years and a day," he said, "sweet Nell,
Now keep me, I charge thee, that tun of beer.

"Seven years and a day, good lady mine,
Now keep that barrel of ale," quoth he;
"If then I return not from Palestine
Be certain that there is an end of me."

Away then Sir Joram à Burton sped
With target and battle-axe, lance and brand;
And he broke full many a Saracen's head,
Crusading afar in the Paynim land.

The mitred Abbot of Swigglesea
Came often the heart of the Dame to cheer;
And ever before he went, said he,
"I hope it's all right with that same beer."

Now after six years had ta'en their flight
Ill tidings there came from beyond the main,
That good Sir Joram à Burton, knight,
In battle had been by the Paynim slain.

The Abbot of Swigglesea came o'er,
Some comfort to speak in Dame Ellen's ear:
"Good lady," quoth he, "come weep no more:
And now, then, as touching that self-same beer?

"Bestow us that liquor, lady fair,
Bestow it on Swigglesea's good Abbaye,
In payment whereof each holy frère
Will sing for Sir Joram his soul for aye."

"Now nay, Father Abbot, I will do
Aecording to that my liege lord said;
Sir Joram's behest I will eleave unto,
No matter an he be alive or dead.

"It is not so long, I wot, to bide,
The time will be up in another year."
"Thou speakest good sooth," the Abbot eried,
"But I think ye mote just as well tap that beer."

Seven years and a day their eourse had run,
And vassals and vavasours, one and all,
Were gather'd together around the tun,
Adown in the cellar of Burton Hall.

And there was the Abbot of Swigglesea,
Each week had he come throughout all the year,
And ever his word was, "Sweet ladye,
I think ye mote venture to tap that beer."

They counted the minutes till twelve rung out;
Right welcome, in sooth, was that sound to hear:
"Time 's up," eried the Abbot; "now about,
And let us immediately tap that beer."

"E'en so," quoth a Palmer clad in grey,
Who thither had come with the holy frères.
"How now?" said the Abbot. "Ha! heydey!
Sir Malapert, give thyself none of thine airs."

"Sir Malapert? Nay," quoth the Palmer, "lo!
Behold, Father Abbot; behold, good wife;"
And there, as he cast his gown him fro,
Stood Sir Joram à Burton, as large as life.

"My death was a hoax, sweet Nell, to test
Thy troth, though I wist that it ne'er would fail,
Yet wish'd I to prove thy faithful breast;
And I 'm happy to find thou hast kept that ale.

"Lord Abbot, although thou canst not sing
For the rest of Sir Joram à Burton's soul,
Thou 'lt deem it, I trow, as good a thing
To drink to his health in a nut-brown bowl."

"Content," said the Abbot, "faith am I,
Sir Joram, I joy to behold thee here;
The rather, that I am exceeding dry,
And at last we are going to tap that beer."

Dame Ellen was now a glad ladye,
As ever you saw on a summer's day;
And thus with all goodwives may it be,
Who the will of their own liege lords obey.

So seeing Sir Joram's safe return,
They revell'd and feasted, and made good cheer!
Old Rose did sing, and the bellows burn,
And drank, on the strength of it, all that beer.

My friend was amused, but at the same time fearful that he was getting a premeditated quizzing; the sunshine of good humour however passed over him, and he frankly confessed that he had designedly left the beer behind, believing that champagne was a better drink. So here the matter ended.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT FLIES ARE SUITED FOR CANADA?

"Fide, sed cui vide."

CHAP. III.

WHAT FLIES ARE SUITED FOR CANADA?

ALTHOUGH perfectly aware that only a very general and imperfect answer has been given to the question at the head of the last chapter, I prefer asking and answering another in this one, in order that the angler who resolves to visit the Jacques Cartier, may know with what to try his hand there, and for the reason that I have found the same flies which were successful in that river, as killing as any others in the streams and pools lying to the eastward of Quebec, the description of and mode of approaching which will constitute the greater part of this little book.

The flies I have invariably found the best are those which the Shannon fishermen call "tassels," that is, the wings of which are composed of a number of minute fibres

of the feathers of different birds, in which no one colour largely predominates; the whole taken together being rather of a rich brown than of a gaudy hue. The favourite bodies are made of mohair of every tint, from "fiery brown" to "dark claret." The tinsel or twist gold or silver, the streamer or tail a small feather from the golden pheasant's topknot. When however I speak of size, I do not mean to have it inferred that larger flies are never to be used, nor smaller ones tried; every fisherman knows that the size of his fly should be proportioned to the depth of the water in which he angles; flies may therefore, generally, be of the medium size, with this proviso, that I have very seldom found larger flies of any use, and have often had good sport with smaller ones.

Having mentioned "fiery brown" in the foregoing paragraph, it occurs to me to state that I do not know any colour which is so difficult to be obtained, or concerning which there are so many conflicting opinions. When I lived in the county of Clare, and fished Rossroe Lake, a son of a Captain Bridgeman, who resided in the neighbourhood, used frequently to accompany me in my excursions, and whenever the trout were sulky and the sport was dull, my young friend used to heave a heavy sigh, and utter an ardent wish that we had "*one* fly made of his father's real fiery brown." As this was often the case, and we could not by any manœuvring get hold of the old gentleman's book of colours, I wrote to Martin Kelly to send me a dozen of

" fiery browns." In a few days I received the flies, which appeared to me to be everything that a man or a trout could wish for, in an extremely civil letter from old Martin, in which he expressed an ardent hope that they would be found according to order, and an earnest expectation of further commands. I hastened to notice my friend Bridgeman to meet me at Roger Hickey's, the usual rendezvous, early on the following morning, convinced that I had got the real thing, and that we should have a boat full of trout before the shades of evening fell upon us. When at length we had got under weigh, I handed my tail fly to my companion with the question, " Well, Bridgeman, what do you think of that? "

" Well," said he, " that's a neat fly, and ought to do."

" That's the ' fiery brown ' " said I.

" Oh no," said he, " it's a good *brown*, but it's not the real *fiery* brown."

Our sport on this occasion was indifferent, so on the following day I addressed another epistle to old Martin Kelly, telling him I was pleased with the flies he had sent me, and convinced that earlier in the season they would have done good work, and requesting him to send me a dozen of the real *fiery* browns of the same size. In due time Martin transmitted to me the flies, stating that extreme pains had been taken to meet my wishes; and expressing a confident hope that they would give satisfaction.

Again I summoned my friend Bridgeman; again we failed to realise the sport which he had always promised me from the possession and exhibition of "the real *fiery brown*." Rather impatient at the bad sport, and disgusted at the imputation cast upon the credit of my ancient friend Martin, I held a fly between Bridgeman's eyes and the light, and rather testily asked him, while I pointed to the glistening fibres in the body; "If that is not fiery brown, will you be good enough to tell me what is?"

"Oh," said he, "the fly is well enough, and as neatly tied as one could wish; but still it's *not* the *real* fiery brown."

Strong in my faith in old Martin, I again addressed him, emphasising in my order for another dozen of flies the word "*real*;" again I had an extremely civil reply, enclosing another dozen of well-tied flies, and assuring me that, in compliance with my former orders, he had done his utmost, as well as in the present instance, to meet my wishes; and venturing very respectfully to suggest that I should send him a pattern of the coloured fly I required, in which case he had no doubt but that he would execute the order in such a manner as to give satisfaction. In answer to which, after having failed to have any great success with the flies he enclosed, I wrote to him to say "that a specimen or pattern of the *real fiery* brown was the very thing of which I was in search, and that if he could not furnish it I must only say that it was by no means creditable to his

establishment." Upon this I received a short well-written letter, in which the old man asserted that he had spared no pains, having sent to both Scotland and England for varieties of the fiery brown, specimens of all of which he had sent me; but that he perceived with regret that in the present instance he could not please me, and begged therefore very respectfully to give up the commission." Very shortly after the termination of this correspondence, which was seriously commenced, and towards the conclusion carried on in banter, old Martin Kelly died; and one of my imaginative friends insisted that his inability to discover the *real fiery brown*, was the cause of his illness and his death. I should add that the desire for the real fiery brown had spread very widely amongst Irish fishermen at this time, several having read the letters above alluded to, and mentioned the matter to others, so that I believe few days passed over during that summer in which there was not some application at Kelly's shop in Sackville Street for this mysterious and unobtainable fly.

Several years subsequent to these events, and after I had been four years in Canada, and had ascertained the virtues of the fiery brown in the waters of the Marguarite and Eschemin, having occasion to write to my old friend, college companion, and law agent about some legal matters, I requested him to send me a small parcel of that colour in his reply, to which request I received the following answer:

"Dublin, 41 Upper M. Street.
19th July, 1845.

"My dear Friend,—I rejoiced at receiving your epistle, notwithstanding that it was silent as to my last to you. Perhaps it will not surprise you to learn that I have cut the old profession, and become a probationer at the 'otium cum dignitate,' whereby and by which I have so totally forgotten everything belonging to law, that I am obliged to resort for explanation of any thing legal to my professional adviser. It follows therefore that it is out of my power to tell you what you are to do with Bluack. When I *was* in the profession, as well as I can recollect, I would have advised a bill to remove him or make him account; for, by the piper, he seems a most negligent trustee in one respect, inasmuch as he leaves the money he should take and make fructify — uselessly lying in the bank, and the cash he *has* taken into his employment he employs to his own benefit and your loss. I am told he is an honourable man and of strict integrity, but, by the honour of man, he has a queer way of showing it. However, as you do not much want it now, it will, I suppose, accumulate for the benefit of those who shall come after you, called posterity.

"I essayed to gratify your desire for the 'Fiery Brown,' immediately upon learning your wishes, and 'I'll ever remember the day,' as the song has it, for 'may I never do an ill turn' but I was near suffering for it.

"The most natural place for getting the fiery brown was of course the most celebrated, and the most convenient, so in I toddled to Martin Kelly's. It goes by the same name still.

"And, 'Pray,' says I, 'have you got any fiery brown?'

"'Say that again,' says a fellow with an ugly aspect, that put me in acute remembrance of your brother-in-law Dr. Bell.

"'Have you any fiery brown?' said I again.

"'Oh by the holy,' says he, 'you're one of the gang that killed my father—fire me if I dont *brown* you.'

"And without doubt he seemed bent on making me *black* and *blue*, for he let fly the butt of a salmon rod at me, which, most fortunately for me, being misdirected by his wrath, went against the glass door of the shop, which it smashed. I forthwith threw myself on the protection of a policeman who was passing, and who advised me to charge him; this however I declined to do, dreading the publicity of so ridiculous a history as would have come out, and which, as sure as a gun, would have been laid hold of by Lever, and I'd have been persecuted to the death by the wags.

The next day I went to a decent man of less notoriety, who does a little splicing for me now and then, and sells me flies. On my proceeding to make the inquiry for you, he grew very red about the gills, and said he was "sorry to find I came to humbug him." I assured him I had no

such intention, and that I wanted the article for a gentleman in Canada. 'Oh now,' said he, 'I am sure you're going it, for it was a fellow who went there that killed poor Kelly with his fiery brown;' and then altering his tone he added, 'Sir, I'd rather not have anything to do with the fiery brown at any price; I am striving to rear a large small family, and for God's sake, Sir, leave me to do so in peace.'

"Now I'll tell you what I did next. I followed Kelly's example, and gave up the commission, but I hope it will not cost *me* my life. Any other kind of brown you want I'll do my utmost to procure, but just don't ask me to mention fiery brown again in Dublin, or I think it will blow up the city.

"1st August, 1845.

"After I had written the foregoing, and before I could seal and despatch it, I happened to meet in the street your friend Bomford, and amongst other topics of conversation turned up your commission to me for the fiery brown, and my failures. 'Oh,' said he, 'come with me to Ettingsal on the quay, he does a deal of business in Galway and knows me very well.' Of course as I was most anxious to get you what you wished for, I went with Bomford to the shop. 'Pray,' said I, in the most bland manner possible, '*Can* you procure me some fiery brown?' Whereupon, the individual who was behind the counter,

after looking steadily at us in silence for a minute or so, drew up his left hand to a level with his mouth, applies the thumb in a very significant manner to the tip of his nose, protrudes a considerable length of tongue, cuts some cabalistic figure or motion with his right hand, and asks me if—'my mother is aware that I am out?'

"I am fearful, my boy, that you have been playing tricks with me, and that either no such thing ever existed as pig's wool, or that a certain black gentleman shaved it all off when he took to amusing *hisself* in that way; but I am as

Ever your affectionate friend,

T ——B ——."

I need not take the trouble to explain to my piscatorial readers — and I desire no others — that the fiery brown is now well understood, and may be obtained not only at Martin Kelly's but at any other respectable fishing tackle warehouse, without the slightest danger of being smitten with a salmon rod or of disturbing the peace of an industrious tradesman. And moreover I would not advise any vendor of fishing tackle to come to Canada without an ample supply of it, though I am quite confident that the *exact* hue of the *real* fiery brown will with difficulty be agreed upon by any two fishermen or manufacturers.

But now we must proceed to give some more particular account of the flies which we have found to be best adapted

for the Canadian waters, and to which we previously alluded. The first in order is No. 1., called Louise; and an extremely beautiful fly it is, having the wings composed of fibres from the golden pheasant's topknot, breast feather and tail, with sprigs from the green parrot, blue macaw, and kingfisher; the body is of fiery brown mohair with gold twist; the head of orange mohair; the tail a single feather from the golden pheasant's topknot, reddish brown hackle, and jay legs.

No. 2. or Edwin, is a much more simple fly and often equally efficacious amongst the fins, the wings being composed of the golden pheasant's tail feather with a dash of yellow macaw; the body yellow mohair, ribs of black silk, head black mohair, tail golden pheasant topknot, hackle yellow, and scarlet silk tip.

No. 3. Forsyth. Wings of yellow macaw with a slight dash of mallard wing at each side; yellow mohair body with black ribs; head black, tail golden pheasant topknot, hackle yellow, with light blue silk tip.

No. 4. Stephens. Wings of golden pheasant breast feather, with a slight mixture of mallard; body of reddish brick coloured silk gold twist, head black ostrich; tail golden pheasant topknot; hackle red to match the body, tip blue silk.

No. 5. Ross. Wings of mallard and peacock's herl; body cinnamon-coloured silk gold twist; no head; tail green parrot, red and black hackles, and black tip.

No. 6. The Parson. This is a beautiful and efficient fly. The wings are mixed, and very similar to those in No. 1, but have a slight mixture of wood duck in them; the body is of very dark claret silk with gold twist; head black ostrich; tail golden pheasant topknot, hackle dark claret; legs blue, with a tip of yellow and gold.

No. 7. Strachan. Mixed wing chiefly of golden pheasant tail, yellow macaw, and jay's wing; body of crimson silk with gold twist; head black ostrich; tail golden pheasant; black hackle with jay's wing; legs tip yellow and gold.

No. 8. Langevin. Wings, body, tail, hackle, legs, tip all yellow; made of the dyed feathers of the white goose; the head of black ostrich and the twist of black silk.

This latter is indigenous, I believe, to Quebec, I at least have never seen it any where else, though on the Shannon I have used a somewhat similar fly composed altogether of the bright feathers of the golden pheasant's topknot; but peculiar though it be, the gentleman whose name it bears seldom fishes with any other, and he manages to hook as many fish in the Jacques Cartier as most other people. I have seen him fish with one of these flies until almost all the dye was washed out of it, in fact until it was nearly white, and do good work with it in that state. It is however so similar to No. 3, the colours of which are permanent, composed as it is of real feathers, that I greatly prefer the latter.

In giving the foregoing list of flies and of their com-

ponent parts, I do not by any means intend to assert that they are the only flies which will be successful in the Canadian rivers; on the contrary I am certain that others will be found killing also. I have myself lured the noble salmon with almost every description that is to be found in the books of practitioners or in the stores of manufacturers; and at times have been tempted to believe that it mattered not what a man fished with, in fact that they would take anything. But I have had occasion to change my mind: they are not always in this generous mood, and it is when they are chary and shy, cautious and lazy, that we value the fly which draws them from their lurking places and rouses them into action. Such, my friends and I have found the above-named flies to be; and I would recommend any man who sets forth on a pilgrimage to the rivers on the eastward of Quebec, to take at least twelve dozen of them, well and firmly tied, on double and single gut, for he will require both, in addition to all the materials for tying others.

Let no man say here, "I cannot tie flies, and I would not be bothered with doing so even if I could." To any one who would feel inclined to utter such an exclamation I would say, "Go to the shop of any respectable manufacturer or to the sanctum of any piscatorial friend, and get one or two lessons in the art of tying, and then if your own ingenuity won't help you to the rest, you are not fit to be a fisherman, for you know not really what the pleasure of

killing a salmon is, until you kill him with a fly of your own making."

I shall not attempt to give any directions with regard to making flies, for no man ever yet learned to tie them from books. I make but one observation, and that is well worth attending to. The first operation in the construction of a fly is that of whipping the gut firmly on to your hook: if this is not well done, all your subsequent operations will but lead to disappointment; for when after all your trouble and labour you have hooked a fish, he will walk off with your feathers, tinsel, dubbing, hackles, and hook, leaving you fishing rod in hand to admire the far end of your casting line twirling gracefully in the air. To avoid this misfortune, I have found it to be a good plan to whip the gut on five or six hooks at a time, and then to varnish the whipping with the best opal varnish, and hang them up in the sun for a day or two to dry, before I proceeded any farther in the manipulation of the fly. The only piece of advice I shall give with regard to tying flies, is to do the same thing or to *see* it done; for as I said before, it is well worth attending to.

I have said that each man making a tour to the rivers eastward of Quebec, ought to have twelve dozen of flies ready to begin with, and that in addition he ought to have all the materials for tying more. It is very likely then that I may be asked for a list of these materials, and

at all events it will not encumber these pages much to set it down here.

Limerick hooks of every size, or Philip's of Dublin.
Mohair dubbing of every colour, especially fiery brown.
Floss silk of all colours for bodies of flies.
Tying silk, fine and strong.
Tinsel and twist, narrow, both of gold and silver.
Best varnish.
Golden pheasant, top knot feathers in abundance.
" " , tail feathers.
" " , breast feathers.
Himalaya pheasant, hackles of every shade, especially clarets.
Jay hackles, a few.
Mallard, plain and tinted.
Wood duck.
Turkey, tail feathers, if possible of the Wild Turkey.
Macaw, blue and yellow, but especially the small yellow feathers.
Black ostrich.
Peacock's herl.
Argus pheasant, tail and wing.

In writing of flies for the Canadian rivers I ought not to omit to state, that in every stream where I have found salmon, except the Jacques Cartier, the sea trout are to be met with in extraordinary abundance, and that they rise freely at any of the usual salmon flies, provided they are made of a small size, but that the most attractive I know of is a small-sized fly, with a scarlet silk body, gold twist, red hackle, and stair's wing.

The avidity with which these fish take, their great size, beautiful shape, and exquisite flavour, must all be experienced before any account of them can be implicitly

believed. Sometimes they become a source of annoyance to the nervous and excited fisherman, who having prepared a seductive fly, is about to fish a favourite pool, and sees, at his very first throw, five or six of these rush at it furiously — in which case there is no alternative but to change the fly and kill them all off—then you may fish in peace for your salmon, but not till then. I confess, that I have never found this to be any very great punishment. I am fond of all sorts of fishing, and never could consider it to be any great misfortune to have to hook and play eight or ten beautiful fish, vying with molten silver in their brightness, and varying in size from one pound to seven pounds in weight, to say nothing of their flavour when broiled for breakfast, all the time having the conviction on my mind, that, as soon as I had done so, I should in all probability kill two or three noble salmon in the same pool.

The best time for fishing for these beautiful fish is when the tide is flowing, and the best place is at that part of the stream where the salt water unites with the fresh; they come up with the tide into the stream, and continue to roam and play about it in immense sculls, until the ebb comes on, when they return into the salt water; in the meantime, however, they take with much avidity, and afford most excellent sport if they are fished for with light tackle. They are frequently accompanied in their ascent

of the rivers by the more weighty and more cautious salmon, who is also often tempted in such circumstances to take the fly.

I remember one morning, in July 1849, the yacht Iroquois was lying in the River Moisic, when, about six o'clock, my friend the Major, came down from the deck, where he had been performing his ablutions, and calling me a lazy dog because I was still lying in bed deeply engaged with a book, asked me to accompany him on shore, as the tide was making, and assist him in getting some fish for breakfast. We started instanter, the Captain telling us that we had no time to lose as breakfast was nearly ready. In less than an hour we returned, and then we turned out our spoil upon the deck: the Baron and the Captain admired them so much that they insisted on weighing them before one was committed to the gridiron, and their united weight was found to exceed eighty pounds. Of their exquisite flavour, fresh as they were, and immediately after the wholesome exercise in the invigorating air of the sea and of the mountains, it is only prudent to be silent.

Frank Forester, in his elaborate work on the fish and fishing of America, quotes from Mr. Perley the following remarks on this fish: —

"It is to be understood that the whole Gulf of St. Lawrence abounds with white trout, from one to seven pounds in weight. They proceed up the rivers as far as the head of

the tide in each, but they never ascend into the purely fresh water. In the salt water they are caught only with the 'Prince Edward's Island Fly,' so called, the body of which is of scarlet with gold tinsel, or of gold tinsel only, with four wings from the feathers of the scarlet ibis — the Curry-Curry of South America.

"In the estuaries of rivers, where the water is only brackish, they take the Irish lake-fly with gay colours; the scarlet ibis seems, however, the most attractive in all cases.

"In the fresh water the trout are quite different; they are much longer, very brilliantly coloured, with tricoloured fins of black, white, and scarlet, with numerous bright spots over the body. When the fish are in good condition these spots are nearly as large as a silver penny. They rarely exceed three pounds in weight, but are a very sporting fish; they take most of the Irish flies, but the red hackle in all its varieties is their favourite. A brilliant hackle, over a yellow or fiery brown body, kills everywhere all the season through.

"The sea-trout fishing, in the bays and harbours of Prince Edward's Island, especially in June, when the first fish rush in from the gulf, is really magnificent; they average from three to five pounds each. * * * * *

"In the bays and along the coasts of the island they are taken with the scarlet fly, from a boat under easy sail, with a 'mackerel breeze,' and oftentimes a heavy 'ground

swell.' The fly skips from wave to wave at the end of thirty yards of line, and there should be at least seventy yards more on the reel. It is splendid sport! as a strong fish will make sometimes a strong and a long run, and give a good chase down the wind."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW ARE WE TO GET TO THE RIVERS IN CANADA?

"Travellers all, of every station,
Drawing long bows; of every nation
Nothing but exaggeration
Of the climes where they have been."

CHAP. IV.

HOW ARE WE TO GET TO THE RIVERS IN CANADA?

UESTIONS on paper always presuppose the existence of an enquirer; but in the present instance it is not only necessary to suppose that there is a person anxious to ascertain how he is to reach the Canadian rivers, but that that individual is in some particular locality from whence he must set out; and as we cannot do better than place him in the centre of civilisation, we shall consider him as making the inquiry from a friend while sitting after a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. Assuming the part of that friend, who of course knows what he is going to talk about, and is besides judicious and truthful, we shall offer a reply in very few words. On a Friday morning, somewhere about the first of May, pack up

your traps, start for Liverpool so as to be there early on Saturday; then embark in one of the Canadian line of steamers, and if you are not in very bad luck you will be landed safely at Quebec in nine or ten days; from thence you will set sail in your yacht or schooner, and then commences the romance and excitement of your expedition.

But we must not go too fast. According to the above given directions you would arrive in Quebec about the middle of May, and though there is much in that strange old city and its environs which is worth seeing, and some trout fishing not far off, and that provisioning your ship, and arranging your luggage will occupy more time than you might reasonably calculate upon, yet I cannot but think that the time would hang heavily upon your hands from that time till the 7th or 10th of June, and I would by no means recommend you to sail from Quebec before that period.

It is not easy to state exactly the time when the salmon fishing commences in the Canadian rivers, for that depends in a great degree upon the warmth of the summer, the melting of the snows, and the subsiding of the immense floods caused by the breaking up of the ice in the lakes in the interior, which of course depends in a great degree upon the weather. It may however be safely asserted, that in seven seasons out of ten the *height of the season* will be found in the last week in June or in the first week of July. Excellent sport however is frequently to be had

before this, and there can be no doubt but that the fisherman who will encamp by the river side early in the season and patiently wait while the swollen and turbid stream gradually settles into its summer channel, daily trying the pools until he meets the first run of the salmon, will meet his reward in killing the largest fish, and most of them.

I would therefore advise you, if you have time to spare, to visit the chief of Canadian cities, Montreal—the population of which, according to the last census, is 57,715.*

* Of Canadians of French origin there are	26,020
Of Canadians of other origins	12,494
Of Irish origin	11,736
Scotch ,,	3,150
English ,,	2,858
American (U.S.)	919

The numbers of other origins are insignificant.

In religion the Church of Rome enumerates	41,464
The Presbyterians	2,832
The Church of England	3,993
Methodists	1,213
Baptists	272
Jews	181
Other denominations	7,760

Of sexes there are—

Males	27,734	
Females	29,981	
There are married		18,514
Not married		36,072
Widowers		860
Widows		2,269

This census, however, is well known to be exceedingly incorrect, the enumerator having classed all those who called themselves Episcopalians as

Society in this city is divided into as many cliques as there are differences of origin, each keeping almost exclusively to itself, mingling little with each other, with the exception of some native Canadians of British origin, who mix with all who will admit them to their houses, seldom or never opening their own to receive any one, and having few or no sympathies with any of them.

The wharves of Montreal may well be objects of envy to some of the first cities in the world; they extend along the magnificent St. Lawrence the whole length of the city, are built of beautiful cut-stone, with fine broad slopes enabling vehicles of all kinds to drive to the very gangways of the ships and steamers which in summer assemble in great numbers in their basins. The city itself is clean and handsome and solid in appearance; some of the public buildings, such as the Market House, the French Cathedral, the Montreal Bank, and the exterior of St. Andrew's Church, being very handsome and striking. The French Cathedral is said to be capable of accommodating a larger number of persons than any other building on the continent of America; and certainly to see the crowd of worshippers pouring forth from it at the conclusion of their prayers, and filling to repletion all the streets which converge upon it, is well calculated to give an idea of infinite numbers. The lamented Elliot Warburton writing of Montreal says

Roman Catholics, thus depriving the Church of England of nearly half her members, and having made other mistakes.

it is well lighted and kept very clean, full of bustle, life, and activity — handsome equipages, gay dresses, and military uniforms. Many rows of good houses are springing up in the suburbs, and there is a look of solidity about everything, pleasing to the English eye." A Yankee having been asked his opinion of it, after having driven through the principal streets, said, "Well, I guess it looks like a city that was bought and paid for."

The island of Montreal, on which the city stands, is about thirty miles in length and from ten to fifteen miles in breadth, the Ottawa river pouring its rich tides, freighted with rafts of timber from the far interior on their way to Quebec, there to be embarked for Europe along its northern shores, and the bright St. Lawrence urging his pure and sparkling waters along its southern banks. The whole of this fertile island belongs to the seminary of the St. Sulpicians, having been secured by the treaty of capitulation.

At six o'clock in the afternoon the steamboats leave Montreal for Quebec.

It would not be right to pass the latter quaint and ancient city without a few words. Its situation is exquisite, the views from it are romantic and magnificent in every direction; that in which the fisherman's eyes will be most frequently attracted, *down the river*, is grand and beautiful. The views of Quebec as you approach it from any side except the north, are almost unique, and very striking to a

European eye, the roofs being covered with tin, which shines and glitters in the sunbeams like silver, and reflects their rays with intense brightness, causing it to appear as if illuminated by some galvanic process to greet your arrival. There are many things in this city and neighbourhood which are worth seeing and remembering, and there are excellent guide books, which give directions for approaching them, and furnish many interesting memorials connected with them, which can be purchased for a shilling or two in the booksellers' shops, and from which, if I was inclined to swell these pages, I might borrow details which I have no doubt would be read with pleasure and instruction. But as my business is with the man who wants to receive instructions as to the best mode of getting fish in the best rivers, I shall pass on from the scenery, politics, religion, and society of Quebec, to the matter in hand.

I have already mentioned that from Quebec the fisherman must set sail in his yacht for the fishing ground. But it is just possible that the gentleman may not have a yacht of his own or his friend's to embark in. What then is he to do? He must hire a schooner. And this he will best be able to do with the assistance of some one of the many respectable merchants or brokers of the city. There are many schooners employed in the coasting trade and in traffic with Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Gaspé and the Magdalen Islands, of from forty to a

hundred tons' burden, which are perfectly seaworthy, well manned, and easily cleaned, which may be hired at a cheap rate. I have never as yet myself enjoyed an excursion in one of them, having been always fortunate enough to accompany some friend in his private yacht, but I have known several parties, chiefly military men from Quebec and Montreal, who have done so, and experienced as little discomfort as could possibly be expected in a trip of the kind.

There are two advantages, which in my mind the hired schooner has over the private yacht,—first that it is done for less money, and secondly that by good management you can have fresh supplies for your party; and indeed I may add a third,—that you need have no trouble or bother or responsibility in laying in stores for the crew, for you will hire your vessel at a fixed sum per diem — generally five dollars, one pound sterling—which covers all expenses of wages and provisions for the crew, the owner usually acting as skipper, and as soon as you are comfortably encamped on the side of the river of your choice, you can despatch your vessel to Metis, Matau, or the Rivière du Loup for sheep, butter, eggs, potatoes, and other such-like luxuries that you may stand in need of.

This arrangement, however, will not exonerate you from the necessity of laying in a supply of provisions for yourself, your friends, and your servants; for in order to enjoy your fishing fairly, servants you must have. This will appear self-evident when you call to mind that constant fires must

be kept up to dry wet clothes, to keep off musquitoes, and for culinary purposes; that trees must be cut down to feed these fires; that cooking for three or four hungry men, two or three times a day, making beds, cleaning knives, plates, &c., will occupy a good deal of time; that if your party consists of more than two, at least two cots or skiffs will be requisite; and that while you are fishing you will require at least one man in each cot to paddle, pole, and gaff for you.

The best cot or skiff for this sort of work is that which is used on the rapids of the Shannon at Castleconnel in Ireland *; it is light, draws very little water, steady, so that the fisherman can stand up to fish from it, can be held in

* SALVESTYR.

Castleconnel is a beautiful village on the southern shore of the Shannon, about six miles eastward of Limerick. Before the Continent was open to wealthy wanderers, it was a fashionable watering place, and annually attracted large numbers of visitors in search of health, or fun, or fishing; but latterly it is almost deserted, except by the favoured few who are admitted to the noble sport of salmon fishing, which is to be found in the preserved waters of a few proprietors, in as great perfection as in any other place in the kingdom of Ireland; and by still fewer who occasionally resort to it, attracted by the beauty of the scenery and the calm of its retirement, which cause it to be peculiarly suited for newly-married couples on their wedding tour. Nevertheless, up to a late period, there were a number of lazy, idle boatmen resident there, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, by acting as guides to the different points of view, and by inducing visitors to hire their frail cots for fishing purposes; though, to say truth, they were generally far more skilful in inventing stories and amusing their victims than in luring the silvery salmon from his rocky lair. Amongst them was a brawny, able-bodied, red-haired fellow, whose sobriquet was "the Lamb," I suppose because he was the least innocent and the most cunning of his confrères, — and who really possessed the talent of telling a yarn in an amusing manner. One of his narratives suggests itself

rapid streams, can be managed in most of the Canadian streams by one man; and, what is a great advantage, two of

to my memory at this moment, which I shall give you as nearly as possible in his own words.

"You've heerd of ould Grub, surr, ould Grub the Quaker from Clonmel. — Well, about this time two years he came here with his young wife; it was on the weddin tour they wor. Well, I threwn meself in his way the day after he came, and touched me hat to the ould negur, and asked him in her hearin, wouldn't he like to give the young lady the air on the wather? but he passed on as stiff as bogwood, without even noticing me. 'Well, never mind ould boy,' says I, 'I'll hook you yet;' and so I kept my eye on him for a couple of days, till I seen they were tired of all the walks from Hermitage to the World's End, and from the Rock Tower to the holy well at Doonas, and beginnin, I think, to be tired too of the bacon and eggs, with sometimes an ould chicken, which was all the dinner Catty Murphy, the cretur, could give them; when one fine evenin, as they wor coming out of the door, looking up and down and uncertain which way to go, I dropped across them and said, 'Wouldn't your honor like to come out on the river and catch some trout for your honor's tay?' With that the ould fellow looked up into the bright eyes of as beautiful a quaker girl as ever I seen in this world, and says, 'Hannah, would'st thou like to go?' to which she answered by a smile like the sun on the wather: Oh but her lips and her eyes sparkled, and her teeth were white as the snow, and her lips as red as cherries. Well, Dinny Considine got the rod, and we got the darlin cretur and the ould boy into the cot, and pushed out into the panthry, and as the fry wor running we caught a few; when Dinny gives me the wink and says, 'It'll take two of us to hould the cot in the stream;' so I hands the rod to the old boy, and he began throwin in and pullin out two or three of the little creturs at a time, and warmed up to it like a red-haired girl at a dance, till we had a basket full o' them; and we carried them home for him to Catty Murphy's, and he gev us half a crown, saying, 'I should like to see thee again to-morrow.' Well, afther two or three evenins of this work, he beginning to chat quite friendly, and Dinny telling him the devil's own stories about salmon, he and the young wife tuk the car into Limerick, and when he came back, sent for us and said he'd like to try for a salmon; and then he showed us some gavanls of flies he had bought at O'Shaughnessy's. Well, we took him over the fall, and we all thrashed the water night after night, he givin us the half crown always, tell we seen that he was getting sick of it, when Dinny says to him, 'Them flies is no use at all,

them can be made so as to fit, one inside the other, so as to be conveniently carried on the deck of a schooner.

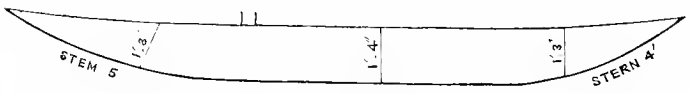
God bless your honour, give it up for this evening, and I'll tie you a couple to-night, and we'll go out early in the moruing to the pool under Erina, and we'll, may be, hook Salvestyr.' 'Salvestyr?' says he; 'yes,' says I. 'What's Salvestyr?' says he. 'Salvestyr,' says I, 'is a great salmon; some say he's twenty, some thirty, some forty pounds, that lies in the hole where your honour killed the trout on Tuesday; and he's always rising and sometimes takes, but no one was able to kill him, — yet he snapped the rod out of Ned Bryan's hand last Sunday night, and broke it betweeu the stones, so that Ned never got as much of it as would make a toothpick for a lamper eel, and *that* lives by suction like the snipes.' Well,' says he to me, 'if thou wilt tie the flies, I will go with thee in the morning: at what hour wilt thou be ready?' 'Oh, be dad,' says I, 'in the grey dawn just before the sun rises, and that'll be about half past three; I'll be under your honour's windy.' And there I was shure enough, and when I seen no stir upon the ould hop pole, I threwn a handful of gravel against the glass of his windy, and out of bed he jumps, making the whole house shake, and giving me a nod thro' the windy, he hurries on his brown shuit aud broad beaver, and down he comes, looking sorry, I thought, for being such an ould fool as to come out into the damp mist and leave such a darlin behind him in the warm sheets. Well, Dinny Considine and myself brought him to the ould spot, and I gev him an ould Lochaber, that I had killed a dozen peal with, and we tould him the only way to fish the pool was to drag it; so we made him let out about twenty yards o' line, and sit with his face to the stern,—and God knows I was glad o'that, for I couldn't look at him without laughin, and his back was to me, and I makin faces at Dinny. By and by we seen he was getting tired and fidgety; and Dinny, with a turn o' the paddle, put the fly in a stone, and snapt it off as clean as a whistle. 'Your honour hooked him,' says I. 'Verily,' says he, 'I felt a strong pull, and thou must have heard the noise of the reel.' 'I did,' says I, 'I knew you were in him; but we'd betther look at the fly.' With that he wound up, and there shure enough was the hook bruk in two. 'Oh the thief of the world!' says Dinny, 'it was Salvestyr was at it, and he'll rise again; but give him a bigger fly, he thinks nothing of a dozen of them little ones.' With that I takes out of me hat a great spring fly on thribble gut, and I says, 'If he sucks in *that*, it'll hould him, or the divil won't hould him;' and I spit on it for luck, and threw it into the wather, and at it we went again, dragging the hole over and hether, until we were getting towards the tail of it where the

Mr. James Ferguson, of Diamond Harbour, Quebec, for whom I got a model of the Irish cot, has made some in this manner, which have been found to answer admirably. Each of these cots should be furnished with four sculls, a

big log of bog yew is lying on the bottom, when I tips Dinny the wink, and we let the cot drop sudden a bit down with the stream, and then gave her a smart pull up again, when the hook stuck as fast in the log as the rock of Cashel. The Quaker's reel called out 'murder,' and we, letting the cot run *down* with the stream, the ould Ommadhawn thought Salvestyr was running *up* it. Dinny cries out, 'Butt him your honor!' I was near falling into the wather with the laughin, but I threw down the oar and tuk up the pole, and stopped the cot, and cried out, 'Now your soul wind on him.' With that the old Quaker began winding on his reel as if he was grinding coffee for the bare life, and we quietly poled the cot up towards the log until we got fair over it. 'Now,' says I, 'feel him, surr, see if you can left him;' with that he bent the rod till I thought either it or his back would break. 'Ah, the ould divil,' says Dinny, 'he's gone to the bottom to sulk; but be ready for him, surr, he'll take another race, and then may be we'll put the gaff in him.' With that Dinny takes his pole off the ground, and down goes the cot like winkin; the Quaker thinking it was the fish was going up, and sweating, saving your presence, till he looked like ould Neptune in Lord Clare's fountain. Down we went till all the line was nearly off his reel, when I stopped her again, and again the Quaker took to winding up, and we got over the log, and Dinny cries out, 'I see him! Ages! what a fish he is, he's as big as a horse, — give me the gaff.' With that he made believe to make a blow of the gaff at him. 'Put me a little to the right,' says he, and I give the cot a short turn round, and down went the Quaker on his face and hands, but held on to the rod as if it was his pocket-book; but the cot was running down the stream, and just as he got on his legs again all his line was run off the reel, and Salvestyr carried line, gut, and fly clean and clear away.

"Oh, ye'r Honor, if you'd seen how blank he looked, as if I was going to scold him; but he ped for the line and fly like an ould gentleman, which you know he was not; besides half a crown a day a piece for every day we tuk him out; and Dinny and myself had a good laugh when we went in the evening to take the fly out of Salvestyr, and gather up the line from the bottom."

paddle, and two stout poles about fifteen feet long; but Mr. Ferguson will not allow any of them to leave his establishment imperfectly provided.



PLAN OF A COT FOR THE CANADIAN RIVERS.

The bottom to be 16 ft. long; to be raised 3 ft. 6 in. at end, 1 ft. 7 in. in front, and 1 ft. 3 in. in the other end, 2 ft. 9 in. in the centre of the bottom, and 3 ft. 10 in. in the beam.

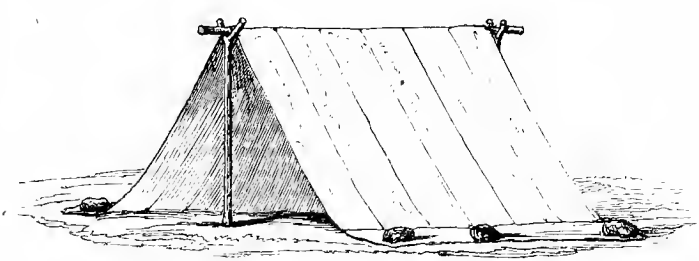
The stores and provisions which should be taken on an expedition of this nature are of various useful kinds, and may be furnished of the best description, and carefully packed, by Messrs. Shaw and Torrance of Quebec.

A question of very considerable importance in connection with this stage of the proceedings is the one of Tents, for at every river but one, the Eschemin or l'Essumain, where I have seen good fishing, it is expedient that the ship should be deserted for a while, and an encampment formed at the fishing ground. Indeed it is not only expedient in many of them, but absolutely necessary, for the distance of the pools from the anchorage differs in the different rivers from six miles to forty.

As in every other requisite for salmon fishing, two qualities are peculiarly desirable in your tents; first, that they shall answer every purpose of shelter from the sun and from the rain; and secondly, that they shall be light and portable.

For though at most of the rivers, when you have arrived at your anchorage, you will be enabled to launch your cots and convey yourself and household goods to the desired point for fishing, yet in others, and good ones too, such as the Goodbout and Moisic, there are rough paths to be trod, and perpendicular hills to be scaled, over which everything must be conveyed on the shoulders of men; and in others, again, there are portages, over which even your cots must be carried, and then, from the ship to them, every article which is necessary to render your camp comfortable and your success complete.

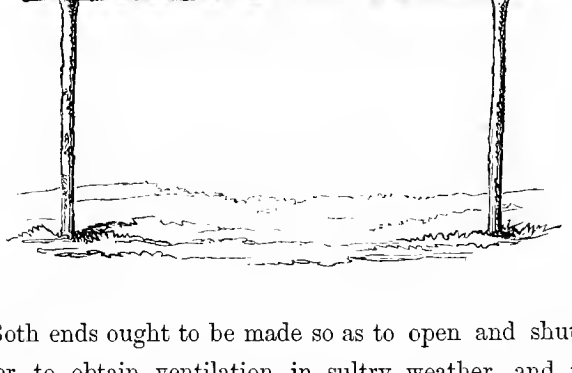
The description of tent which I have found to answer all purposes of shelter and portability, is made of American twilled cotton; its shape will be better understood by the accompanying sketch than by whole pages of description.



It is supported on three poles, which may be cut anywhere in Canada, fixed in the ground thus. (See next page.)

It should be eight feet long, and seven feet high, and

will thus be about six feet in breadth, leaving quite sufficient space for a comfortable bed on one side, and for a lounging seat and all your traps upon the other.



Both ends ought to be made so as to open and shut, in order to obtain ventilation in sultry weather, and that either or both may be closed, as circumstances may render it desirable. Where the sides of the tent meet the ground they ought to branch off into two flanges, one to turn in and form the flooring, and the other, not so broad, to turn outwards and admit of being secured with gravel, stones or earth as may be convenient; of course, they should be furnished with the usual pegs and loops. These tents are each calculated for one individual, and each man of the party will find it for his comfort to have one; for although two persons could sleep comfortably in one of them, still it is very often agreeable to have a room of one's own, to which, when he feels sulky, he can retire and

read or write, or mend flies or sleep, as may be best for ill-temper.

In addition to these small tents for each individual of the party, we have generally taken a bell tent or marquee for a mess room and place of general assemblage, and a tent for servants to sleep in. A shantee, made of logs with bark for a roof, I consider better than a tent for culinary purposes, as it is not so liable to be injured by fire.

A piece of tarpaulin spread over the floor of the tent is extremely useful to keep out damp, and to exclude sand-flies.

Your bed should be simply two breadths of strong Russia duck stitched well together, with an open hem at each side so as to admit of a stout pole being passed through each of them. Six feet long and two feet and a half broad, will be sufficient for the generality of men in these degenerate days. Of course in your travels to reach the river's side you have to carry only the Russia duck, which may be folded up to occupy little more space than a pocket handkerchief; when you reach your camping

place, you cut your poles from the nearest tree, select two logs from the firewood, cut two notches in each of them

to receive your poles, and stretching your Russia duck upon the latter, roll your blanket about you, and go to sleep.

An article called a California blanket, which is a blanket with one side covered with gutta percha, and consequently waterproof, will be found extremely useful on occasions of encamping in the Canadian Wilds.

Cold, heat, and wet are three things which in their extremes are very uncomfortable during an expedition to the rivers. In order to guard against the former every man should carry with him an abundance of flannel garments of every description; shirts, trowsers, drawers, &c., and should have a fur coat or cloak to throw upon his bed at night. But generally speaking an enormous fire of fresh wood, which burns beautifully, is always kept up in the centre of the camp, as well for the purpose of drying the clothes which are wet from being used in wading, as for warmth and culinary purposes. For cleanliness' sake, however, it is better that the cooking should be confined to a more limited apartment, and removed a little from the sleeping and sitting tents. For preservation from heat, cold, and wet in my tent, I have found a very simple contrivance to be very effectual; and that is to make a double bank tent of it, by erecting two additional uprights and a cross pole as before, about four or five inches longer than the former ones, immediately outside and over the tent; and then drawing over the cross-pole, and securing at each

side on the ground a large cloth of oiled calico, such as the dry-goods merchants receive their parcels from England packed in. This is easily obtained, is very light and portable, and useful for many other purposes.

Having now answered the question at the head of this chapter, I trust satisfactorily, it is time that we pass on to the inquiry as to what rivers in Canada are worth fishing.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH ARE THE SALMON RIVERS IN CANADA?

"Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such feeding fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields and forests green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will."

J. Davors.

"There's a river in Macedon, and there is also, moreover, a river in Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both."

King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 7.

CHAP. V.

WHICH ARE THE SALMON RIVERS IN CANADA?

F all the questions which could be asked with regard to salmon-fishing in Canada, none can be of greater interest to the man holding salmocidal opinions and intentions than the one which is the title of this chapter.

The first observation I shall make with regard to it is, that it is much more easily asked than answered. The reason for which is very plain and intelligible; out of about thirty-five magnificent streams which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from its northern shore, in all of which salmon are known to abound, only nine or ten of them have ever had a fly thrown upon their unexplored waters, and so it would not be easy to declare what facilities they afford to the fisherman.

Think of this, ye anglers, who have been all your lives pacing the margin of some over-fished river in England!—think of this, ye persevering labourers on the well-beaten waters of the Tweed, the Tay, the Esk, the Don, the Spey, the Ness and the Beuly!—think of this, ye tired thrashers of the well-netted streams of Erne, Moy, and Shannon!—think that within less than a fortnight's steaming from your hall doors, there are as yet twenty-five virgin rivers in one small portion of Canada, and that of the ten which have been tried, they have all, with one single exception, been found not only to abound in salmon, but to afford ample facilities for taking that noble fish with the rod and the fly.

I do not mean to say that none of them present difficulties to the fisherman, they would not be pleasant rivers to fish if they did not. They have their sharp rapids, their heavy falls, their impassable barriers, their sunken rocks: in many of them it will be impossible, until civilisation smooths the paths, to approach near enough to the very best casts to fish them; in others, the rough nature of the volcanic rocks which hang over their pools, and the impracticable state of the forests on their borders, throw obstacles in the way of conveying cots or canoes to the best stands, which are all but insurmountable. In many of them a bright gravelly bottomed pool, with a lively stream rippling through its centre, in which the fish perpetually disport themselves, is terminated by a rocky and

a narrow gorge, through which the water rushes roaring, raving, and lashing for miles, into which every salmon you hook will use all his energies to throw himself, and if he succeeds, you may depend upon it he will not stop till he reaches the bank of Newfoundland. In many of them the pine, the beech, the alder, and the tamarack grow down to the edge of the water on both sides, impeding every throw,—nay they do worse, they die and fall across the stream, making, it is true, in some pools a very pretty

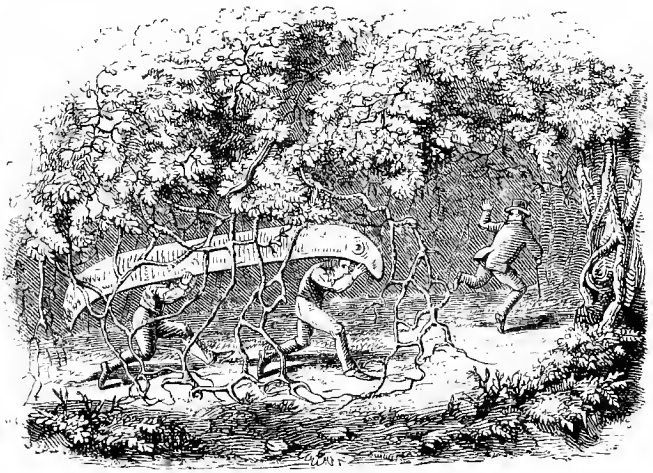
ripple, to disguise the fly, but enabling the fish to execute the beautiful but embarrassing manœuvre of jumping, as

soon as he is hooked, into the top branches of the nearest tree,— an event which has more than once occurred to the writer of these pages. Should the accompanying sketch ever meet the eye of an old and kind friend in a "cottage" at Toronto, it will remind him of an hour in one summer's evening, in which such an occurrence took place, and during which he and I killed five salmon, the smallest of which weighed fifteen pounds. In many of them, walls of rock of an immense height rise perpendicularly from the narrow strip of gravel from whence you have to throw your line, and afford the most convenient means which can be well conceived of knocking the very best tempered hooks into smash.

Well do I remember my first visit to the Chute-en-haut, or upper fall of the Eschemin, or L'Essumain, as it is indifferently called in the maps. It was in the year 1845 that my friend and I ran our boat up to within a few hundred yards of the lower pools, which I believe had not been fished since General Sir John Macdonald had killed some four hundred salmon there in one week, some few years before. The salmon were in plenty, the sea trout were in myriads. We killed both, and ate both, till our piscatory and epicurean propensities were satisfied; during which process we became acquainted with the only man who resided within thirty miles of the place, a half Frenchman, half Indian, who set some rude stake nets in the estuary, and spoke a most unintelligible language, composed of

French and Sioux Indian, for the earlier part of his life had been spent in the far west beyond the Red River. This very worthy man set all the ardour and romance of my disposition boiling and bubbling by the stories he narrated of all the salmon he had seen in the pool beneath the Chute-en-haut. I expressed my desire to go there. He shook his head, and said it was dangerous work, and impossible to effect without a canoe. I insisted that I would go, and that he should repair an old canoe he had, and come with me. He declared his inability to do either, but said that his son, one of a tribe of wandering Indians, would be with him next day, and showing me a solitary spot where I should meet him, promised that he should bring his canoe and convey me safely to the much desired waters. It was early morning in the month of July, the rain drops were glittering on the countless leaves of the trees, as the rising sun shed his glories upon them; I was silently forcing my way through the water-laden branches which overhung the path to the rendezvous, where I expected to meet the old voyageur's son with his canoe, when I was startled, nay almost horrified, by the sudden and rapid approach of some gigantic and unknown animal, rushing towards me through the trees with a frightful noise. I stopped, I stood, my blood ran cold; I tightly grasped my gaff; I endeavoured by staring to ascertain what brute it might be and how I could defend myself: as it quickly approached me, I stepped back from the unbeaten

path into the wood behind me, when the apparition, which was nothing more than an Indian (and a boy) with his canoe carried in the usual manner upon his head and



shoulders, passed me by, and in a soft and rather melodious voice uttered the word "allons."

My unnecessary terrors were soon dissipated, though I must confess that there was a nervous tremulousness about me for at least an hour afterwards. Following my frightful friend at once, however, we quickly arrived at the end of the portage, where we launched our light barque on the rippling waters, and proceeded on our way up the river. Our progress was but slow, as in many places the stream was shallow, and the canoe had to be lightened by the

absence of the weight of the Indian, and dragged by hand through the water; in others the water ran so rapidly that it was with difficulty we made any way against the current; but in others we came upon tranquil pools, in which as we glided past we could see the lordly salmon shoot like a sunbeam, from one side to another, disturbed by such unusual visitors. In some of them I wanted to delay and try my skill in captivating some of the inmates, but my frightful friend would not hear of it: I therefore quietly resigned myself to my fate, and at length we reached the Chute-en-haut; and never did Nature and Nature's child present to the enjoying eyes of a fisherman a more beautiful and enticing picture of a perfect salmon pool.

I shall not attempt to describe the fall of the bright waters over a bed of shelving rocks, which just pent them up sufficiently at the head of the basin to give their progress through the whole of its depths a visible impetus. I shall not vainly essay to make present to the mind's eye of my reader the deep, clear, sandy bottomed cove, which was worn into the rocks on the right-hand side of the river, nor the dancing stream which leaped and kissed the overhanging alders on the left, nor the island of glittering gravel which about a hundred yards down from the fall, divided the river into two streams and thus enabled the angler to fish every portion of it perfectly.

Cautiously, lest he should disturb a fin, my frightful friend paddled his canoe through the still water on the

right side of the river, motioned to me by signs — for we could not exchange a word — Trinity College Dublin, not having educated me in the Indian tongues, that I should disembark and proceed to fish, which I was previously burning to do. Soon, was the single splice in my eighteen feet of Irish ash, with one foot of hickory and two inches of tortoise shell at the top, tied together with a strong and well waxed thread of hemp. Quickly was my gold-tinselled fiery brown, with claret hackle and mixed wings, attached to my single gut casting-line; for very rarely have I used any other: rapidly did I make my first three throws in the very jaws of the gorge, and just as rapidly, on the third throw, did an animated mass of molten silver, as it appeared, rush along the surface of the water, engulph my fiery brown in his wide-spread jaws, and turn to descend into the depths beneath him, when he received, from some involuntary and indescribable turn of my wrist, which is called the "strike," such a twinge in the lower part of his tongue, as made him believe that he was held fast by something amazingly hot, which it was his duty to extinguish and resist by every means that was afforded to him by water, tail, and fins. His rushes to and fro, his dives deep and long, his leaps many and rapidly repeated; the adroitness with which the Indian received me into his frail and unsteady canoe at the very moment when the last foot of line was rolling off my reel; the steadiness and quietude with which he brought me over my fish; the

celerity with which he followed him in all his manœuvres; the skill with which he enabled me, coaxingly, to draw him into the still water at the head of the pool; and the deadly certainty with which, on the first opportunity, he fixed the cruel gaff in his side; all this I spare the reader, contenting myself with stating that at the end of about twenty-five minutes, the "water angel," as a Yankee writer calls the salmon, was tested as to weight, and found to be rather more than twelve pounds.

Again I prepare my fiery brown for a throw, having found him unruffled and uninjured by the late encounter. Two, three, four, five times I flung him forth so as to descend as lightest gossamer upon the sparkling waters, at each throw drawing about a foot of line off my reel. About the sixth throw there was a lash and a flash as my fly floated from the stream into the still water, and I felt an evident strain upon rod and line; but too soon it was clear that though a fish had risen at it, and touched it, he had escaped the bait. As it becomes all prudent fishermen to do in such circumstances, I then examined my fly, and found that the hook was broken off exactly in the middle of the bend. To search my fly-box and find another similar fiery brown, did not take me half the time which it took me mentally to objurgate Martin Kelly, whose hook I believed had broken against some bony part in the fish's mouth.

Again I cautiously and deftly proceeded to throw my

line downwards and across the stream, gradually elongating it, until the fly passed over the same spot in which the salmon had risen. No sooner had it reached this spot than it received a pull which suddenly bent the top of my rod to the very surface of the water, and before I could get a fair strain on it my wheel was singing loudly, and my line running out at a fearful rate. By the time I could raise my hand and give a perpendicular direction to my rod, the fish appeared to have reached the far end of the pool: just then I was enabled to get a good pull upon him, when my line became lax and flaccid, leaving me, dejected and disgusted, with nothing else to do but to wind it up. Again I examined my fly, again I found the hook broken off at the middle of the bend, again I thought unkindly of Martin Kelly, again I extracted from my box another fiery brown and proceeded to attach it to my casting line, when I found myself gasping for breath and nearly blinded with smoke. On turning round I perceived one fire of dead leaves, and withered branches, and wet drift wood, and damp grass, giving out volumes of smoke, on my right hand, another on my left, and my amiable Indian busily employed in kindling a third immediately and closely behind me. The day was bright, the sun was intensely hot, and the rock on which we stood was exposed to all his rays; so that what could be his object in increasing the already ardent heat was a mystery to me, until having interrogated to him as well as I could by pantomime, he

pointed to the myriads of black flies which were crawling upon the rock at my feet, and which he assured me by his signs would long before have fixed their fangs and left their poison in my forehead and my throat and behind my ears, were it not for the smoke proceeding from the fires which he had lighted.

Soon after, however, I began to feel a certain degree of uneasiness about the calves of my legs, and a considerable inclination to scratch them to any extent. The fact is, that I wore strong Wellington boots, in the usual manner, *under* my pantaloons; that the black flies, compelled to keep their humiliating position on the ground, sought to wreak their revenge and to satiate their brutal taste for blood by creeping up my trowsers and biting me accurately round the top of the boot, so that by the time I reached our boat that evening I presented the appearance of having been beautifully fired in both legs for bone-spavin. This taught me a lesson which I have not forgotten, and by which I recommend all the readers of this little book to profit, namely, when in fishing the Canadian waters I wear boots—and no man ought to wear anything else—to draw them *over* my pantaloons.

Again I sent forth my fiery brown to kiss the bright surface of the Chute-en-haut, again I gradually lengthened my line, again I felt the sullen pull of a heavy fish as he grasped my feathered bait, and again it returned to me mutilated and broken. Again I substituted another, with

which I had not long continued to tempt the denizens of the Chute, when in making a throw a few inches longer than the previous ones, it became fastened in a small patch of moss which grew in a fissure about half way up the high wall of hard rock, which stood at my back, and against which, blinded by the smoke and rendered thoughtless by my eagerness, I had smashed no less than eight beautiful hooks in less than an hour, and so managed to lose five or six splendid fish which had risen at and taken the baitless and mutilated fly into their jaws.

Never since have I visited the Chute-en-haut, and rather think I never shall, for since the time I write of, mills have been erected on its placid waters, dams which effectually and unnecessarily render it impossible for the salmon to ascend the river, have been built; and instead of the solitary half-Indian half-voyageur and his wild but mild and obliging son, there is now to be found at the Echemin a population of nearly two hundred lumberers, wheelwrights, carpenters, and their families, with all the abominations of grog shops and grocery establishments.

But this is a great digression from the object of this chapter, which is to point out to the gentle inquirer which of the rivers in Canada are salmon rivers.

The only manner in which I can attempt to solve this question is by giving a list of all the rivers which from the best accounts I have been enabled to collect are salmon rivers, with any observations which each may call for; to

speak more particularly of those of which I have received authentic intelligence from trustworthy friends, or which have been written of by credible authors; and to treat more particularly still of those which I have myself visited, and which I have myself fished.

With regard to the Jacques Cartier, the St. Charles, the St. Joachim, the Petite Rivière, and the Rivière du Gouffre, I shall not make any further observation than that I do not believe that any one of them is worthy the attention of a person who comes from a distance for the purpose of fishing; either from the circumstance of their being already over fished, as they can be reached from Quebec by land, or from their having been seriously injured by the injudicious manner in which milldams have been erected across them.

The next in order, as we descend the river St. Lawrence from the westward, is the Jumeaux at Malbaie, a river which I have never had the good fortune to visit, but which has been so well described by that accomplished gentleman and skilful sportsman Dr. Henry, that I make no apology for extracting the following from his "Portfolio."

"Ninety miles below Quebec, and nearly opposite Kamouraska on the south shore, the Malbaie river enters the St. Lawrence. After an impetuous mountain course of two hundred miles, it escapes through a gorge, tumbles down a granite rock, and then winds very prettily along a

cultivated tract, six or seven miles, until it meets the tide. There is a tolerable wooden bridge at its mouth, whose large abutments loaded with great boulders, tell of the formidable floods that sometimes sweep down the valley. A respectable church, with its long roof and glittering spire, and a tall elm or two, stands on an elevated point near the junction of the river with the St. Lawrence.

"A very quiet and moral population of seven or eight hundred people inhabit this secluded valley. We are informed that after the conquest a number of soldiers of Murray's regiment settled here, intermarrying with the Canadians, and leaving traces of their larger stature and peculiar lineaments which are still visible. Some of the customs of the good *habitans*, too—social family worship night and morning, for instance—may be of Scotch origin: for, however dissipated the life of a Scotch soldier may have been, he is apt towards the close to show the salutary effect of former religious instruction. The good seed, whose early germination had been checked by the storms of his profession, seldom loses all vitality, but often brings forth fruit when the turbulence of a military life is past. Be this as it may, the cross appears to have improved the breed considerably: the language of the military settlers, however, which may have been half Gaelic half English—has yielded to that of the more numerous class, and the whole community now speak French.

"Many of the Malbaie families are very large, and from

fifteen to twenty children are not uncommon. They marry early — get a stripe of a concession from the seigneur, and a house is run up for the young couple, *more Hibernico*, by their relations. They are then set adrift, but never separate far from their own connexions. There is infinite social comfort in this custom; but the worst of it is that the bit of land is soon exhausted.

"Their neighbours in the Bay of St. Paul, on the other side of a long mountain, have a very indifferent character; but the peasantry of this remote and pretty glen are the most virtuous people I have ever seen in any country. As to temperance with regard to spirituous liquors, our good philanthropists who are endeavouring to reform the world in this way — would find their labours needless here. Among these primitive people, drunkenness is absolutely unknown; and whole families pass their lives without any individual ever having tasted intoxicating fluids. Some surprising instances of this kind have come to the writer's knowledge.

"Having been on four fishing expeditions to Malbaie, I hope that a short account of one of these may not be tiresome to the reader.

"In the latter end of June, 1830, my friend, Major Wingfield, of the 66th, and myself, set out from Montreal on a fishing trip to Malbaie. We embarked in buoyant spirits, well provided with choice apparatus, and taking with us *matériel* for preserving our fish — namely; salt,

sugar, spices, and a large cask of vinegar. A good-natured American general, with his aide-de-camp, were our fellow passengers in the steamboat to Quebec. They were heretics of the utilitarian school, and thought it not a little extraordinary that we should make so long a journey to catch fish that might so easily be obtained in the market.

"On reaching Quebec, we found, to our great mortification, the wind blowing up the river, strong against us, and no steamboat running whither we were bound. We were therefore obliged to wait there three days, and then take our passage in a miserable schooner from Kamouraska; the captain engaging to land us at our destination on the opposite shore. The voyage was extremely tedious and disagreeable, lasting four interminable days and nights, though the distance was only ninety miles. Moreover, our lubberly skipper very nearly upset us half a dozen times, by bad management during the gale from the eastward that lasted almost the whole voyage. To add to our misfortunes we were half starved as well as half foundered; for our sea stock was laid in under the anticipation of a few hours' voyage, and consisted only of a loaf, a quarter of cold lamb, and a bottle of wine. Thirty or forty dirty *habitans* from Kamouraska were on board, and occupied the limited space below; we were therefore obliged to wrap ourselves in our cloaks and bivouac under the '*grande voile*' on deck. This was all very well as

long as the weather continued dry, but on the third day the rain came down in torrents—often extinguishing our cigars; but we took fresh ones, still maintained our ground on deck, and puffed away bravely in hopes of better times. Towards the end of our wretched voyage, sheer hunger made us purchase some bad salt pork, and sausages crammed with garlic, as our own barrels of provisions were hooped up, and if we broke bulk there might be a sorry account of them.

"At length, with beards like Jews — cold, wet, half starved, and every way miserable, we reached the mouth of the Malbaie river, where we had bespoke lodgings, at the house of a Canadian named Chaperon.

"By a beneficent ordination, our sense of present enjoyment is keen in proportion to the recollection of recent discomfort or distress; but I shall say nothing of the converse of this, having little to do with that branch of the subject at present. Dryden has condensed the idea in five words—

'Sweet is pleasure after pain.'

Indeed the sensations of my friend and myself, when at length we found ourselves clean and comfortable in M. Chaperon's pleasant parlour, were much to be envied. Sweet, very sweet, was our shave, and our bath, and the feel of cool linen, and the sense of total renovation pervading our whole persons—but, shade of Apicius! how

exquisite the Gunpowder and Pekoe tasted after rancid pork and garlic!

"On our way from the shore we cast our hungry eyes on a salmon, just come in with the tide and floundering in a net: we incontinently licked our lips and purchased him. When we reached the house our servant handed the fish over to Madame Chaperon, with instructions to broil it for our breakfast—*not* alive, but as near as might be. Our toilet being finished we drew the table to the window, into which a rosebush in full bloom was peering from a flower-garden underneath. There, amidst the mixt aromata of flowers and fish, we commenced an attack on a pyramid of toast fit to form a new apex to that of Cheops—numerous dainty prints of fresh butter, some half gallon of thick cream, and half a bushel of new laid eggs—which was kept up vigorously for a couple of hours.

"On Monday morning, July the 5th, we engaged a calèche with a good-looking Canadian boy named Louis Panet, to attend us on our daily visits to the *Chute*, about six miles distant. The road up the valley is very good, following the winding course of the river, and overhung on the other side by green globular hills, very steep in many places. These are covered with a thin soil, which often after rain peels off in large patches, carrying down trees, fences, flocks, and even the houses, 'in hideous ruin and combustion' to the bottom. One of these frightful *éboulements*

had fallen across our road lately, and the country people were still busy in clearing away the rubbish.

"From my former experience, the first glance at the river assured me we should have good sport. Instantly our fishing-rods were got ready, and taking Jean Gros with us—a *habitant* who had accompanied me on former occasions, we descended the steep bank, got into his crazy canoe, and were ferried across to the best part of the stream.

"There was a large granite boulder in the river, in the wake of which I had formerly hooked many a fine fish. At the very first throw here I rose a large salmon; but although he appeared greedy enough, he missed the fly. On these occasions, particularly so in the early season, the best and most experienced anglers will feel a slight palpitation arising from a struggle of opposite emotions, hope of success, doubt of failure, and uncertainty and curiosity as to the size of the fish. Giving my finny friend time to resume the position at the bottom he had quitted, and to compose himself, I then threw the fly lightly over him, communicating to it that slight motion which imitates life. He instantly darted at the glittering deception, and I found him fast on my line. After a few moments' wonderment, he dashed madly across the river, spinning out the line merrily and making the reel 'discourse eloquent music.' This fish did not stop in his career until nearly touching the opposite bank, when he turned, made another run for the middle, and then commenced a course of

leaping a yard or two out of the water. This is a dangerous time, and here unskilful anglers most frequently lose their fish: for each leap requires a corresponding movement of the arms and body to preserve the proper tension of the line. In fact, on these occasions a good angler will make a low *courtesy* to his fish. I played this active gentleman fully three quarters of an hour, when he gave up the contest, and I gaffed and secured my prize,—a beautiful male fish in fine season, weighing twenty-five pounds.

"We continued at our sport till mid-day, when it became too hot and clear. By this time my companion had caught a number of large salmon trout, and I picked, up two more salmon and several trout of the same description, marked with the most brilliant colours. We then crossed to the shady side and reposed ourselves; and having discovered a copious spring bubbling through the gravel, close to the water's edge, we enlarged it into a well, into which we plumped our fish and a bottle of Hodson's Pale Ale, covering it with green boughs. We then employed ourselves in collecting strawberries for a dessert to our sandwich; and after lunch enjoyed our cigars, and chatted over our morning exploits.

'Fronde sub arborea, ferventia temperans astra.'

"When the shade of the high bank stretched across the river, we resumed our sport, and returned to a late dinner

with our calèche literally full of fish. A goodly show they made, as they covered two of Madame Chaperon's largest tables: the sum total being five salmon, weighing 105 pounds, and 48 trout, averaging three pounds a piece.

"Next morning, after an early breakfast, we started for the *Chute*, taking a tent with us, which we pitched on a knoll overlooking our fishing ground. It proved, however, more ornamental than useful; the banks being so umbrageous that we did not require it by day, and we always returned to our lodgings in the evening.

"Nothing mundane is without its alloy. Our enjoyments were great, with one serious drawback — the flies, those volant leeches that surrounded us — and notwithstanding our defence of camphorated oil smeared over our hands, faces, and necks — sucked our blood without compunction.* A fly is considered a stupid creature notwithstanding his powers of observation, but our Malbaie musquitoes were insects of great sagacity, for they appeared to watch their opportunity to take us at a disadvantage, and when they saw us occupied in playing a fish, they made play too, and had fifty spears in our skins in half a minute. The little invisible sand flies, too, teased us extremely, and those insidious black wretches, who give no warning, like the honest musquito — these crawled about our necks and up our sleeves, tracking their way with blood.

* See Supplementary Chapter.

"Another plague that annoyed us not a little, was the dogs on the road from home to the scene of our sport; which were certainly the most ill-mannered brutes I ever had the misfortune to be acquainted with. Twice a day had we to run the gauntlet, and sustain a continued attack; each cur when he had barked himself hoarse, handing us over to his neighbour. Horses in Canada are so accustomed to this that they pay little attention to yelping, unless some brute, more savage than the rest, attempts to seize them by the nose, when they sometimes get frightened, and may run away. Once or twice we observed our sagacious little horse looking a little bothered at the assaults of one fierce brute, who must have had a cross of the bull-dog in him. This was a black and shaggy cur of great size, whose wont was to dart at once at the poor horse's mouth. We had often flogged him severely, but he did not mind it in the least, being protected by his thick woolly hair. One day I put a long handle in my salmon gaff for his express use, and when the savage darted at us, I watched my opportunity and hooked him by the side. Louis whipped his horse, who by his movements appeared to enjoy the punishment of his enemy. Away we went at a rapid rate, the dog yelling hideously, and the *habitans* running out of their houses at the noise, and holding up their hands in astonishment. After a little we stopped and I shook him off, apparently not much the worse for the discipline he had received. Next morning in going to our sport we saw

him at the door of his own house: and certainly no punishment could ever have a better effect. As soon as the brute recognised us, he put his long tail between his legs, limped into the house as mute as a fish, and never annoyed us again.

"During our second day's fishing I had a little adventure which was not unattended with danger, though such was the excitement of the moment, that I was scarcely conscious of it. Having observed a large salmon rising at a fly in the middle of the river, I got into the canoe and made old Jean Gros pole me out to the spot; kneeling as we were often obliged to do, for fear of upsetting the unmanageable little craft. I soon hooked the fish, and making my Charon stick his pole firmly into the bottom, we brought our tiny vessel athwart it, kept our position against the force of the current, which here ran very strong; and having a fine range of the open stream, I played the fish for half an hour until he was quite subdued. M. Jean was then desired to weigh anchor, and push for a shelving sandy bank where we had been accustomed to gaff our salmon. In pulling up the pole, which was shod with iron, the old man, by some inexplicable awkwardness, lost his hold of it; away the rapid stream bore us, whilst the long pole was left standing perpendicularly, vibrating still and shaking its head at us very ominously.

"Jean Gros' shoulders elevated themselves to his ears instantly, and his wizened and corrugated face was elongated

some three or four inches to the obliteration of manifold wrinkles that adorned it. It was irresistibly comic, and I could not help a loud laugh, though it was no joke. We had no paddle nor anything else to assist us on board, and were running at six knots an hour towards the jaws of a dangerous rapid. My old *voyageur*, after his first astonishment, uttered one or two indecent oaths, like a veritable French colonist; then, apparently resigning himself to his fate, became paralysed w th fear and began to mumble a prayer to some favourite Saint. In the meantime some good-natured *habitans*, who had been watching us playing the salmon, ran down the shore, parallel with us, when they saw us drifting down; flinging out to us every stick they met for the chance of our catching and using it as a paddle. All this time the salmon remained on the line, and my large rod occupied one hand entirely, and prevented much exertion in stretching for the floating timber; but as for abandoning rod or fish—neither was to be thought of for a moment. Once I overstretched myself and canoe and all were within an ace of being upset. At last success attended us—I secured a piece of board, and the first employment of it was the conferring a good sound thwack on Jean Gros' shoulders, accompanied with '*Ramez! sacré, ramez!*' The effect was electrical — the old fellow seized the board and began to paddle vigorously, steering, as we approached an island, down the smaller branch, where the rapid could be passed with safety. By great good luck our *co-voyageur*

in the water took the same channel, and down the stream we all went merrily for half a mile. The rapid ended in a deep and quiet hole where the fish was soon gaffed; and after a little rest, and a *coup* of brandy to the old man, notwithstanding his delinquencies, he placed the canoe on his shoulders, I carried the fish, and we returned by the bank.

"The practicability of passing the smaller rapid being thus established, Wingfield, two or three days after, having hooked a large salmon, and not being able to prevent it from going down, guided it in the canoe through the same branch of the river; but, unfortunately, the line caught in a rock near the bottom and the fish broke off.

"We spent a delightful fortnight at Malbaie, killing many fine salmon, and a great number of magnificent trout; whilst we employed our servant, when we were fishing, in pickling, smoking, or salting them. But the season became dry, the river fell, and the fish ceased to rise in any considerable numbers. Towards the end of July we struck our tent, embarked in a large boat, and proceeded twenty miles down the north shore of the St. Lawrence, with the intention of exploring a small salmon stream, called 'La Rivière Noire,' which it was said had never been fished.

"The north shore of the great Canadian estuary is an interesting field for the geologist; and it has not yet been half explored. Indeed, a comprehensive and scientific

research through both these great provinces is yet to be made, and would, I am persuaded, develop great natural riches, as well as many objects of curious inquiry.

"At the falls of Montmorenci, a little below Quebec, that river has cut through the junction of sienite with the superincumbent limestone, and illustrated not a few of the recondite secrets of the early history of rocks. At Beauport, in the same neighbourhood, enormous quantities of marine shells in a state of remarkable preservation—the colours even yet perfect — are found embedded in blue clay. Further down the north shore, the country becomes more purely granitic and mountainous to the very edge of the St. Lawrence; the bold capes and headlands increasing in boldness and altitude, until they are interrupted by the singular and enormous fissure through which the Saguenay runs. The waters of this great tributary, beneath a perpendicular bank, from 600 to 900 feet high, and only a yard from the shore, are one thousand feet deep, and in some places no bottom has yet been found.

"It was a fine afternoon when we left Malbaie; the river was calm, and the white porpoises, those unwieldy looking creatures, were tumbling in all directions. We had guns, and tried a few shots without effect, the balls *ricocheting* off their smooth and oily skins, whenever they struck them. As it approached sunset our Canadian boatmen began a quartette, by no means inharmonious, though the voices were rough enough, and kept it up with great

spirit nearly all the rest of the voyage. At midnight we arrived at the mouth of the river, where we found a fine dry sandy beach, with a line of creamy surf rippling gently against it, in a wild and uninhabited country. We landed, found plenty of wood to kindle a large fire; ate our supper, which we shared with our *voyageurs;* for which they gave us another song under the exhilarating influence of a *coup* or two of brandy. We then wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, looked out for a soft stone for a pillow, placed our guns by our sides, put our feet to the fire, and soon fell asleep.

"The morning sun awoke us: we started up and took a refreshing swim in the salt water, whilst our attendants were getting breakfast ready. When the meal was over we prepared our rods and set out to reconnoitre the stream, the banks of which were covered with almost impenetrable jungle; but after great exertions, we explored to the distance of four or five miles, yet only got one small salmon, which my friend caught, for our pains. The river, as far as we could reach, was a continuous succession of rapids and falls from one enormous granite rock to another.

"On our return we disturbed a huge bear, who was busily employed in tearing up a large rotten pine to get at a colony of ants that inhabited it. We stopped and so did he; feeling, no doubt, as displeased as any christian, at being interrupted in his meal. He then walked away, and

as we had left our guns at the boat, we felt no inclination to follow him.

"Next day we returned to Chaperon's, and the following morning visited the *Chute*, and found that a fresh batch of fine trout had made their way up the river, low as it was, which afforded us capital sport; rising greedily at our salmon-flies, and very lively and strong on the line — but we could see no salmon until late in the evening, when we noticed a very large one sucking in some small flies in the middle of the stream. We embarked in the canoe, and both covered him, endeavouring to tempt his palate by various flies resembling those on the water; using at the same time a single gut casting line, but all in vain. At last, just before starting for home, I tried one more cast over him, when he rose like a young whale, and I found him firm on the hook. The tackle was slender, no doubt, but the delicate fibre that held him prisoner was of the best description, and though of nearly invisible tenuity, possessed great strength, which the flexibility of a long and admirable rod materially assisted. Great was the

'—— —— certaminis gaudium'

during the exciting play of that noble fish, and many, many apprehensions had we of the result. But the staunch O'Shaughnessy kept its hold, and the tenacious gut failed not. Finally, after a glorious struggle of an hour and a quarter, this magnificent fish lay gasping on the sand. It

weighed twenty-eight French pounds, or about thirty-one English.

"On the 3rd of August we returned to Quebec, with two barrels of fish, for distribution among our friends; and I guess, if our utilitarian Yankee acquaintances had met us then, we should have been less the objects of their derision."

Such is Dr. Henry's narrative of his tour to Malbaie. I regret, however, to state that the accounts of more recent visitors to that stream would not justify me in leading the fisherman to expect that he would now find similar sport there. But am happy to learn that the present proprietor of the seignory has gone to considerable expense in levelling the dams which have hitherto obstructed the passage of the fish, and that there is every prospect, under his care and protection, that this charming stream will again become the birthplace of many a large salmon.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUNDAY AT THE SAGUENAY.

"As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court;
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

"Who hunts doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks lives oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love
Is fettered in fond Cupid's snare:
My angle breeds me no such care.

"Of recreations there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess,
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

. . . . . .

"The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here
Bless'd fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that He on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom He to follow Him hath chose."—Isaac Walton.

"Wanderers on the dark blue sea!
As your bark rides gallantly,
Prayer and praise become ye well,
Though ye hear no temple bell;
The Sabbath hours which God has given,
Give ye to worship, rest, and heaven."

CHAP. VI.

A SUNDAY AT THE SAGUENAY.

READER, have you ever formed any idea as to the manner in which fishermen in Canada pass their Sundays?

I ask the question, because I know that unfounded impressions on this subject have been made upon the minds of many amiable and well-disposed persons, by the "evil speaking, lying, and slandering" of a few evil-disposed and malicious individuals.

I ask the question without reference to the merchants' clerks, the artisans, and the handicraftsmen of the cities, too many of whom, I fear,

"Air their buttons, after six days' rust,"

by the side of some swift running brook, or on the bosom of some smiling loch, armed with a white ash wattle, called

a fishing-rod, and depending rather upon the slice of fat pork which covers the hooks of their flies, for deluding the trout, than upon their skill in angling or their taste in imitating the winged Ephemera.

I ask the question with regard to those who may be really denominated "fishermen." Men who weigh anchor in their yachts or chartered schooners for a month's or six weeks' residence amongst the rivers, where

"They hear no temple bell;"

where there are neither churches nor clergymen, but who, nevertheless, are not forgetful of Him who "made the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is," and who "holds the waters in the hollow of His hand."

I ask the question that I may answer it; and few, I believe, are more capable of affording an answer, for few have more frequently visited the scenes of which I write, and still fewer have been associated in their excursions with a greater variety of characters. And I have no hesitation in stating that I have very rarely witnessed the manifestation of any disposition to desecrate the Lord's day by making it a day of amusement; and that whenever such disposition has shown itself, it has been at once discountenanced and overruled by the majority of the party. On the contrary, I have almost invariably found every individual comprised in the expedition, including sailors, servants, and Indians, not only inclined to make the

Sunday a day of rest, but to assemble and meet together, to "set forth His most worthy praise, to hear His most holy Word, aud to ask those things that be requisite and necessary, not only for the body but the soul," from Him who "giveth us life and breath and all things."

In the month of July 1846, a little cutter yacht, having on board the Commissioner, the Baron, the Captain, myself, and a crew of three men, a boy and two servants, staggered across the river St. Lawrence, from the Rivière du Loup to Tadousac at the mouth of the mighty Saguenay, the largest and most remarkable of the many streams which add to its volume.

The meaning of the word Tadousac is said to be "the mouth of the sack;" from what language derived, or from what circumstances bestowed upon this spot, I have not been able to discover. It is a very beautiful bay on the east side of the Saguenay, from which it is separated by a bold headland; in shape it is a deep crescent, has a lofty shore of rock and a beach of beautiful sand. The salmon in their annual emigration from the north to their spawning beds in the tributaries of the St. Lawrence, turn into this bay in great numbers, and used to be taken in hundreds by seine nets, for the drawing of which its smooth beach affords every facility. From hence, when the wind answered, they were despatched in schooners to the Quebec market, from which circumstance arises the question which is invariably put to the fisherman who visits the

Lower St. Lawrence. "Well, what sport have you had at the Saguenay?"

The evening was balmy and beautiful when we cast our anchor into the deep clear water and found it firmly fixed in the shining sand beneath. A gauze-like atmosphere surrounded the houses of the Hudson's Bay Company's offices, the flagstaff and the cannon which stand in front of them, and the Indian encampment, and ruins of a Roman Catholic church close by, which latter is said to have been built by Jesuits, some two hundred years ago, and to have been the first building composed of stone and mortar which reared its head upon the continent of North America.

Having presented our credentials from the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory to their chief officer at Tadousac, we walked across the tongue of land which separates this lovely bay from the startling and picturesque features of the Saguenay, which cannot be beheld without awakening in the heart sensations of wonder, fear, and reverence. The immense mountains which overhang this fathomless river, whose solemn gloom has only lately been cheered by the industry or presence of man, are of stupendous and matchless grandeur. The peaks of some of them rise above it, not only upright as a wall, but hanging over to the height of two thousand feet, while their bases sink beneath the dark waters — the deepest river in the world — into all but unfathomable depths. Language cannot describe the emotions of wonder and fear

which affect the beholder as he looks up and beholds this awful display of the Creator's power.

In a nook among these mighty mountains near Tadousac, stands a small nest of houses, together with some mills and storehouses, belonging to Mr. Price, the extensive, enterprising, and respected merchant of Quebec, under whose fostering care more than one prosperous and flourishing village has started up in this hitherto almost unknown and unvisited part of Canada. Here we were frankly and hospitably received by Mr. William Price, who having kindly received our notice that we proposed having divine service on board our yacht on the following day, and undertaken to give notice of it to the persons under his authority, placed some boats at the disposal of our party, and accompanied us on our evening excursion a mile or two up the Saguenay for the purpose of trying our hands at sea-trout fishing, which sport we enjoyed in very great perfection for two or three hours — with one drawback only, that we were persecuted beyond description by musquitoes and black flies. Some idea may be entertained of the revolution caused in "the human face divine" by the assaults of these venomous insects from the narration of an event which occurred on the evening I write of.

There were four of our party in one boat, which were too many to permit us all to fish in comfort; one therefore volunteered to go on shore and take his chance in a deep bay where the trout were rising merrily. We placed him

on some rocks at the southern extremity of this gloomy inlet; and then the Commissioner and myself, accompanied by Mr. W. Price, proceeded higher up the great river, killing many trout of various sizes and weights, until the shades of evening added to the gloom of the overhanging cliffs warned us that it was time to turn homewards in search of shelter and of rest. As we moved along round each headland we cast our eyes into the darkling indentations of the rocks, in search of our friend whom we had left behind us. At length we came rather suddenly within a few yards of a very dark-visaged gentleman who at the moment was playing a fish; whereupon the Commissioner addressed him, congratulating him on his apparently good sport, and inquiring whether he had seen another fisherman during the evening. He was answered by a guffaw from our friend, and not only by a guffaw, but by a pretty smart jobation for our having left him so long to be eaten alive by flies. The voice was the voice of our friend, but the face was the face of a negro in convulsions. To account for which it may be well to state that the assault of the black fly is generally sudden and unexpected; that the first indication you have of his presence, is the running of a stream of blood over some part of your face, which soon hardens there, and that these assaults being renewed *ad infinitum*, under favourable circumstances, soon renders it difficult even for his nearest and dearest female relative to recognise him. The effect during the

night following a mastication of this sort is dreadful. Every bite swells to about the size of a filbert—every bite itches like a burn, and agonizes like a scald—and if you scratch them it only adds to your anguish—the whole head swells, particularly the glandular and cellular parts, behind and under the ears, the upper and lower eyelids, so as in many cases to produce utter inability to see. The poison is imbibed and circulated through the whole frame, producing fever, thirst, heat, restlessness and despondency. Patience, cooling medicines, and strict temperance are the only remedies: the best preventives are temperance and fly oil; the latter should be composed of equal portions of castor and fine almond or olive oil, strongly scented with essence of pennyroyal and spirits of camphor. This mixture, carried in a soda-water bottle, and frequently applied to the exposed parts of the head and face, will be found in general a preventive. Gauntlets which draw over the sleeves of the coat, made of jean or some other light and strong material, will be found particularly useful in defending the hands and wrists from the cruel attacks of the terrible winged insects, who are certainly the greatest drawback to the enjoyment of the sportsman in Canada.

That good and kind man the Bishop of Quebec, during a journey to the Red River in 1844, wrote the following lines, amongst others, in his sweet "Songs of the Wilderness": —

MOSQUITOES.

"Among the plagues on earth which God has sent
Of lighter torment, is the plague of flies;
Not as of Egypt once the punishment,*
Yet such, sometimes, as feeble patience tries.
Where wild America in vastness lies,
Three diverse hordes the swamps and woods infest.
Banded or singly these make man their prize;
Quick by their subtle dart is blood expressed
Or tumour raised. By tiny foe distressed,†
Travellers in forest rude, with veil are fain
To arm the face; men there whose dwellings rest
Crouch in thick smoke; like help their cattle gain.‡
O wise in trials great, in troubles small,
Who know to find mementos of the Fall." §

But to return to our Sunday at the Saguenay. The morning dawned bright, serene, and clear; everything on board the cutter had been made as clean as holystone and swabs, and mops could make them the evening before. About half past ten o'clock Mr. Price, accompanied by six

* "We do not read, however, that in this plague, which, like others, had its pointed meaning, independently of its simple effect as a judgment, the sting of the insects formed an addition to it."

† "The three kinds of stinging insects which we encountered, are called by the French Canadians marungouins, moustiques, and brulots; the *first*, and not the moustiques, being our mosquitoes. The two latter are extremely small black flies, one of them almost imperceptible, which draw the blood."

‡ "I have been assured that the cattle, in situations where this protection is provided for them, come lowing to the house to have the fire renewed, if it happens to fail. It is necessary, sometimes, that they should stand in a thick smoke to be milked."

§ "My moral is, I hope, less equivocal than that which concludes Gay's fable of the Man and the Flea; the insect being made there to declare, in repression of human arrogance and self-elation, 'that men were made for fleas to eat.'"

or seven respectable-looking mechanics, was seen winding his way along the shore toward us; following close upon them, were several gentlemen from the Hudson's Bay Company's post and a few Indians. They were all soon on board, and having been received by the Commissioner, were accommodated with seats in the main cabin at each side of the dinner table, where also sat our crew and servants; the whole representing a very fair number of the various religious denominations into which the inhabitants of the province are divided, together with a goodly number of the Church of England.

At the head of the table, clad in a sober suit of black, with a decent white choker, stood the gaunt and melancholy looking parson—melancholy looking I say, for the man was not of a melancholy but of a sanguine and cheerful disposition. Having read, in a plain and unaffected voice, the morning service of the Church of England, with the psalms and lessons for the day, he opened a volume which lay beside him and spoke as follows.

"In the 21st chapter of the gospel according to St. John at the 3rd verse, it is thus written,

'I go a fishing.'

"Whose words were these, my Brethren? By whom were they spoken? Were they uttered by some ignorant heathen, some negligent disciple or some false Apostle? No; they are the words of the ardent, the energetic, the

heroic Saint Peter—of that Peter whose declaration of the divinity of the Redeemer, whilst others hung in doubt, drew from the Saviour's lips the memorable words, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church'—of that Peter who was one of the first and principal supports of a fabric whose greatness reaches from earth to heaven, and whose glory shall fill immensity—of that Peter who was ordained by Christ Himself to be a minister of the New Testament—who was selected by the great Head of the church to celebrate His sacraments, to dispense His ordinances, and to establish His kingdom—to whom was entrusted the care of interests, and the dispensation of blessings in comparison with which the pride and wisdom, the honour and splendour, of this transitory world shrink into a nameless, an inappreciable vanity—of that Peter, who, with his brother Andrew, was first called to be the ordained minister of the King of kings, the chosen progenitor of the Christian priesthood—of that Peter by whom the first declaration of salvation was made to the people, by whose advice the first churches were planted, by whose counsel they were governed, by whom the prejudices of Judaism were first fairly surmounted, and the Gospel preached to the Gentiles—that Peter who, undismayed by imprisonment, declared to the Sanhedrim his determination to persist in the preaching of the cross—that Peter, from whose fettered limbs the Angel of God struck his chains, and led him forth from the precincts of the prison house

to life and liberty and further labour in his divine Master's cause—that Peter who when condemned to crucifixion by the cruel Nero, did not deem himself worthy to die a death of agony in the same manner as our divine Redeemer, and was at his own request fastened to the cross with his head downwards—thus, in meekness and humiliation following the footsteps of his Saviour, on earth, obtaining a martyr's crown, in heaven securing a saint's diadem of everlasting glory.

"At the time he gave utterance to the words of our text, seven of our Lord's disciples had assembled together on the shore of the sea of Tiberias; as soon as Peter announced his intention to them to 'go a fishing,' they all agreed to accompany him, and spent the night in fruitless toil, for they caught nothing.

"When the morning came, as they approached the land, there stood upon the shore One whom they did not recognise, and who inquired of them whether they had any meat? On their answering in the negative, he directed them to cast the net at the right side of the ship, and assured them they should find.

"They cast the net without hesitation, and immediately enclosed so great a multitude of fishes that they were unable to draw it.

"This miracle was so similar in its nature and circumstances to that which had preceded the calling of Peter

that the dullest must have entertained a suspicion, if not a conviction, of the presence of the Saviour.

"But it was the disciple whom Jesus loved—for affection is quicksighted — who first satisfied himself as to its being the Lord; and on his telling this to Peter, that impetuous and ardent disciple threw himself into the sea, that he might hasten to the Master whom he had lately so fiercely denied, but to whom he now longed to give proof of a devotedness increased by the remembrance of his fall, and the graciousness of his forgiveness. The other disciples, acting with less vehemence, but equally desiring to be with their Lord, proceeded towards the land in their ship, dragging with them the net and its ponderous enclosure, and there they found a 'fire of coals, and fish laid thereon and bread.'

"How came this fire of coals on this lonely shore? Who kindled it? Who laid out the provision, the fish and the bread? If, as we can scarcely doubt, there was something symbolical or significative in what thus met the disciples' view, what are the truths, what the lessons, that were thus figuratively conveyed?

"The inspired historian gives nothing but the facts; but the facts would not have been written, except for our admonition and instruction. Let us therefore avail ourselves of the aid of an acute and eloquent divine * of the present day, while we study them in simple dependence on

* Melville.

the teaching of the Holy Spirit, through whom alone can the dark things of Scripture be made clear, and the intricate plain.

"The fire could hardly have been kindled by the disciples themselves during the night; they had been absent many hours, and what they had lighted would have been extinguished: they would hardly have left fish behind them on the shore; for they had caught nothing, or if they had, the fish which now stood ready for their meal could not have been that which their own hands had placed on the coals.

"Besides, there is something peculiar in the manner in which St. John mentions the fire and the provision. He is particular in noting that it was 'as soon as they were come to land' that the disciples saw this fire of coals. It was the first object which met their eyes on landing. There would have been nothing to mention had this fire been only what they had themselves kindled overnight. And we may believe that the Evangelist is so careful in pointing out that the fire was seen on the instant of reaching the shore, on purpose to make us understand that the disciples did not light it after they landed, and that neither did they stir up the embers of the day before. It might have been expected that the disciples would have been so engrossed with looking at their risen Master as to have had no eye for any other object. Neither would they have had, we may venture to believe, unless for something startling and mysterious. But that strange fire, kindled, as they may

have felt, by invisible hands, seems to have drawn off their attention even from the Lord Christ; it fixed their gaze as they set foot upon the shore, and perhaps, like the burning bush with Moses, helped to persuade them of the actual presence of Divinity. And now you will observe, that though there was all the material for a repast, the Saviour does not forthwith invite them to dine, but first of all—this is a very significant circumstance — directs them to bring of the fish which they had caught. Neither was this direction complied with in haste; there appears, on the contrary, to have been great deliberation; the net was drawn to land, the fish were counted, and found to be in number one hundred and fifty and three; and it was not until this had been done, and as we may conjecture, some of the newly-caught fish had been dressed, in addition to those already prepared, that our Lord bade his disciples partake of the meal provided by His supernatural power.

"Such are the main circumstances of the narrative, in the perusal of which we are inevitably impressed with the sense as of something strange and unearthly.

"It may readily occur to the thoughtful mind as one explanation of the kindled fire, and prepared repast, that Christ had been thinking kindly of His wearied and hungry disciples; that, knowing how they had spent the night, and how much they would be in need of refreshment, He had graciously employed His power in making ready a meal, where, had they been left to themselves they would have

been utterly destitute. We need not exclude this explanation. We may believe that it was part of the purpose of our gracious and compassionate Lord, to supply the bodily wants of His followers, to provide fire to warm them, and food to satisfy them. But there is too much reason for regarding the miraculous draught of fishes, like every other miracle of our Lord's, as designed to serve for a parable, to allow of our being content with an interpretation of the text which would strip it of all figure, and reduce it to a mere evidence of the tender consideration of Christ for the bodily wants of His people.

"There is another explanation which may suggest itself, and which makes the whole transaction refer especially to St. Peter. It would certainly seem as if one great object of this manifestation of Christ, had been the publicly restoring to the Apostleship the disciple who had so shamefully denied Him, but whose repentance had been as bitter as his offence had been flagrant. So soon as the dinner was over, Christ addressed Peter with the question, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?' And when Peter had replied, 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee,' Christ said unto him, 'Feed my lambs.' This was, as it were, the reinvesting Peter with the pastoral office, of which he might justly be thought to have stripped himself when he basely, and with an oath, declared that he belonged not to Christ. But Peter denied his Master thrice; and thrice did Christ now propose the same ques-

tion, and receiving the same answer, thrice did he deliver the same charge of feeding the flock. As if Peter had thrice lost the Apostleship by thrice denying Christ, Christ thrice restored to him the office, that he himself and the other Apostles might have no doubt as to his having been forgiven. And when our Lord had thus, as it were, reinvested Peter with the Apostleship, he proceeded to prophesy 'by what death he should glorify God;' so that almost the whole of this interview, as far as it is recorded by the evangelist, was occupied with matters personal to St. Peter, as though it had been on his account, or for his sake, that Christ showed Himself the third time to His disciples.

"But how does the mode or character of the manifestation agree with the supposition of its having been granted with an especial view to St. Peter, to his reinvestment with the pastoral office? Most accurately; for when Simon Peter was first called by Christ to devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel, the Lord wrought, as you will remember, a miracle precisely similar, in its nature and circumstances, to that recorded in the narrative which we have under review. Simon Peter and his partners were then in a ship on the sea of Gennesareth. They had then toiled all night and taken no fish. At the bidding of Christ they then also let down the net, and the result then also was, that immediately they 'enclosed a great multitude of fishes.' And then it was that Simon Peter, being overcome by the miracle,

Christ separated him for the office, to which he afterwards gave him a more solemn appointment and commission.

"It can hardly be imagined but that the similarity of the miracle must have painfully forced itself on the attention of St. Peter, bringing back to the mind of the penitent disciple the happy occasion on which he had forsaken all that he might follow our Lord, and perhaps suggesting how deplorably he had since altered his position, through overweening confidence in his own steadfastness and courage.

"But, it may be asked, what had the 'fire of coals' to do with the transaction? If we consider that our Lord caused a miraculous draught of fishes to remind Peter how He called him originally, and to produce in him a sorrowing remembrance of his grievous apostasy, might not the 'fire of coals' help in a measure to produce these effects? This much is certain, that the expression 'a fire of coals' occurs only in one other place in the New Testament, as though this were not the ordinary sort of fire, and the evangelist wished especially to mark of what it was made. And it is the same evangelist, St. John, who uses the word on the two occasions,—St. John, whose great object in writing his Gospel appears to have been to supply the omissions of the preceding historians. But what is the other occasion on which St. John mentions a 'fire of coals?' It is when he is relating what took place in the palace of the High Priest, after Jesus had been apprehended

and brought before Caiaphas: 'And the servants and officers stood there, who had made a fire of coals — for it was cold — and they warmed themselves, and Peter stood with them and warmed himself.'

"It was, then, whilst he stood by this 'fire of coals' that Peter denied his blessed Lord and Master. It was whilst he stood by this fire of coals that the Saviour threw on him that look which painting has never caught, and which caused him to go forth and weep bitterly. Was not then 'a fire of coals,' found mysteriously kindled by unknown hands on the shores of the lake, likely to recall to Peter the circumstances of his apostasy? It were hard to believe that he could have looked on that strange fire, produced to all appearance by a miracle of Christ, and not have had all the scene in the High Priest's palace brought back upon him with a sort of crushing power. Again is he standing as he stood on that fatal night, and again he meets the look, which, more terrible in its meek reproachfulness than the fiercest glance of indignation and vengeance, convicted him of apostasy and convulsed him with remorse.

"Nothing could be better constructed to fix his attention on the Apostleship than a miracle most accurately resembling that which had first moved him to forsake all and follow Christ; and accordingly, after another night of fruitless toil, the net is again ordered to be cast into the sea, and again encloses a huge multitude of fishes. But how, upon this wild sea-shore, is he to be forcibly reminded

of his apostasy? What shall people that shore with recollections of the scene of disaster and shame? Nay, if it was by 'a fire of coals' that the recreant apostle stood when he thrice denied his Lord, and if 'a fire of coals' were amongst the last things to be looked for on the solitary coast, it might be hard to say what could have been better fitted than a 'fire of coals' to fill Peter with a remembrance of his terrible fall. Oh it must have been to him as though there thronged up from the past the taunting questions of the servants, and his own fierce execrations, and the shrill crowing of the cock, and the piercing, subduing look of his Lord, when so soon as he was come to land he 'saw a fire of coals there,' lighted, he knew not how, but for what he could not doubt.

"But whilst we think that such an explanation agrees admirably with many of the circumstances of the case, and is replete with interest and instruction, we cannot give it you as in every respect satisfactory. We have still to seek an explanation which shall satisfy all parts of the narrative; and this, we think, is to be found in the progress of the Gospel, and the connection between the old and new dispensations.

"In one of our Lord's parables, the kingdom of heaven is likened unto a net, which, being cast into the sea, 'gathered of every kind;' so that we may be said to have our Lord's own authority for considering that the miraculous draught of fishes represented the bringing of multitudes

into the Church through the instrumentality of the preachers of the Gospel. It is observable also that Simon Peter is said to have drawn the net to land: there may have been a reference here to the fact that in reward of his noble confession of Christ, Peter was intrusted with the opening the Church to the Gentiles; he it was, who, instructed by a vision from God, admitted by baptism Cornelius and his friends to the privileges of Christianity. For there can be no doubt, that in this second miraculous draught of fishes, there was a special reference to the combining of all nations in the visible Church. The number of fishes is to be carefully noted; 'an hundred and fifty and three;' and so also is the remark of the evangelist, 'And for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.' As to the number, it appears that one hundred and fifty and three was exactly the number of kinds or varieties of fish then known; so that we may most justly conclude that the number was an indication that persons of all nations and conditions should enter into the Church. And then the remark as to the net not being broken, though it enclosed so many fish, must be considered as prophetic of the capacity of the Christian Church; unlike the Jewish, which was not constructed for enlargement and extension, the Christian Church might embrace the ends of the earth, and not be overcharged, whatever the multitude and variety of converts. So far there is little difficulty in assigning the parabolic character of the narrative before

us; every one may readily follow the facts, and be aware of their typical import.

"But now we come again to the 'fire of coals' and the prepared repast — what truths did these symbolically teach, when taken, as they must be, in immediate connection with the other figurative facts? My brethren, you are to observe and remember, that the Jewish and the Christian dispensations are not so truly distinct and detached economies, as component parts of one great plan and arrangement. There have never been two ways in which sinners might be saved; in the Old Testament, as in the New, 'everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only mediator between God and Man, being both God and Man.' In the New Testament, indeed, we have the clearer exposition of the great scheme of mercy; God's wondrous purpose of saving the Church through the sacrifice of His only begotten Son, is there set forth with a fulness and precision, which it were vain to seek in the writings of the Old. Nevertheless there is no difference whatsoever in the doctrine propounded, but only in the measure of its revelation: and however great the change which was made through the coming of Christ when external distinctions were swept away, and life and immortality especially brought to light, there still went on the original process for the deliverance of the fallen race of man. The process was but continued, though with less of vail and obscurity, and they who were first enclosed within

what might in strictness be styled the Gospel net, were caught—to keep up the metaphor—within the same meshes, and drawn to shore through the same instrumentality, as men of olden times, the righteous who obtained eternal life by the assistance of the patriarchal or of the legal dispensation.

"But let us see whether this great truth may not have been figuratively taught by the facts of which we are endeavouring to find an explanation. There was already a fire kindled when the Apostles dragged to shore the net, which especially represented the Christian Church, the church that was to subsist in its expanded form subsequently to the coming of Christ. And on the fire which was thus burning there were fish already laid; yea, and the first direction to the Apostles was, that they should bring of the fish which had just been caught, and add them to those which were already on the coals. Now since by the fish of all kinds which the net enclosed, we are undoubtedly to understand the members of the Church under the Gospel dispensation, ought we not to understand by the fish already on the coals, the members of the Church under the Jewish dispensation? This is nothing but preserving or keeping up the metaphor. If the fish just caught, represented the converts that would be made by the preaching of the Gospel, the fish which had been caught before, and not by those who now drew the net to land, may—we should rather say must—represent those of whom the Church had

been composed during the ministrations of the law. So that the visible Church before Christ was figured by the fish already on the coals, the visible Church after Christ by the fish just enclosed in the net; and when the newly caught fish were placed on the same fire with those which had previously been secured, was it not shown that the visible Church before and after the coming of Christ, was virtually but one and the same? that its members, at whatever time they lived, had to be brought to the same altar, and to be purified by the same flame? I know not why we should not think that that strange fire, mysteriously kindled, on the lonely shore, was typical of the propitiatory work of the Redeemer, through whom alone the men of any age can be presented as a sacrifice acceptable unto God. We have all to be laid upon an altar; we have all, as it were, to be subject to the action of fire; but there is no altar but the one Mediator, and no fire but that of His one great oblation, which will answer for those who seek to consecrate themselves, a whole burnt-offering, to their Creator in heaven.

"And what could be a more lively parable of this fact, than that, just before His departure from earth, when standing on the margin of the sea,— the separating line, so to speak, between time and eternity,— Christ caused an altar to rise, mysterious as Himself—for no human hands reared it—and crowned it with burning coals, which had not been kindled by any earthly flame; and then brought

about that there should be placed on this sacred and significant fire representatives of the one visible Church, as it had subsisted before His incarnation, and as it was to subsist till He should come the second time to judgment?

"Now it can hardly be said that there is any part of the remarkable transaction before us which does not thus find a consistent interpretation. It is true, indeed, that we have made no observation on there having been bread as well as fish already provided; whereas the evangelist is careful in noting it, and in afterwards mentioning that our Lord took of both, of the bread and the fish, and gave to His disciples. But you will remember that Christ, on a former occasion, had fed a great multitude with a few loaves and fishes, typifying how the truths and doctrines of His religion should suffice for the spiritual sustenance of the world. The disciples would naturally be reminded of this miracle, when Jesus again took bread and fish, and distributed amongst them—reminded too, and what parting lesson could be more important? that the food which Christ delivered to them as spiritual pastors, would be an abundant provision for the men of all ages and countries.

"But now considering that a sufficient and consistent interpretation has been assigned to the several parts of the narrative before us, we would show you, in conclusion, into how beautiful an allegory some of the facts may be wrought, when a broader view is taken, one which shall more distinctly comprehend ourselves. We would not,

indeed, claim, for what we have now to advance, the character of an explanation, or interpretation, of the significative circumstances— it is at best but an accommodation of the parable— but when a portion of Scripture has been expounded as if relating rather to others than to ourselves, it is both lawful and useful to search for some personal application, that we may feel our own interest, and find our own profit in the passage reviewed.

"It is a natural and appropriate simile which likens life to a voyage, a voyage which has a variety of terminations— sometimes in calm, sometimes in storm; the vessel, in one case, casting anchor in placid waters, so that the spirit has but, if we may use the expression, to step gently ashore; in another, suffering shipwreck, so that there is fearful strife and peril in escaping from the waves. We shall all reach the shore of another world: for though some may be said to be thrown violently on that shore, whilst others are landed on it as by the kind ministry of angels, none can perish as if existence might terminate at death; of all it will have to be said, as of those with St. Paul in the ship, some by swimming, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, 'it comes to pass that they escaped all safe to land.'

"And there is something of a delineation of this variety of modes of death, in Peter's struggling through the water, whilst the other disciples approach the shore in their boat. Peter's is the violent death, the death of the martyr; but

his companions find a gentler dismissal from the flesh: theirs is the natural death, death with fewer of the accompaniments which invest the last act with terror and awfulness. Yet, die when we will and how we will, there is a mysteriousness about the moment of dissolution, which must cause it to be expected with some measure of fear and apprehension. The passing in that moment from time to eternity—the becoming in that instant a disembodied spirit, a naked, unclothed soul, launched upon an unknown scene, with none of the instruments heretofore employed for the ingathering of knowledge or the communication of thought—oh, who ever marked, so far as it can be marked, the noiseless flitting away of man's immortal part, without experiencing a painful inquisitiveness as to what had become of that part, as to where it was, as to what it saw, as to what it heard? There may be thorough assurance that the soul has gone to be with the Lord; but whilst this destroys all anxiety on its account, it does not, cannot, repress the striving of the mind to follow it in its flight, the intense gaze at the folds of the veil which hangs between the present world and the future, as if it must have been so far withdrawn for the admission of the spirit just freed from the flesh, that some glimpse might be caught by the watchful of the unexplored region beyond.

"But in vain this striving of the mind, this intenseness of gaze. Whilst we live, it is as an infinite desert, which no thought can traverse, that separates the two worlds;

though when we come to die, it will be found but a line, like that which the wave leaves on a sandy shore. Let it satisfy us in the meanwhile, that, whatever the mode in which the soul of the righteous is dismissed—whether that mode be imaged in Peter's casting himself into the sea, and struggling to the land, or whether it be represented in the quieter approachings of the boat with the other disciples—the soul will find preparation, as it were, for its reception; Christ stands there expecting his faithful servants, and of all of them it will have to be said, 'As soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon and bread.' Oh, this may well shadow out, what we have abundant warrant for believing from more express statements of Scripture, that, to the faithful in Christ, the moment of being detached from the body is the moment of being admitted into a state of rest and peace and happiness. 'As soon as they were come to land,' all that was needed was found ready; the fire kindled, and the banquet spread.

"Yet who doubts that the righteous will not only find the material of happiness prepared, but that they will carry with them, so to speak, additions to that material, and make heaven all the richer and brighter by their arrival? It is 'the communion of saints'; and whilst each saint shall draw cause of rapture from those who have gone before, they also shall draw cause of rapture from him. How beautifully apposite then is the direction, 'Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.' The banquet, the

marriage supper of the Lamb, shall be furnished from the contributions of every generation; all that any man, in any age, has been enabled to accomplish in works of righteousness and faith, every spiritual battle won, every convert made, shall be mingled in that vast store of happiness, of which the glorified Church shall everlastingly partake. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.' They 'rest from their labours,' in that, as soon as they come to land, they see a 'fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon and bread:'—'their works do follow them,' in that they are there bidden to bring of the fish which they have caught. Oh that we may all so labour during life, that hereafter, when judged, as we must be, by our works, there may be found, not indeed—what can never be, a claim to the happiness of heaven, but an evidence of our having loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. Amen."

CHAPTER VII.

SALMON FISHING IN THE SAGUENAY.

"Very good song,
And very well sung;
Jolly companions,
Every one."

CHAP. VII.

SALMON FISHING IN THE SAGUENAY.

ANY were the commentaries made by the individuals comprising the various groups, on the sermon of the chaplain, as they retired from the cabin of the cutter to their residences on the land or to their quarters on board the vessel. One only met the ears of his reverence, which was uttered by the blithe and careless Baron; namely, "that it was very fishy;" calling forth from the Priest a grave rebuke, which was received, as every lecture or scolding or quizzing was by the Baron, with the most imperturbable good humour.

The Baron was a very handsome man. He was six feet two or three inches in height, had a profusion of dark brown hair, with a black beard and whiskers, which had now grown to an enormous length — features which, in

repose, were tinged with a hue of deep melancholy, but when animated — and that was almost always the case — beaming with good humour, intelligence, and playfulness. Light of limb and agile as a roebuck, his every step was graceful. These natural advantages had been cultivated by education, and his manner polished by association with the highest society in Europe—every country and court of which was familiar to him, and almost every language of which he spoke with ease and fluency.

In early life he had entered the navy of his native country, and there became an excellent mathematician and an admirable practical navigator; but having soon inherited the title and large possessions of his father, a distinguished officer, he was appointed to a place at court, when, "disdaining a slothful life," he took to the pursuit of pleasure of every description, an exercise which is very seldom found to be conducive to the improvement of a man's patrimony—as he soon began to feel—and in consequence had visited Canada to look after a large tract of land which his more prudent parent had purchased some years previously.

He was a delightful companion, and the very best-tempered man I was ever on a cruise with.

I saw him angry once, and only once. We had set out on an expedition to fish the rivers on the coast of Labrador with the ostensible intention of being absent from Canada for one month only, at the expiration of which he was

pledged to meet the Baroness at the Falls of Niagara. But we had already spent more than six weeks in going from river to river, and had been encamped for more than a fortnight on the banks of the beautiful Mingan, where the water becoming low, and the sport slack, we resolved to turn our faces homewards; and so with sorrowful hearts struck our tents, and conveyed our traps to the yacht. We found the wind blowing very fresh, exactly in our teeth, with a heavy sea rolling, so that it would have been useless to make sail. The next day was dark, the wind had gone down, the air was calm, but the mighty waves "curling their monstrous heads,"—like girls preparing for a ball—came tumbling into the mouth of the harbour, and with their hoarse voices plainly forbade us to go to sea. Whereupon the Captain and I resolved to have one cast more for a salmon, and proceeding to the pools, passed a delightful afternoon, killing on that little sandbank, which neither of us will easily forget, five fresh-run, short, and beautiful fish of 12, 15, 17, 19 and 21 pounds weight. Whilst we were on our way down the river, returning to the schooner, we overtook the Commissioner in his canoe: he had also killed his fish, was in good spirits, and gave us a most animated account of the Baron's anxiety to be off. Upon which we formed a conspiracy to propose the reconstruction of our camp, near the junction of the two rivers, in order to try his temper and have a laugh at him.

Dinner was come and gone, the Baron was dejected and

paid small attention to the proportions in mixing his brandy and water. The cloud-compelling Jove would have hidden his diminished head had he seen the wreaths of curling smoke which came pouring forth from his lips. The rest of us talked over the events of the day, and "twice we slew the slain;" when the Commissioner made an observation on the weight and freshness of the salmon we had that day killed, as indicative that they were the heralds of a new run of large fish.

"Do you know," said the Captain, "that the very same idea was passing through my mind, and that I think it folly for us to remain here, losing four or five hours in each day going to the pools, when we might just as well wait for a fair wind at the camping ground."

The Baron looked steadily at him and finished his glass of grog.

"I was all along opposed to our coming on board till everything was ready for a start," said the Commissioner. Here the Baron mixed another glass of brandy and water with still less regard to the usual proportions.

"Well then," said the Captain, "let us put it to the vote. Old Jean Paré the pilot says that we shall have to-morrow *un gros nord-est*, and there's no manner of use in staying here to be tossed about like shuttlecocks at night and to break our hearts in polling up against the stream in the morning. I am for pitching our tents again. Come, Commissioner, what say you?"

"I say ditto," answered the Commissioner; "we cannot lose more than one tide by doing so, we can cook our fish better at the camp fire than in the stove here, and we shall be home time enough." The Baron finished his tumbler.

"Priest, now it is your turn," said the Captain. "What do you think is best to be done?" The Baron looked towards me with great confidence—for he knew that I had long been anxious to be homeward bound,—while I, throwing as much patience and resignation into my countenance as I could assume, replied:—

"It is little matter to me now how long we stay here, I have long since overstepped the limits of my leave; and that being the case, the consequences will be no worse if I am detained away another month: so that the prospect which to-day's sport affords of some good fishing, induces me to vote for deserting the ship to-morrow, and pitching our tents in the "old spot."

The Baron, who had just compounded another tumbler-full of brandy and water, swallowed it at a draught, then slapped the glass with such emphasis on the table that it flew into fragments, and before he could be asked for his vote stalked out of the cabin towards the companion-ladder in an unutterable rage; but the peals of laughter by which he was followed opened his eyes to the joke, and brought him back to join in the amusement which his *rising* so readily

at so rough a bait caused us. I never saw him angry before or since.

Those who were present will not readily forget that at one of the rivers which we visited during the expedition mentioned above, we encountered a gentleman, who, like the Baron, had been for some time in the navy, and that between them many nautical subjects were canvassed, and many differences of opinion discussed.

On one evening when this very worthy man was our guest, the conversation—as was not unusual—turned upon what each of us had seen and done in the way of salmon killing. The Baron—who by the bye was no great fisherman—was eloquent on the subject of some Hucho fishing he had had in the Danube, and mentioned one particular Hucho which took him several hours to bring to land. Our new acquaintance was a very matter-of-fact personage, and questioned and cross-questioned him till he was on the very verge of impatience. At length, after having drawn from him every particular regarding the flies, casting-lines, rods used in killing Huchos, and the weight of the one alluded to—which I think the Baron stated was 140 lbs.,—he inquired whether he had hooked him from the bank or from a boat: the answer was "from the bank," which was followed by the question, "Then I suppose you had to run with him a long way down the river?" The Baron's reply, which was given with the utmost coolness, and with a well-bred stare, was, "Oh, not far—about *three leagues!*"

"Sweet in temper, fair in favour,
Mild in manner, firm in fight;
Baron, nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light."

The Captain. How shall I describe the Captain? If the Captain wanted shirts, he would proceed to a haberdasher's and order home a hundred dozen. If the Captain took a fancy for oysters, he would purchase a schooner full. If his leaning was towards claret, he would negotiate for the produce of a vineyard, He was hospitable, and had a wife who adorned his home—he was "*sui profusus*," but he was not "*alieni appetens*," unless the "chose in action" was a sporting salmon, in which case impartiality compels me to record my opinion, that he would rather prefer to hook and kill the fish himself than that any other individual in the wide world should do so, and small blame to him. He was an exceedingly agreeable companion, highly educated, had served in various parts of the world while very young — during one of his campaigns in a far distant and distracted land I first met him, was a handsome man and knew it, rather impatient when everything did not go quite right, *tant soit peu* argumentative, and a little unmanageable when unadvisedly contradicted. Like many others, he was apt, if the wind was easterly, to magnify disagreeable mole-hills into mountains of misfortune; and he, who would face fearlessly the raging bear, jump boldly at a yawning mountain chasm, or swim a swollen torrent in his clothes, would occasionally suffer

himself to be put out of temper by having to breakfast or to dine an hour earlier than he thought fashionable or suitable. He had read much, and remembered well; was a good linguist, a temperate man, a good churchman, tied an excellent fly — of which he was particularly careful — was a laborious and persevering fisherman, and had great taste in dinners and in dress.

The first time we sailed in his yacht, he, from some unaccountable whim, arrayed himself in a full suit of scarlet,— scarlet jacket, scarlet waistcoat, and scarlet trousers. Upon landing at Mingan Harbour, we found that in order to ascend the river in our boats, we should either have to make a détour round a large sandbank at its mouth, of some six or seven miles, or have the boats carried across a narrow strip of land, three or four hundred yards, which separated us from it. The officer commanding at the Hudson's Bay Company's post having obligingly offered us a sled and a bull for the purpose, determined us to adopt the latter course.

The bull was caught — harnessed, and, not without sundry manifestations of unwillingness, led to the water's side, where the boats had been already drawn up; when the seamen, with the assistance of a couple of Indians, set about placing one of them upon the sled. During this process, the Captain who was directing it, passed in front of the bull, who gazed at him, apparently with a mixture of fear and amazement, showing symptoms of a desire to re-

treat, disturbing in some degree the equilibrium of the boat, and causing the Captain to repass hastily in front of him. Then fear forsook him, and indignation occupied the place of amazement in his bovine bosom; he rushed furiously, his head lowered, and his horns directed towards the acute angle in the scarlet trousers, overthrowing on his hands and face the old *habitant* who endeavoured to restrain him with the reins, and by the violence of his movements breaking one of the traces which attached him to the sled and to the boat. The other trace having held out against the rapidity of his speed and the suddenness and strength of his plunges, caused the brute to slew round suddenly, which brought him again in full view of the Captain—who had been dodging round the sled—in his full suit of scarlet. The exasperation of the bull at this reappearance of the apparition which annoyed him, then knew no bounds; he made a desperate lunge at the Captain—the Captain ran for it—the bull, jangling the chain traces at his heels, pursued him—the Captain increased his speed to the utmost—the bull was closing upon him—the Captain doubled—the bull's breath felt hot upon the captain's back, but neither his coolness nor his pluck forsook him; he espied a small opening underneath the wharf, for which he directed his hasty steps, and where, in about five feet of water, the suit of scarlet was completely hidden from the glaring and disappointed eyes of the infuriated bull, whose attention was immediately occu-

pied by the barking, growling, howling, and snapping of about a hundred and fifty Indian dogs from an encampment of the Red Men close by, causing him, in his endeavours to escape from them, to run a capital ring through the bush at the rear of the post, and affording us —while we held our sides with laughter—an excellent idea of a buffalo hunt. The Captain gladly emerged from his concealment, looking very like a seedy river God in a pantomime, and, to the best of my belief, has abjured scarlet as a fishing costume.

The third individual comprised in our party on the occasion was the Commissioner. The Commissioner was a curiosity. He was the most expensively and the most ill-dressed man on the wide continent of North America. One would almost be inclined to think that he studied incongruity as the model after which he arrayed himself, except that his slovenliness forbid the idea of his having ever bestowed a thought upon the subject. I have seen him at one time promenading a populous city in a dirty, powder-smeared and blood-stained shooting coat, while his nether man was encased in black dress pantaloons, silk stockings and highly varnished french-leather dancing pumps. At another, I have met him with one of Gibbs' most *recherché* dress coats, a ragged waistcoat, and worn-out trousers, all looking as if he had slept in them for a week, and lain inside of the bed among the feathers. His shirts never had a button upon them, which constantly

caused his brawny and hairy chest to be exposed to view, while a fringe of ravelled threads from their wrists usually hung dangling over his fat, freckled, and dirty hands. It was a complete puzzle to his acquaintances where he obtained all the old hats he wore. That he changed his hats frequently was evident, for none of them ever bore the same shape for two days together; their forms were multitudinous, so Protean, as to defy description; but it may be said of them generally, that their outline was that which might be expected of the hat of an Irishman, who had been so well beaten on a wet day, in a fair, as to be induced to sleep all night in a ditch.

Though his head was white, and his face purple—like a red cabbage in snow—he was, as Nathaniel Hawthorne says "a wonderful specimen of winter green." With his brisk and vigorous step and his hale and hearty aspect, he seemed—not young indeed, but a new contrivance in the shape of a man whom age and infirmity had no business to touch. His voice and laugh had nothing of the tremulous quaver and cackle of an old man's utterance, they came strutting out of his lungs, like the crow of a cock or the blast of a clarion.

Looking at him merely as an animal, he was a very satisfactory object, from the thorough healthfulness and wholesomeness of his system, and his capacity, old as he was, to enjoy all, or nearly all, the pleasures which he had ever aimed at or conceived. The careless security of his

life, in an official situation, on a regular income, with but slight and infrequent apprehensions of removal, had, no doubt, contributed to make time pass lightly over him. The original and more potent causes, however, lay in the rare perfection of his animal nature.

To hear him talk of roast meat was as appetizing as a pickle or an oyster. It made one's mouth water to listen to him expatiating on fish or poultry, and the most eligible methods of preparing them for table. His reminiscences of good cheer seemed to bring the savour of turkey or lobsters under one's very nostrils. It was marvellous to observe how the ghosts of bygone meals were continually rising up before him, not in anger or in retribution, but as if grateful for his former appreciation, and seeking to renew an endless series of enjoyment at once shadowy and sensual. A tender loin of beef, a spare rib of pork, a particular magnum of claret, or a remarkably praiseworthy jorum of punch, which had satiated his appetite or appeased his thirst in days long gone by, would be remembered, while all the subsequent experience of our race, all the events that had brightened or darkened his individual career, all memory of the friends who had clung to him in his misfortunes, had as little effect upon him as the passing breeze.

His temper was as uncertain as the wind towards his subordinates; sometimes familiar as a playfellow, at others as imperious, overbearing, and unreasoning as a Turk. He

was more cautious, however, with his superiors, and with those whose opinions might affect his interests. But—he was capable of a good-natured act, was a persevering fishermau—could tie, roughly, a killing fly—enjoyed a joke—made no objection to hard work, or coarse diet by "flood or field," and altogether was not a bad sort of companion for an expedition to the rivers in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. One of his boasts was to travel with the smallest possible quantity of luggage, indeed he seldom incumbered himself even with a change of linen. I remember one very wet summer, that he and the Captain and I were encamped at the Upper Pool of the Goodbout: we got thoroughly saturated with rain, and had to invent some device for drying our clothes; with this intention, we erected, near our camp fire, two uprights and a cross pole, to act as a substitute for a clothes' horse, on which we spread our moist and heavy garments, in hopes that the rain would cease during the night, and that in the morning we should be enabled to array ourselves more comfortably than we had done for some days. But, "*aliter visum est*,"—the rain fell in torrents, the wind blew in fearful gusts, and we slept like tops, and did not even venture to put our heads outside of the tent, until the blushing morn tinged the heads of the dark pines, on the western bank of the river with a rosy hue. Then what a scene met our view! The tempestuous wind had overturned our clothes' horse and our clothes into the blazing

camp fire, which was now quite extinguished, but enough remained amongst the charred and blackened logs to prove to us that our garments had fallen victims to the fire and the wind. Here we could dimly discern the remains of a beloved red flannel shirt; there we saw the sole of a well-nailed and trusty shooting shoe; in one place might be seen the arm of a jacket, and in another, as if it had walked away from the fire, the leg of a shepherds-plaid trousers.

We did not long mourn over our misfortunes; the day promised well for fishing; the Captain and I were enabled to rig ourselves somewhat in the fashion of European Christians, but the Commissioner had literally nothing to cover him. At length, however, after having for a considerable time rooted amongst the ashes, he appeared arrayed in one half of a light blue flannel waistcoat, one leg and thigh of a pair of blackened russia-ducks which were held up by a piece of silk-fishing line, a shocking bad hat, and a pair of spectacles; in which costume he fished, and dined and breakfasted and slept for nine days and nine nights, without a murmur, and, as I believe, without any doubt or misgiving but that he was as well dressed as he need be to attend a ball or a levee.

The Priest, or, as he was often called by his friends, the Bishop, was the last item in the composition of this *parti quarré*. He, however, has no notion of drawing his own picture. If the amiable reader cannot form some idea of his mind and character from the perusal of the foregoing

pages, he must be content to live and die unknown and unappreciated. But here the reader may be inclined to say, "I did not open this chapter to be bothered with descriptions of the Captain and the Commissioner and the Priest. I wanted to learn all about salmon fishing in the Saguenay, and there is not one word upon the subject, although it is headed with these very words."

My dear friend—don't be impatient—don't be angry. The reason you have learned nothing about salmon fishing in the Saguenay from this chapter is simply, that there is no salmon fishing in the Saguenay; so keep your temper and turn tranquilly to the chapter which follows, and "you shall see—what you shall see."

CHAPTER VIII.

SALMON FISHING IN THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE SAGUENAY.

"If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be;
If all the trees were one tree,
What a tall tree that would be;
If all the axes were one axe,
What a sharp axe that would be;
If all the Yankees were one Yankee,
What a 'cute Yankee he would be;
And if the 'cute Yankee took the sharp axe,
And cut down the tall tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What an immortal splash that would be."

HOLYOAKE'S POEMS.

CHAP. VIII.

SALMON FISHING IN THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE SAGUENAY.

"COME, Bishop," said the Captain, as we sat at the breakfast table in the cabin of the cutter on Monday morning, "as it is raining too hard for us to expect any sport to-day, I will tie some flies, and you will tell us what you know about the salmon fishing higher up this river."

"My dear fellow," replied the Priest, "you are quite right to avail yourself of the opportunity which this terrible weather affords, for adding to your stock of flies, which is easier than increasing your store of information about the fishing in the Saguenay, if I am to be the source from whence your knowledge is to be derived, for I have never been farther up the river than we were on Saturday evening, and all I know about the matter is from hearsay,

and that is never to be depended upon in matters piscatorial, with regard to which I say deliberately, that which the Psalmist said in his haste, 'All men are liars.' But I have a little book here published by Carey and Hart of Philadelphia, purporting to be written by a Mr. Charles Lanman, which may throw some light upon the subject."

"What's the title of the book?" said the Captain.

"'A Tour to the River Saguenay in Lower Canada,' replied the Priest; "and I think I may just as well read you what he says about the river, in addition to what he says about the fishing, as his account is not a bad one.

"'The scenery of the Saguenay,' says he, 'is wild and romantic to an uncommon degree. The first half of its course averages half a mile in width, and runs through an untrodden wilderness of pine and spruce covered hills; it abounds in waterfalls and rapids, and is only navigable for the Indian canoe.'"

Here the Baron asked what he meant by the "first half of its course?" was it the half adjoining the St. Lawrence, or the half nearest to its source? "The half nearest its source of course," answered the Priest, and went on reading, "'A few miles below the most southern fall on the river, is located the village of Chicoutamie, where an extensive lumber business is transacted, and the Hudson's Bay Company have an important post. The village has an ancient appearance, and contains about five hundred inhabitants, chiefly Canadian French. The only curiosity

in the place is a rude Catholic church, which is said to have been built by Jesuit missionaries upwards of one hundred years ago."

"If it was built by Jesuits," said the Captain, "the Yankee ought to have called it a *Roman* Catholic church."

"Don't interrupt me," replied the Priest, "or I'll leave you to read the book for yourself."

"'In the belfry of this venerable church hangs a clear-toned bell, with an inscription upon it which the learning of Canada, with all its learned and unnumbered priests, has not yet been able to translate or expound.

"'About ten miles south of Chicoutamie, there recedes from the west bank of the Saguenay, to the distance of ten miles, a beautiful expanse of water called Grand Bay. The original name of this bay was, "Ha Ha," descriptive of the surprise which the French experienced when they first entered it, supposing that it was the Saguenay, until their shalops grounded on the north-western shore. The tides of the ocean are observable as far north as Chicoutamie, and this entire section of the river is navigable for ships of the largest class.

"'That portion of the Saguenay extending from Grand Bay to the St. Lawrence, a distance of sixty miles, is greatly distinguished for its wild and picturesque scenery. I know not that I can better portray to my reader's mind the peculiarity of this river than by the following method. Imagine for a moment, an extensive country of rocky and

thinly clad mountains, suddenly separated by some convulsion of nature, so as to form an almost bottomless chasm varying from one to two miles in width; and then imagine this chasm suddenly half filled with water, and that the moss of centuries has softened the rugged walls on either side, and you will have a pretty accurate idea of the Saguenay. The shores of this river are composed principally of granite, and every bend presents you with an imposing bluff, the majority of which are eight hundred feet high, and many of them upwards of fifteen hundred. Generally speaking, these towering bulwarks are not content to loom perpendicularly into the air, but they must needs bend over, as if to look at their own savage features reflected in the deep. Ay, and that word *deep* but tells the simple truth; for the flood that rolls beneath is black and cold as the bottomless pit. To speak without a figure and from actual measurement, I can state that many portions of the Saguenay are one thousand feet deep; and the shallowest parts not much less than one hundred. In many places too the water is as deep five feet from the rocky barriers as it is in the centre of the stream. The feelings which filled my breast, and the thoughts which oppressed my brain, as I paddled by these places in my canoe, were allied to those which almost overwhelmed me, when I first looked upward from below the fall to the mighty flood of Niagara. Awful beyond expression is the sensation which one experiences in sailing along the

Saguenay; to raise his eye heavenward and behold hanging directly over his head, a mass of granite apparently ready to totter and fall, and weighing perhaps a million tons. Terrible and sublime, beyond the imagery of the most daring poet, are these cliffs; and while they proclaim the omnipotent power of God, they at the same time whisper into the ear of man, that he is but as the moth which flutters in the noontide air. And yet is it not enough to fill the heart of man with holy pride and unbounded love, to remember that the soul within him shall have but commenced its existence when all the mountains of the world shall be consumed as a scroll?

"'It is to the Saguenay that I am indebted for one of the most imposing storm pictures that I ever witnessed. It had been a most oppressive day, and as I was passing up the river at a late hour in the afternoon, a sudden gust of wind came rushing down the stream, causing my Indian companion to bow as if in prayer, and then to urge our frail canoe towards a little rocky island upon which we immediately landed. Soon as we had surmounted our refuge, the sky was overcast with a pall of blackness which completely enveloped the cliffs on either side, and gave the roaring waters a death-like hue. Then broke forth from above our heads the heavy roar of thunder, and as it gradually increased in compass, and became more threatening and impetuous, its vollies were answered by a thousand echoes which seemed to have been startled from every crag

in the wilderness, while flashes of the most vivid lightning were constantly illuminating the gloomy storm-made cavern which appeared before us. Down upon his knees again fell my poor Indian comrade, and while I sat by his side trembling with terror, the thought actually flew into my mind that I was on the point of passing the narrow gateway leading to hell.'"

"What an infernal funk the fellow must have been in," said the Baron; "when he thought he was going to hell."

"And through a *narrow* gate too," added the Commissioner; "he must have been an obese brute or such an unscriptural idea would never have occurred to him."

"Pray be silent," said the Priest, continuing to read. "'Soon, however, the wind ceased to blow, the thunder to roar, and the lightning to flash; and in less than one hour after its commencement the storm had subsided, and that portion of the Saguenay was glowing beneath the crimson ays of the setting sun.

"'From what I have written, my reader may be impressed with the idea that this river is incapable of yielding pleasurable sensations. Sail along its shores on a pleasant day, when its cliffs are partly hidden in shadow, and covered with a gauze-like atmosphere, and they will fill your soul with images of beauty; or if you would enjoy a still greater variety, let your thoughts flow away upon the blue smoke which rises from an Indian encampment hidden in a dreamy-looking cove; let your eye follow an eagle sweep-

ing along his airy pathway near the summit of the cliffs, or glance across the watery plain, and see the silvery salmon leaping by hundreds into the air for their insect food. Here, too, you may always discover a number of seals bobbing their heads out of water as if watching your every movement, and on the other hand, a drove of white porpoises rolling their huge bodies along the waters, ever and anon spouting a shower of liquid diamonds into the air. O yes, manifold indeed, and beautiful beyond compare, are the charms of the Saguenay.

"'The wilderness through which this river runs is of such a character, that its shores can never be greatly changed in their external appearance. Only a small portion of its soil can be brought under cultivation, and as its forests are a good deal stunted, its lumbering resources are far from being inexhaustible. The wealth which it contains is probably of a mineral character; and if the reports I hear are correct, it abounds in iron ore. That it would yield an abundance of fine marble, I am certain; for in passing up this stream, the observing eye will frequently fall upon a broad vein of an article as pure as alabaster.

"'In speaking of the Saguenay, I must not omit to mention its original proprietors, a tribe of Indians, who are known as the Mountaineers. Of course it is the duty of my pen to record the fact that, where once flourished a large nation of brave and heroic warriors, there now exists a little band of about one hundred families. Judging

from what I have heard and seen, the Mountaineers were once the very flower of this northern wilderness, even as the Chippewas were once the glory of the Lake Superior Region.

"'The Mountaineers of the present day are sufficiently educated to speak a smattering of French; but they know nothing of the true God, and are as poor in spirit as they are indigent with regard to the necessaries of life. The men of this nation are rather short, but well formed, and the women are beautiful. They are proud in spirit, intelligent, and kind-hearted; and many of them, it is pleasant to know, are no longer the victims of the baneful "fire-water." For this blessing they are indebted to the Romish priesthood, which fact I record with great pleasure. The Mountaineers are a particularly honest people, and great friends to the stranger white man. They are also distinguished for their expertness in hunting, and take pleasure in recounting the exploits of their forefathers.'"

Here the Priest ceased reading, and laying down the book exclaimed, "I have never read so many inaccuracies and mistatements in the same number of words, as are contained in this last paragraph. First, the worthy Yankee calls this tribe of Indians 'Mountaineers,' which is not the translation of the word Montagnais, nor is it descriptive of the localities which they inhabit, for they dwell chiefly in the great valleys to the northward of the Saguenay. Secondly, he states in the same sentence that they are

'proud in spirit,' and 'poor in spirit;' thirdly, he says 'they know nothing of the true God,' whereas in the very next sentence he states that 'they are no longer victims to the baneful fire-water,' and that 'they owe this blessing to the Romish priesthood.' Now I ask, is it likely that the Roman Catholic priesthood would teach these people the virtue of temperance, without having also imparted to them a knowledge of that God whose ministers they are, or that they would exercise the self-denial of the Christian without any knowledge of Christianity? But there is no occasion to ask or to answer these questions, when we visit the rivers Jeremy, Goodbout, and Mingan we shall see them in hundreds attending public worship in their churches at these places, churches which have been built for them, and are maintained by the Hudson's Bay Company.

"I remember that on my first visit to the River Goodbout, in going through the Hudson's Bay Company's store there, I observed a large number of old hats and old shoes, whilst everything else was spic and span new. In answer to my inquiry respecting this collection of coverings for the head and its antipodes, the very obliging store-keeper informed me, that they were provided and kept for the purpose of lending them to the squaws when they were about to attend prayers in their church.

"He goes on to say, 'that they are sufficiently educated to speak a smattering of French.' Now the fact is that they all read and write, in proof of which I can state that

to my own knowledge a petition from them was presented in 1849, to the Parliament assembled in Montreal, by J. C. Taché, Esq., M.P.P., the member for Rimouski. This petition was written or scored with a style on a piece of birch bark about two feet square, and addressed in the Montagnais idiom to 'Les grands Bourgeois du Gouvernment.' There was, attached to the petition, a translation of it in French, in which they excused themselves for having made use of 'Le papier des sauvages.' In their writing they make use of the form of printing types, as shown in the following Christian names,

Piel	Pierre.
Planchois . . .	François.
Glegloile . . .	Grégoire.

They have no R nor no F in their idiom, the L takes the place of R and P of the F."

"Well now, Bishop," said the Baron, "that's enough about your dirty Indians, what does the Yankee say about salmon fishing in the tributaries of the Saguenay?"

"Why," replied the Priest, "his accuracy in the above instance is but a poor guarantee for his veracity on that subject, but hear and judge for yourself. 'The lithe, wild and beautiful salmon,' says he, 'pays an annual visit to all the tributaries of the St. Lawrence, lying between Quebec and Bic Island.'"

"Aye, and to all the tributaries far below Bic Island too," interrupted the Captain.

"'But he is most abundant on the north shore, and in those streams which are beyond the jurisdiction of civilisation. He usually makes his appearance about the 20th of May, and continues in season for two months. Nearly all the streams in this region abound in water falls, but those are seldom found which the salmon does not surmount in his 'excelsior' pilgrimage, and the stories related of his leaps are truly wonderful. His weight is commonly about fifteen pounds, but he is sometimes taken weighing full forty pounds. The common mode of taking is with a stationary net, which is set just on the margin of the river at low water. It is customary with the salmon to ascend the St. Lawrence as near the shore as possible, and their running time is when the tide is high; the consequence is, that they enter at one tide, and are taken out at another, and it is frequently the case, that upwards of 300 are taken at one time.'"

"What does the fellow mean," said the Captain, by "entering the net at one tide and being taken out at another?"

"I don't know," said the Commissioner, "except it be an awkward mode of communicating the fact that they become entangled by their gill covers in the meshes of the net, while the tide is high, and that they are taken out dead, by the fishermen, at low water."

The Priest continued to read.

"'The Indian mode of taking them is with the spear,

by torch-light. Two Indians generally enter a canoe, and while one paddles it noiselessly along, the other holds forth the light—which attracts the attention of the fish, and causes them to approach their enemy—who pierces them with the cruel spear. This mode of taking the salmon is to be deprecated; but the savage must live, and has no other means for catching them.'"

"The Yankee is right there," said the Captain; "constant spearing will destroy any river, for there is nothing the salmon have such a fear and horror of as the taste or smell of blood. You remember, Parson, when we were at the Mingan, and that one of our party went out spearing on one single night, that the run of the fish ceased, and with it our sport for the season."

"I remember it well," replied the Priest, "and there are few things about which fishermen ought to be more careful, than allowing their servants to clean the fish they have killed in the stream, or to throw their offal into it, for it is a fact well known, that the slightest tinge of blood, or the smallest portion of intestines, will alarm a whole shoal of salmon, and send them running back in terror to the sea. The servants of the Hudson's Bay Company are well aware of this, and at all their fishing stations you will find that the place at which they clean the fish is at some distance from the river, and that they invariably dig a hole in which they deposit scrupulously all the offal.

"But our author goes on to say: 'My first salmon expedition of the season was to the St. Margaret River. I had two companions with me, one an accomplished fly-fisher of Quebec, and the other, the principal man of Tadousac, a lumber manufacturer. We went in a gig-boat belonging to the latter, and having started at nine o'clock, we reached our place of destination by twelve. We found the river uncommonly high and a little rily. We made a desperate effort, however, and threw the line about three hours, capturing four salmon, only one of which it was my privilege to take. He was a handsome fellow, weighing seventeen pounds, and in good condition; he afforded my companions a good deal of fun, and placed me in a peculiar position. He had taken the hook when I was wading in swift water up to my middle, and as soon as he discovered his predicament, he made a sudden wheel, and started down the stream. My rod bent nearly double, and I saw that I must allow him all the line he wanted; and having only 300 feet on my reel, I found it necessary to follow him with all speed. In doing so, I lost my footing and was swept by the current against a pile of logs; meantime my reel was in the water, and whizzing away at a tremendous rate. The log upon which I depended happened to be in a balancing condition, and when I attempted to surmount it, it plunged into the current, and floated down the stream, having your humble servant astride at one end, and clinging to it with all his might.

Onward went the salmon, the log, and the fisherman. Finally the log found its way into an eddy of the river, and while it was swinging about, as if out of mere devilry, I left it, and fortunately reached the shore. My life having been spared, I was more anxious than ever to take the life of the salmon which had caused my ducking, and so I held aloft the rod, and continued down the stream, over an immense number of logs and rocks, which seem to have been placed there for my especial botheration. On coming in sight of my fish, I found him in still water, with his belly turned upward, and completely drowned. I immediately drew him on a sandbank near by, and while engaged in the reasonable employment of drying my clothes, my brother fishermen came up to congratulate me upon my success, but laughing in the meantime most heartily. The lumber merchant said that the log I had been riding belonged to him, and it was his intention to charge me one shilling from the rift where I had hooked the salmon to the spot where I had landed him, which was in full view of the Saguenay; and my Quebec friend remarked, that he knew the people of Yankee-land had a queer way of doing things, but he was not acquainted with their peculiar mode of taking salmon.'"

"Well," said the Commissioner, "that is about as romantic an account of the death of a fish, winding up with as dreary a pleasantry as I ever listened to."

"Yes," added the Baron, "and besides it gives us

literally no account of the fishing in the Saguenay's tributaries as the Priest promised."

"My dear friend," replied the patient Priest, "I never promised to tell you anything about the tributaries of the Saguenay, for I have never fished them. There are but two, as I am informed, in which there is any salmon-fishing, the St. Marguerite and Petit Saguenay; of the former I have given you Mr. Lanman's account, and of the latter I know nothing, save that salmon are killed there, and that Mr. Price has extensive saw mills upon it."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESQUEMAIN.

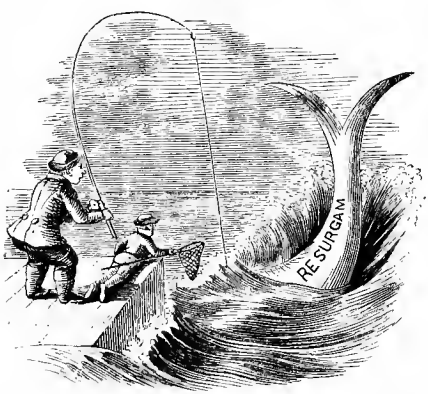
"Solitude is sweet only in the vicinity of great cities."

BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE.

"Miscenda et alternanda sunt solitudo et frequentia."—SENECA.

CHAP. XI.

THE ESQUEMAIN.



"YOU have been at the River Esquemain, Bishop," said the Baron. "What sort of place is it, and how far is it from this?"

"The Esquemain," replied the Priest, "is just thirty miles below Tadousac, and a beautiful stream it is, or rather, it was, as I have narrated to you"—in the 5th chapter of this book. "The American writer from whom I have so largely quoted on the subject of the Saguenay, speaking of this river says, 'It is a cold, clear, and rapid stream, abounding in rapids and deep pools. At its mouth is located a saw mill, but its water-works are so managed as not to interfere with the salmon. The fish of this stream ascend to a great distance, and, though rather small, are exceedingly abundant.'"

"I have killed as heavy salmon in the Esquemain as in any other river in Canada," said the Commissioner.

"So have I," added the Priest, "except when I once went there after the erection of the water-works, which this gentleman says do not interfere with the fish, but which I found to present an impassable barrier to their ascending the river, and then I killed only two or three; but I saw the little urchins from the newly created village stabbing the unfortunate fish with common two-pronged steel table forks, as they leaped upon the apron of the dam in their endeavours to reach the upper pools."

"'The best fishing,' proceeds the American, 'is at the foot of the waterfall, which forms a sheet of foam, about one mile above the mouth. My Quebec friend accompanied me to this place, and though we only threw the fly about six hours, — three in the evening and three in the morning, — yet we killed thirteen salmon without losing a single line, and with the loss of only three flies.'"

"He to Moses!" exclaimed the Commissioner: "you and I have fished the river, Bishop, in its best days, before any dam or saw-mill defiled its beautiful waters, and we never did as much as this fellow says he did."

"I will not deem him completely unworthy of credit on that account," replied the Priest, "for the fishing in all our Canadian rivers is most uncertain. For example, you and I have often fished the Goodbout, and I do not think either of us have ever killed more than five or six fish in a

day; and there is the Captain, who may in some degree be denominated our pupil, and who with his own rod played and landed forty-two salmon and grilse in two half days."

"It's true," said the Captain; "and the two friends who were with me on that occasion had also very excellent sport."

"I remember," added the Priest, "that one of the best apparent morning's sport we had at the Esquemain, was on the occasion of our first meeting the Captain on a fishing cruise. The Commissioner and I had pushed our cutter up the river to very near where the bridge crosses the stream, anchoring her there, and supporting her at low water with crutches, then providing ourselves with comfortable quarters in the immediate vicinity of the fishing ground. Here we remained for three or four days, during which we had very fair sport, until on the morning to which I allude, upon going on deck about five o'clock we perceived a schooner at anchor to the eastward of us, and a bell tent pitched on an island close adjoining. Figures were moving about the tent, which our glasses told us were those of fishermen, a fact which tended to expedite our movements towards the favourite pool. Upon arriving there our very worthy friend and Captain, Vaughan, perceived that there was a net set in its southern side, from which, having drawn it ashore, he drew five fine salmon. In the meantime the Commissioner and I plied our rods, and soon had three noble fish stretched on the green grass, when Vaughan came to me telling me that the other

party was coming up, and that it was a murder the five fish were marked by the twine of the net, as, if they were not so, it would appear that they had all been taken by the rod. Upon this I very quietly scored the whole eight fish across with my knife, and set to fishing immediately. By this time our friends the Captain and John Cayley were close upon us, and just as they arrived, I was fortunate enough to hook another splendid fish, which I killed in their sight, and scored with my knife as I had done to the others. Seeing which, no doubt entered their minds but that we had killed the whole nine with our fiery-browns. It was some months before we undeceived them. The Yankee thus proceeds with his narration.

"'Owing to the bushy shores of the stream, we were compelled to fish standing upon boulders, located in its centre; and whenever we hooked a fish, there was no alternative but to plunge into the current and trust to fortune. For some unaccountable reason — of course it could not have been our fault—we lost more than half of those we hooked. But it was worth a moderate fortune to see the magnificent leaps which the fish performed, not only when they took the fly, but when they attempted to escape. There was not one individual that did not give us a race of at least half a mile.'"

"Well, that is a whopper," said the Commissioner; "the entire distance from the pool under the fall to the bridge is not a quarter of a mile. But go on, Bishop."

The Priest read on. "'The largest taken during this expedition was killed by my companion, and caused more trouble than all his other prizes. Not only did the fellow attempt to clear himself by stemming the foam of a rapid, and rubbing his nose against a rock, to break the hook, but he also swept himself completely round a large boulder, poked his head into a net, and ran, with the speed of lightning to the extreme end of his line. It took my friend forty minutes to land this salmon, and I assure you he was particularly pleased when he found that his fish weighed one pound more than the largest I had taken. The fact was, our rods were almost precisely alike in length and strength, and as two countries were represented in our persons, the strife between us was quite desperate. I will acknowledge that the Canada gentleman took the largest salmon, but the States angler took them in the greatest number. Notwithstanding all the fine sport that we enjoyed on the Esquemain, I am compelled to state that it was more than counterbalanced by the sufferings we endured from the black fly and musquito. The black-fly is about half as large as the common house-fly, and though it bites you only in the day time, they are as abundant in the air as the sand upon the sea shore, and venomous in an uncommon degree. The musquito of this region is an uncommonly gaunt, long-legged, and hungry creature, and his howl is peculiarly horrible. We had been almost devoured by the black-flies during the afternoon, and soon as darkness

came we secured a couple of beds in a Frenchman's house, and, as we tumbled in, congratulated ourselves upon a little comfortable repose. It was an exceedingly sultry night, and though we were both in a complete fever from the fly poison circulating in our veins, the heat excelled the fever, and our bodies were literally in a melting condition. We endeavoured to find relief by lying upon the bare floor, with no covering but a single sheet, and this arrangement might have answered had it not been for the flood of musquitoes which poured into the room, as one of us happened to open a window to obtain fresh air. Every spot on our bodies which the flies had left untouched, was immediately settled upon by these devils in miniature. They pierced the very sheets that covered us, and sucked away at our blood without any mercy. Unwilling to depart this life without one effort more to save it, we then dressed ourselves and sauntered into the open air. We made our way towards a pile of lumber, near the saw mill, and without a particle of covering endeavoured to obtain a little sleep, but the insect hounds soon found us out, and we bolted for another place. Our course now lay towards the rude bridge which spans the Esquemain, just above the mill. Our intentions at the time, though not uttered aloud, I verily believe were of a fearful character. On reaching the bridge, however, a refreshing breeze sprang up and we enjoyed a brief respite from our savage enemies. We now congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune,

and had just concluded to be quite happy, when we discovered a number of Indians on the river, spearing salmon by torch-light, and as it was after midnight, and the heathens were spearing on our fishing ground, we mournfully concluded that our morning's sport was at an end. But while in the very midst of this agreeable mood of mind a lot of skylarking musquitoes discovered our retreat, and we were again besieged. We now endeavoured to find relief on board the boat which had brought us from the Saguenay, and here it was that we spent the two last hours of that most miserable night. Though not exactly in a fitting condition to throw the fly with any degree of comfort, we made an effort after salmon in the morning, and succeeded in killing a portion of the thirteen already mentioned. That we enjoyed a good breakfast which we had prepared for our especial benefit, and that we departed from the Esquemain as soon as possible, are facts which I consider self-evident.'

"The only part of this story which I do not believe to be overdrawn is that which relates to the anguish inflicted by the musquitoes and black-flies," said the Priest.

"I perfectly agree with you," added the Commissioner; "once their poison is absorbed into the system it produces not only local pain and intolerable itching, but a depression of spirits and despondency which can only be compared to the last stage of hypochondriasis, and any attempt to alleviate these painful effects by artificial stimulants, such as wine,

brandy or beer, is only attended, by a fearful aggravation of them."

"Let us alone about the musquitoes," said the Captain. "I have been reading a book which, if I were an Irishman would make a repealer of me; but as I have not that honour it will tend to increase my admiration and respect for the Irish character. It is entitled 'The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation,' by Sir Jonah Barrington. Just listen to his description of a pet of his, one Beauchamp Bagenal, 'His person was fine, his manners open and generous, his spirit high, and his liberality profuse. During a tour on the continent he performed a variety of feats which endeared him to his countrymen. He fought a prince, jilted a princess, made the Doge of Venice drunk, carried off a duchess from Madrid, scaled the walls of a convent in Italy, escaped from the Inquisition at Lisbon, and ran a celebrated fencing master through the body at Paris.'"

"He certainly was a most respectable man," added the Baron; "but I have never yet met an Irishman, who had not something similar in his history, or who did not appear to aspire to something of similarity with it in his character."

"You are both exceedingly complimentary to my country and countrymen," said the Priest, "but I would have you to know that Sir Jonah Barrington is considered in Ireland an authority just as reliable in matters of history, as Mr. Charles Lanman is in Canada, on the subject of salmon fishing."

"Come, Bishop, draw it mild; you can tell some whoppers yourself about fishing. What was that story you told me, at the sandbank in the Manitou last summer, about a salmon and a gold ring?" said the Captain.

"I told you a plain unvarnished fact," replied the Priest, "and there are persons alive, though it is long ago, who can substantiate every word of it."

"Come, Bishop, let us have the story; the Captain is querulous to-day with this east wind, and we are not all such infidels as he."

"Well," said the Priest, "it is no such wonderful matter after all; and if the Captain will promise to hold his tongue while I am speaking, and to retie this dark claret for me, I'll tell it to you." The Captain having nodded assent, and unlocked the box containing his portable stock of silks, colours, wax, gut, feathers, &c. &c., the Priest proceeded as follows.

"On the 6th of August 1834, I was on a visit, with Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Drew, at a lodge which they occupied near Doonass, on the banks of the Shannon, and on the morning of that day went salmon fishing with the Hon. William Massey, the brother of Mrs. Drew, who was anxious to get a fish for Mrs. Cuffe Kelly, with whom we were to dine, to meet a party given in honour of Miss Crosbie of Ballyheigh Castle in the county of Cork, to whom the said William Massey was about to be married. Well, we fished and we fished, we changed our flies, and in every direction

we thrashed the river, but not a single rise did we get, not a single fin did we meet, not a fish did we see; and about four o'clock getting perfectly disgusted were giving up in despair, when we saw Frank Drew and Major Massey walking towards us hastily. They came to know what we had done, and to inform us that upon our efforts depended the character of Mrs. Kelly's dinner, for that by some most unfortunate mistake the fishmonger had neglected to send the turbot she had ordered from Dublin, and that therefore unless we could produce a salmon all was lost.

"Upon this I handed my rod to Frank Drew, and William Massey gave his to his brother the Major; we pushed the cot across the stream, and they fished Lacka, the most beautiful of pools, in vain, and then we all resolved to give up. The river is broad at this place and we had to cross it: Drew having returned me my rod, I let out a long line trailing it after the cot. When we were just at shore, and I was winding up, I felt a feeble pull, and upon bending my rod found I had hooked a fish, which showed little sport, and was soon brought to the gaff, proving to be a ten pound fish, lank, and in poor condition. Bad as the fish was we were glad to get him for the peace of poor Mrs. Kelly's mind, and sent him forthwith to her cook, while we went to dress.

"I should have mentioned before that, some two or three years previous to this occurrence, William Massey's wife, in crossing the Shannon, near the spot where I hooked this sal-

mon, in a fog, was lost, with her footman and two boat-men. Seven o'clock came, and William Massey having handed his bride elect to table, sat at the head of the hospitable board around which were assembled twenty people, and proceeded to carve the salmon which we had so recently killed. Upon placing the fish knife near the gills to take off the first cut of the head, it grated upon some unyielding substance, which prevented his making the proper incision in the fish, whereupon he took a fork and drew out from a bed, which it had formed for itself beneath the gills, a solid gold finger ring, with the word "pure" stamped upon the inside of it. It was handed about as a curiosity, and it was whispered at the table that it was one of the rings of the former Mrs. Massey; but this her husband denied aloud; and eventually his sister, the Honourable Mrs. Drew, took possession of it, and I doubt not has it safe at Drewsborough at this moment."

"How the deuce could it have come there?" said the Baron.

"That's not easily accounted for," replied the Priest. "Still I think it can be readily imagined that the same description of fish, which is found in almost every stream which they frequent, to rise at and attempt to swallow a showy tassel made of tinsel and bright feathers, should rush with similar greediness at a glittering gold ring, pushed rapidly along the course of the river by the impetuosity of the water, and that being unable to swallow it, or to eject it

from the gills, with which it had probably become entangled, it gradually by its pressure formed the cavity in the salmon's throat, from whence William Massey extracted it."

"You are dry to-day, Priest," replied the Baron.

"If I am," said the Priest, "it's what you appear always to be, if we are to judge from the frequency of your drinking. I have just met an account of a temperance family, in an American newspaper, of which you would have made an excellent member: listen to it."

"Joe Harris was a whole-souled merry fellow, and very fond of his glass. After living in New Orleans for many years, he came to the conclusion of visiting an old uncle away up in Massachusets, whom he had not seen for a long time. Now there is a difference between New Orleans and Massachusets, in regard to the use of ardent spirits, and when Joe arrived there and found all the people run mad about temperance, he felt bad, thinking, with the old song, that 'keeping the spirits up by pouring the spirits down' was one of the best ways to make time pass, and began to fear, indeed, that he was in a pickle. But on the morning after his arrival, the old man and his sons being out at work, his aunt came to him and said, 'Joe, you have been living in the south, and no doubt are in the habit of taking a little to drink about eleven o'clock. Now I *keep* some here for medicinal purposes; but let no one know it, as my husband wants to set the boys a good

example.' Joe promised, and thinking he would get no more that day, took, as he expressed it 'a buster.' After a while he walked out to the stable, and who should he meet but his uncle. 'Well, Joe,' says he, 'I expect you are accustomed to drink something in New Orleans, but you find us all temperate here, and for the sake of my sons, I don't let them know that I have any brandy about, but I just keep a little out here for my rheumatism. Will you accept a little?' Joe signified his readiness, and took another big horn. Then continuing his walk, he came to where the boys were hauling the rails. After conversing a while, one of his cousins said, 'Joe, I expect you would like to have a drink, and as the old folks are down on liquor, we keep some out here to help us on with our work.' Out came the bottle, and down they sat, and he says that, by the time he went home to dinner, he was as tight as he could well be, and all from visiting a *temperance family*."

CHAPTER X.

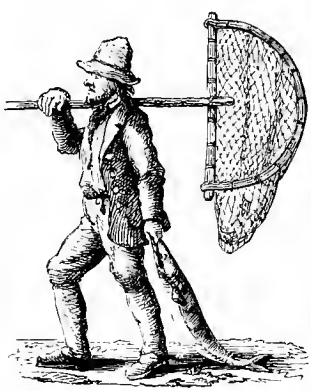
THE PETITE ROMAINE. — SAULT DE MOUTON. — PORT NEUF AND BERSIMIS.

"Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney at law.
When he died,
The Devil cried
Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law."

MOORE, *not* HANNAH.

CHAP. X.

THE PETITE ROMAINE.—SAULT DE MOUTON—PORT NEUF AND BERSIMIS.



ON'T tell him, Bishop, where you found that epitaph. Every one ought to have read the book, as a beautiful biography of Ireland's greatest poet."

"I won't tell him, as you desire it; but I trust you have no objection to my reciting another epitaph, and telling him where he will find it."

"Not the least; go on," said the Commissioner.

"Well, then, in the parish burial ground of Pewsey, in Dorsetshire, England, there is a tomb on which is inscribed —

"'Here lies the body of
Lady O'Loony,
Great niece of Burke,
Commonly called "The Sublime."

She was bland, passionate, and religious.
Also
She painted in water colours.
And
Sent several things to the
Exhibition.
She was first cousin to
Lady Jones
And
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."
Amen.'

"There is another in the churchyard of Moreton-in Marsh, which speaks thus:

"'Here lie the bones of Richard Lawton,
Whose death, alas! was strangely brought on.
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off:
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to,
Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.'

"A correspondent of *The Builder* gives some instances of curious epitaphs, one from Dorchester, Oxfordshire, is as follows: —

"'Here lies the body of
* * * *
"'And when he died he owed
Nobody nothing.'

"Another from Bideford, Devonshire:—

"'The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided,
And when the day arrive it did,
She sickened and she died.'

"From Ulverstone: —

"'Here lies my wife,
Here lies she,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujee.'

"From Doncaster: —

"'Here lies two brothers, by misfortune surrounded,
One died of his wounds, and the other was drownded.'

"I cannot recollect where I saw the following, but I can answer for its being genuine: —

"'Sacred to the memory
Of Miss Martha Gwynne,
She was so very pure within,
She burst the outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.'

"The present Bishop of Quebec, the Right Reverend G. J. Mountain, mentioned to me one which he had himself seen in some burial ground in England, of which I forget the name.

"'Here lies ——— ———
* * * * * *
She had two bad legs and a very bad cough,
But it was the bad legs that carried her off.'

"These are certainly strange and grotesque instances; but I admire 'John Shaw' most."

"Come, come, leave off this nonsense; we have now a nice breeze, and shall shortly be abreast of the Petite Romaine, and must determine whether we shall land there

or not. Can you tell us anything about it, Parson?" said the Commissioner.

"I cannot," replied the Parson, "except that the entrance to it is so encumbered with shoals, sandbanks, and mud, that few schooners venture into it. In fact the same may be said of the Sault de Mouton, and the Port Neuf rivers. At the former—the Sault de Mouton—I was once for a few hours, and killed a multitude of trout, but do not think it looks like a salmon stream, in fact I doubt very much whether the salmon could surmount the falls, which are upwards of eighty feet high, and very near the sea. Besides which there is no safe anchorage near it, and as you appear to be impatient to flesh your maiden rods with fish, I would recommend you to proceed directly to the Bersimis."

"What do you know of the Bersimis, Bishop?" said the Baron.

"Nothing personally," replied the Priest. "But I have here a letter from an excellent angler and a very honest man, who made an excursion there in the year 1847, some extracts from which may not prove unsatisfactory. But before I read them, pray turn to what Bayfield says of the entrance to this river; as, in my opinion, a river that is difficult and dangerous to get into, and consequently difficult and dangerous to get out of, loses many of its attractions."

"'Bersimis River," read the Commissioner, "'enters the

sea to the eastward, and one mile and three-quarters north east from the south extremity of the point of the same name. The south side of entrance of the river, for more than three quarters of a mile, is of low and bare sand. The opposite point of entrance is also of sand, and bears north-north-west, at the distance of rather more than a mile from the south point; but this wide mouth of the river is closed by sands at low water, with the exception of a very narrow channel. The river within, for the first three miles, is wide and full of sand shoals.

"'The bar is of sand, which dries in parts at low water, and shifts frequently, being completely exposed to southerly and easterly gales, it extends nearly a mile and a quarter to the eastward of the south point of entrance. Directions for entering the river must therefore be useless, but it may be as well to remark, that within the bar the channel is always close to the south point of entrance, and keeps on that side through the wide part within, with a depth of nine feet at low water. The depth that could be carried in over the bar, in the month of July, was six feet at low water, and from thirteen to eighteen feet at high water, according as it might be neap or spring tides.

"'This river discharges a great volume of water, especially in the spring of the year, and the water is fresh enough for drinking, when the tide is out, two miles within its entrance.

"'The Bersimis River is navigable to the falls, which are thirty or forty feet high, and over granitic rocks. These falls are distant thirty miles north-west, three quarters north in a direct line from the south point of entrance, but the distance is nearly forty miles by following the windings of the river. The banks of the river are high and precipitous, being either of granite or cliffs of sand and gravel over clay. The basins and valleys between the hills are filled with these last named deposits, which support a heavy growth of trees of the pine and spruce species. There is good timber to be met with occasionally. The breadth of the river varies from 100 to 300 fathoms, and its depth is usually from 2 to 5 fathoms, but 2 fathoms is as much as could be carried up to the foot of the falls.

"'* * * * Boats can row up this river to the foot of the falls.'"

"Well, all that is good enough in its way," said the Baron; "but what we want to ascertain is, whether there is salmon fishing to be had in this river."

"All the information I can give you upon the subject is to be found in the letter which I hold in my hand; but it is not confined to an account of the Bersimis. However, as it speaks of another river or two which we shall probably visit, I think it may not be uninteresting to read the whole of it; so here it is," said the Priest.

"Rivière du Loup.
July 31st, 1847.

"My dear Bishop,

"In the first place I must thank you for your kind attention in writing and forwarding the papers, which we were hungry for, when we arrived, I can assure you, which happy event took place last evening, when we were fairly tired out; but this morning we feel ourselves as fresh as ever, and ready to start again. I will now give you a sort of *précis* of our proceedings, which, as far as sport is concerned, have been satisfactory.

"1st. We left this place on the 14th of June, and sailed direct for the Goodbout, where we arrived on the evening of the third day, having had light baffling winds. We found that the fish had commenced running on the 7th, that is that François—the Maitre de Pêche — killed his first salmon in the nets on the 7th; last year he killed his first fish on the 1st of June. He informed us that the fish had not yet reached *our* old pool, *en haut*, as he had men on the look out, having let the fishing to two men from Rimouski. We therefore fished the large pool below the first rapid, where the portage commences, and killed several very fine salmon, 11, 12½, 13 lbs. weight, my own flies—red ones — telling handsomely. Mr. C—— went to the upper pool and fished it all day, only killing one salmon.

"The musquitoes and black-flies at the lower pool were

really dreadful, and as there was no temptation to encamp at our old ground, the fish not yet having run up, and Mr. Comeau represented the Trinity River in such favourable colours, we thought we would go down there, fish that river, and return to encamp. We tried the Trinity, and a prettier river you never saw; it was also full of fish; we could see thousands of them in the first large pool, jumping and plunging in all directions, but not one of the rascals would look at a fly. T—— hooked one,—outside I believe,—but lost him. I went up the river to the rapids, fancying that we were too near the sea, but met with no success whatever; so we agreed at once to return to our old quarters, and back we came.

"Taking our tents, &c., we started for the upper pool and had the evening's fishing, from 5 o'clock till 8 on the 29th, when our numbers stood as follows: —

S——n	. . . .	13 Salmon
T——d	. . . .	6 „
J——s	. . . .	2 „

average weight 11 pounds.

"We fished next day, all day, and in the evening we stood again,

S——n	. . . .	13 salmon
T——d	. . . .	11 „
J——s	. . . .	3 „

four or five of which were 13 lbs., the rest between 10 and 11 pounds.

"The morning fishing of Thursday was not very good. T—— killed three fine fish, but by this time the flies and musquitoes had swelled us up to such a degree that we were absolutely compelled to give in, and go down to the ship to get well, as we could neither see nor hear, and we were all in a fever, particularly as we did not drink cold water. We went down to the vessel and Mr. Comeau reported such wonders of the Bersimis River, that we determined to try it, particularly as we were obliged, in self-defence, to get to sea. We accordingly sailed next morning, crossing over for supplies to Matane, where we were windbound for two or three days, killing, however, quantities of codfish. We left for the Bersimis after this rest, and crossed the gulf, anchoring at night in Sheldrake River, and starting again in the morning, encountered a very heavy blow from S.E., which we were compelled to run before, when, passing the Bersimis, we ran for shelter to the south shore and anchored at night under Barnaby Island near Rimouski. I consider from what has since occurred that we were in great danger during all that day. The sea was very heavy indeed—very; and the vessel behaved well; however, at Rimouski we were becalmed for a few days, but at last having got a slant of wind we crossed over and ran into Bersimis River, a fine and beautiful stream. We hired three canoes, manned by Indians, and

started in high spirits for the falls, forty miles from the mouth, with full hope and expectation of making up our bag to a hundred salmon, having up to this period killed seventy-eight. At four o'clock in the morning of the 13th of July the canoes were alongside, and away we went, pulling up the river for about nine miles, which from thence assumed a bolder character, and as we went on increased in beauty and grandeur every pull. Some of the cliffs were perfectly beautiful. We encamped at about thirty miles from the mouth of the river upon an island, dined, and left early in the morning, arriving at the falls about ten o'clock, where we beheld the most beautiful pools and sweeps and salmon beds you can imagine; but what was our horror at beholding, instead of salmon, that at least 500 seals had taken possession, and from that moment we despaired. We fished, however, but in vain; and after spending the day in fruitless efforts and unavailing regrets, and muttering curses loud and deep, and after slaughtering a dozen of the poor beasts with our rifles, we started again for the vessel, running down the river in a day. Here was a quandary. It was time for us to go back, and we were all anxious to do so, but then how to make up the number of our salmon? At length we decided to run back to the Goodbout and give the pool a last fishing. We left accordingly with morning, and at eight o'clock were safely moored and handing François a glass of wine. Next morning we went up to the pool, but alas, my

friend, the lost time could not be regained. The small fry had taken possession, and our success was very indifferent. We found it was no use wasting time; the fish were there but would not take at all: now and then we caught a grilse. So we started, numbering only eighty-four salmon — one queer gaffer says eighty-five; but by all our note-books we cannot make more than eighty-four. This is very provoking, as there is not the slightest doubt that if we had remained at the Goodbout we should have numbered at least 150 fish; but really we could not stand the flies. What shall we do another year?

"And now about flies. You will remember that we had a lot of O'Shaughnessy's make and a few of Martin Kelly's: the best were my own. I have no hesitation in saying that my own were out and out the best; they are stronger, do more work, and take better; but the hooks are not worth much. O'Shaughnessy's flies tore at once both in hackle and tinsel, standing no work whatever. My best killing flies have been red body with dark hackle, topknot tail, mixed wing and gold tinsel, in fact the 'fiery brown.' Second best, dark claret. The two best days' fishing consumed almost all my bright flies; now I have none, but I think I know exactly what to tie for you and myself next year. I lost some tackle, principally single gut casting lines, by the fish taking down the rapids. I tried the double and treble, but do *not approve*. I shall send for very strong single gut next year, and use it altogether. I broke the top of

my rod by a heavy salmon taking under the boat in which I was fishing, and that is the whole amount of my accidents. I killed the greatest number of fish, and have to thank you and H. H. K. for all I know of the noblest art in the world — my number of the eighty-four fish being thirty-nine: so much for your pupil. But the party all maintain that I had *great luck!!!* I never pretended to skill, but I dare say I shall learn.

"Having determined to leave the Goodbout for the Rivière du Loup, we started and ran all night with an easterly wind, which changed early in the morning to the west, blowing very hard indeed, and we crossed over in the hope of reaching Metis. We failed, and ran for Matane, where our pilot in running over the bar into the river got frightened, completely lost his head, gave contradictory orders, played the devil, and ran us ashore on a sandbank where, in five minutes we were full of water, and the sea dashing over us in all directions. We got our boat out and attached a rope to it, and T——d and I with the seamen agreed to try and get on shore, from which we were distant about sixty yards. We started amongst the breakers, but the rope would not pay out and our rowlocks were gone; so that after several ineffectual attempts to push to the beach through very heavy breakers with one oar only, we saw that our only course was to swim for it; so in we dashed, and after a pretty severe struggle, the tide

setting outwards, we reached terra firma, more dead than alive, and cold enough. A boat now put off from shore, the wind lulling a little, and after a good deal of trouble she managed to get near enough to take off all the rest of the party.

"The tide was now making very fast, and we gave up all idea of saving anything, but to my great astonishment we have saved *everything*. The watches are damaged, but all our tackle and bedding and everything were saved. We had some idea at first that the ship might be brought in and patched up, but the wind was very strong from the westward for two days, and the vessel was literally so rotten that she went bodily to pieces, and nothing now remains of the poor Shannon but her keel, which remains upon the sand bar of the river Matane. We have brought up a part of one of her timbers, which is completely rotten. It is very lucky for us that the accident happened when and where it did, as we might have lost our lives had we been caught in a heavy gale, as I am certain her timbers would never have stood a *pounding* sea. Here ends our adventures, except that we hired a boat and came up in five days very comfortably.

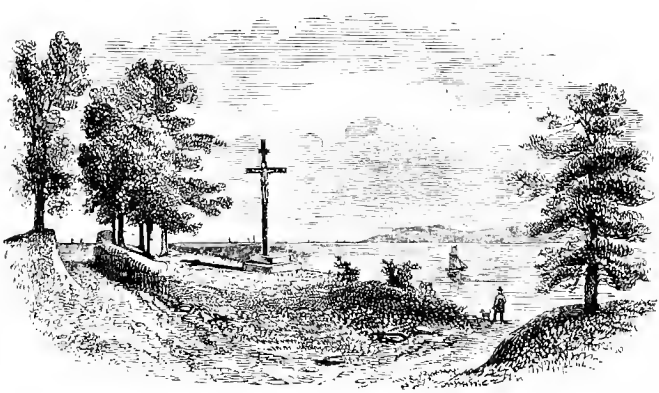
"I have thus given you a hurried sketch of our proceedings, which you will find somewhat interesting, and trust that next year we may be together, and in my next letter will give you my ideas of how that is to be managed. We

shall remain here a week and then go to Nahant. I am glad you taught the Quebeckers how to fish.*

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. S."

* The information in the foregoing letter, with regard to the Bersimis, is perfectly reliable, but it is right to add that there are two or three tributaries of that noble river, which abound with the heaviest salmon, and are admirably adapted for fly-fishing.



CHAPTER XI.

SHELDRAKE. — GOODBOUT. — MATANE. — METIS.

"Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way;
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day.

"I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold,
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

"I love to see the man of care
Take pleasure in a toy;
I love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy,
Or throw the circling salmon fly
As lusty as a boy.

"The road of life is hard enough,
Bestrewn with slag and thorn;
I would not mock the simplest joy
That made it less forlorn,
But fill its evening path with flowers,
As fresh as those of morn."

CHAP. XI.

SHELDRAKE. — GOODBOUT. — MATANE. — METIS.

IN several occasions, where it has been my good fortune to make excursions in the gulf of St. Lawrence, I have fearfully experienced the great uncertainty of being able to calculate upon arriving at any particular point within any given time. I left my party at the Mingan in the year 1852 at about 11 o'clock on a Sunday morning, and dined in my own house in Quebec on the following Thursday, whilst my companions, who followed me, took thirteen days to traverse the same distance. In 1853 we rattled down to the Mingan harbour in four days, and when after our season's fishing we had to retrace our steps, we took twelve long, calm sunshiny days to accomplish the journey.

It was on this occasion, I believe, that the following

verses were composed; at all events I find them amongst my memoranda in the handwriting of one of the finest fellows who composed that happy party.

VERSES AGAINST THE ART OF NAVIGATION.

"Ah sure the greedy wretch is pent
In endless chains of deep damnation,
Who first to plague us did invent
The cursed art of Navigation!

"When to the wind we spread our sails,
Along the pathless ocean strolling,
Crammed in a tub stuck full of nails,
Like Regulus, we die by rolling.

"The race of man, in ancient times,
Were bent on rapine and on slaughter,
But Heaven, in vengeance for their crimes,
Decreed their fate, and sent salt water.

"Of all the heavy judgments passed
On Egypt for her sins renowned,
Salt water was reserved the last,
And Pharaoh and his host were drowned.

"And now that we are turned to fish,
And with the scurvy grown all scaly,
We make for sharks a curious dish,
Whilst overboard we're tumbled daily.

"All you who on the land abide,
Our element to mourn us borrow,
Let fall of tears, a briny tide,
Salt water is the sign of sorrow."

The poor fellow's leave must have expired, and his spirits been very low, when he gave vent to such despondent abuse

of "The sea, the sea, the deep, deep sea." The association of ideas — notwithstanding all that Locke says upon the subject— is a very unaccountable process; at least I cannot discover any reason why the above verses should have suggested to my mind the recollection of some others, which were transmitted to me by my very excellent friend and erudite companion, Dr. W. Winder, librarian to the Legislative Assembly, in a letter from which I take the following extracts.

"I think you will regret to learn that 'Ginger of ours' is no more." Ginger was a corpulent bandy-legged terrier who was ever present with W. B. Lindsay, Esq., clerk of the Commons House of Assembly of Canada. "The poor fellow, not 'sleeping in his orchard,' but playing in the Place d'Armes, 'as was his custom in the afternoon,' was set upon by two large ruffianly Newfoundland dogs, and literally worried to death by them. Some one suggested that so faithful a friend as Ginger should not be permitted to disappear from the scene, without some testimony to his fame and character. Our Poet Laureate — Spink, I believe, rejoices in that honourable title— was spoken of as the proper person to sing the fame of Ginger; but the invisible great unknown, though as it seems ever present Cangan, took the hint, and a few days thereafter Lindsay received the within imitation of the 24th Ode of Horace, by Horatius Canganus.

"An amusing incident occurred, I am told, when

Cangan read his verses to some very *literate* person. This wisdom-stricken youth, with great critical acumen, observed, that the Latin was incorrect if 'Tam Cari' meant Tom Carey—for though 'Tam' might be Scotticè for Tom—yet 'Cari' would never answer for 'Carey.' Cangan, although ready to explode with a thundering guffaw, restrained his feelings with that inimitable tact for which it is said he is so distinguished, and merely turned on his heel, and whistled—whether my uncle Toby's favourite air of 'Lillibullero' or not, is not stated. As you may suppose Cangan's name is more up than ever, and 'Who's Cangan?' with the occasional emphatic addition, 'Who the ——— is Cangan?' was frequently heard resounding through our lobbies."

ODE XXIV.

TO LINDSAY.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis."—Hor. *Carm. Lib.* 1.

Parodied from the version of Dr. Francis.—By Cangan.

"Why strive we, Lindsay, to conceal
The sorrow we so deeply feel?
The gushing tear, the sigh repressed,
For trusty Ginger sunk to rest?
Sweet muse of melting voice and lyre
Melpomene—the strain inspire!
When shall affection so sincere,
Fidelity, the sister fair,

Sagacity, unerring, staid,
And truth in artless guise arrayed,
Among the race of canine kind
An equal to our Ginger find?
How did the good, the friendly, mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn!
But Lindsay, thine the loudest strain,
Yet all thy pungent grief is vain.
In vain do you the Fates implore
Thy faithful Ginger to restore;
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By nature destined to the grave.—
What though you could the lyre command,
And sweep its strings with softer hand
Than Orpheus—whose harmonious song
Once drew the listening trees along,—
Yet ne'er returns the vital state,
The shadowy form to animate.
For when the ghost-compelling god
Shakes o'er his prey his horrid rod,
He will not, lenient, to the breath
Of hope, unbar the gates of death!
'Tis hard; but mortals must endure
The ills that sorrow cannot cure."

"CANGAN.

"Quebec, 11th Dec. 1851."

But what does the kind and patient reader care for Cangan or Lindsay or Ginger? Absolutely nothing. He wants to know what fishing he can have in the Sheldrake, and I regret that I cannot give him any accurate information on the subject. That there is such a stream, within ten or twelve miles west of the Hudson's Bay Company's station at the Goodbout, there is no doubt, although it is not mentioned by Bayfield—and that there are salmon in it

admits of no question; but whether it is a good stream for the angler's pastime is still an unsolved question, for my belief is that it has never as yet been visited by any man who knew the use of a rod and fly. My impression is that this river is usually, by navigators and voyageurs, called by its Indian name Obetsie, a salmon stream in the same immediate neighbourhood—with regard to which I can only give the following extract from the journal of a friend and brother fisherman kept during the season of 1853:—"12th July. The Canadian fishermen arrived this morning from the Obetsie, having left off fishing for lack of salmon; they say that the take was most unprofitable this year." *

* Since the above was written, I have received from my friend Mr. George Clerk—a first-rate angler—a letter, from which I take the following extracts for the information of my readers.

"I know the Obetsie river, and always thought it to be the same as the Sheldrake. There is, however, a river which I never entered, a few miles higher up than the Obetsie, which I have slightly examined; its Indian name is marked by me as Mastissimi, and it may be the Sheldrake. There is a large and striking rock at its mouth, about half way between the Obetsie and Pancras Cove, where there is good anchorage, plenty of fresh water, but no fishing except for sea-trout."

"The Obetsie is distant from the Goodbout about four or five leagues; its mouth is distinguishable a long way off at low water by an immense reef of black rocks extending a considerable distance out, making it very difficult of access for anything drawing more than four or five feet of water. At high water these rocks are covered."

"Once inside the river, the anchorage is good, but I would advise no one to attempt the entrance in anything larger than a pilot boat. At the mouth of the river there is no shelter at all, except in one or two coves for small boats."

"The Obetsie is an early river, and the salmon cease running up it sooner than they do in the Goodbout. I was there on the 13th of July, whilst the latter river was full of fish, but I did not stir a fin in the

The next salmon river on the northern shore which is worthy the attention of the angler is the Goodbout. This stream is, according to Bayfield's admirable sailing directions, eight miles westward from Point de Monts, and enters the sea at the extremity of a sandy point, and has a bar of sand, which extends from the eastern point of entrance to the distance of nearly half a mile, dries in great part at low water, and is extremely bold to seaward. There is usually at low water not more than four or five feet over this bar, on which a heavy surf very frequently breaks; there are fifteen or sixteen feet of water over the bar at high water spring tides. There is a trading and salmon-fishing post of the Hudson's Bay Company at this river. It is possible to anchor on either side of the bar of the Goodbout river, but too near to the shore to be of general use.

Notwithstanding the low depth of water and the intricacy of the channel at the entrance, this river is frequented every summer by schooners drawing eight and nine feet. I have been frequently there, and never experienced any difficulty in getting inside to a safe and commodious

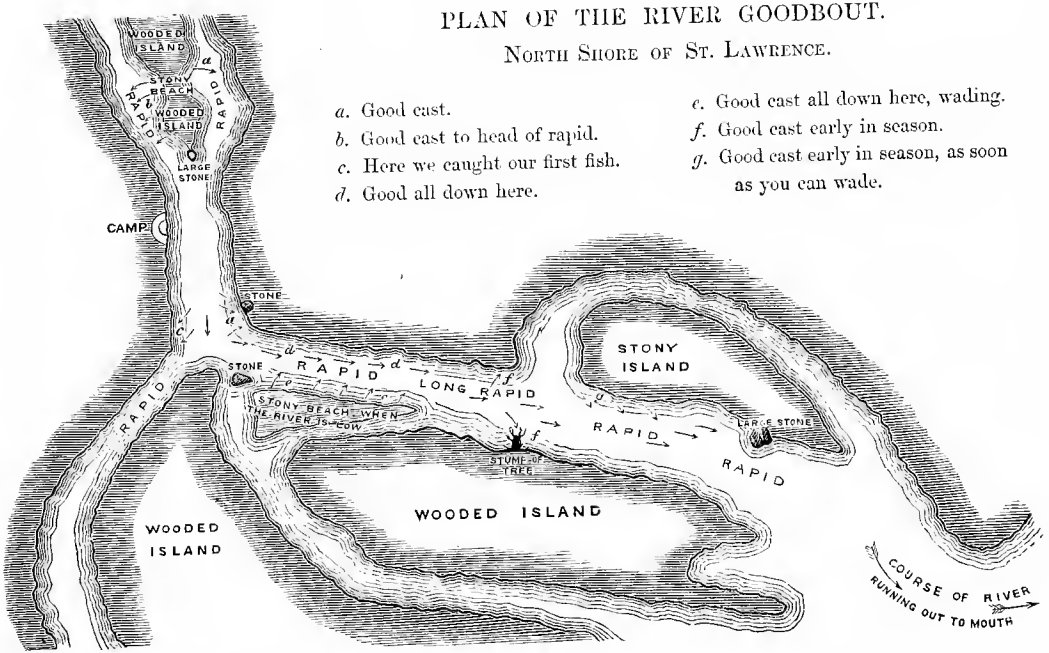
Obetsie, from which I conclude that the best time for visiting it must be in June."

"It looks like a good fishing river. There are some pretty casts in it, and about a mile up there is a waterfall, but not so high but that, when the water is large, salmon can surmount it; at its foot there is a fine pool. Altogether I should say that to a party camped at the Goodbout, with plenty of time and a small boat at their disposal, it is worthy of a visit about the end of June, but I should not think it is large enough for more than two rods."

PLAN OF THE RIVER GOODBOUT.

NORTH SHORE OF ST. LAWRENCE.

a. Good cast.
b. Good cast to head of rapid.
c. Here we caught our first fish.
d. Good all down here.
e. Good cast all down here, wading.
f. Good cast early in season.
g. Good cast early in season, as soon as you can wade.



anchorage, but have sometimes seen schooners fail to beat out when the wind blew strong from the west or south-west.

This I believe to be one of the best rivers in the world for the angler; of course it varies much in different seasons; and although I was one of two white men who first threw a fly upon its upper pools in 1845, and have fished it often since, it has not been my good fortune to be on its banks in the seasons when it has been most prolific in salmon. The last time I fished this river was in 1849, when I arrived there on the 18th of June, remaining till the 3rd of July, during which time only twenty-one fish were killed,—a remarkable contrast to the case of Captain J. M. Strachan who, two years before, took forty-two salmon in parts of two days.

The fishing in this stream consists of what are called the lower and the upper pools; in the former fish are first caught, and they continue to afford the best sport as long as the water is high and the fish are running up from the sea: between them and the upper pools there is a succession of rapids, through which the salmon do not venture to ascend until the spring floods have greatly subsided, and then they do not remain in the lower pools, but push on upwards.

I would recommend any one going to fish this stream to be there about the 7th of June, to establish his camp near the spot indicated in the chart at page 218, to remain

there till the salmon came up, and when his sport began to grow slack, to make an occasional visit to the upper pool, shifting his camp to that vicinity as soon as he finds the fishing better there than below. This will be no trifling task, for the portage between the pools is about three miles of the steepest and roughest walking that ever it was my lot to meet with in a mountainous country, but it will be attended with much advantage, for it is always well to shift your tent occasionally, and you will be on the spot where you are to expect the greatest portion of your season's sport.

In order to give some idea of what this may be, I do not conceive that I can adopt a better course than to give some extracts from the journal of an angler and a gentleman, which he kept during his visit to this river in the summer of 1853, and which he has kindly placed at my disposal.*

"Left Quebec at 6 P.M. 7th June, 1853. Anchored off the Goodbout river at 7 P.M. on the 10th. Ran into the river at $3\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. On the 11th arrived at the camping ground at about nine o'clock. In the afternoon — the

* It may be well to mention that during the whole of this season, 1853, the employés of the Hudson's Bay Company had *twelve* barrier nets across different parts of this beautiful stream, some of them actually *in* the very best of the pools. A suicidal policy which can only be accounted for in one of two modes, either they wanted to disgust the gentlemen who were fishing there, or being about to give up their post at the river, they endeavoured to kill *every* fish in it.

river being very high — took a few casts from shore, but rose nothing. S——y rose three fish in the evening, fishing from his boat.

"*June* 12*th*. Fished from boat from 7 until 8½ A.M., rose two and killed one. Fly, blue body, silver tinsel, mixed, gaudy wing, medium hook. S——y killed one from boat.

"*June* 13*th*. Hooked a large salmon at 11 A.M., at the head of the stream between the shore and the island, held him for several minutes, when, in spite of the butt, he caught the rapid and carried away the fly,—dark body, silver tinsel, wing of light mallard and turkey, black hackle. S——y killed one fish of 7 lbs, and S—— one of 8 lbs. Weather clear and windy. A few fish running up, but not many.

"14*th June*. Divided the hours for fishing. S——y began from 4 to 6, and brought in a salmon of 7 lbs. I fished from 6½ to 8½ rose one. S—— killed one of 9 lbs. From 4 to 6 killed a 9½ lb. fish with a 14 foot rod. From 6 to 8 rose ten fish, hooked and lost two in long rapid on the north shore of the second island. Evening clear and calm. Several salmon playing in the pools, but rising shyly at the fly.

"*June* 15*th*. From 4 to 6 A.M., hooked a salmon at the head of the long rapid, fought him for a few minutes, but lost him and casting-line in the stream. The claret and fiery-brown bodied flies, the favourites, varied in the

evening by blue with silver tinsel. Rose two fish in the evening; B—— came up in the evening and dined with us. Weather intensely hot and sultry. Later, a strong breeze sprung up, but died away with the setting sun. S——y killed two, and D—— his first salmon.

"*June* 16*th*. From 4 to 6 A.M. killed a small salmon above the long rapid. From 7 to 10 killed another at the tail of the long rapid. S—— killed one at the point of the first island, and in the evening S——y slew three fish in the long rapid. Weather very bright and hot, and the black flies numerous. This day we agreed to divide the boats, two of the party fishing from 4 A.M to 12; the other two from 12 to 8 P.M.

"*June* 17*th*. Fished from 12 to 8 P.M., killed two salmon in the tail of the long rapid, hooked and lost two more in the same place. S—— killed three fish. Thunder showers.

"*June* 18*th*. From 4 to 12 killed one fish. S—— killed two. During the day I rose, hooked, and lost four. Cloudy.

"*June* 19*th*. Walked with D—— after breakfast to the upper pool, tried for, but found no salmon there. In the evening hooked and lost two fish. S—— killed three. S——y three. Weather hot and bright, and the black flies awful.

"*June* 20*th*. Killed one fish between 4 and 6 A.M. S—— killed three during the day. S——y and D——

one each. Thunder storm in the evening. Net put across the river by the Hudson's Bay Company, confound them! Weather cloudy. River low. Fish increasing, but not plentiful. Flies, slate-coloured and gray bodies, red hackle, turkey feather wing.

"*June* 21*st.* Killed a foul fish. D—— slew a sixteen pounder in gallant style. Weather still very hot and bright.

"*June* 22*nd.* S—— killed three fish in the stream above the fall. S——y killed one. Weather hot and bright. High spring tide in the morning. Went with D—— to the upper pool, which we found high and salmonless. In the evening fished from shore, but had no luck.

"*June* 23*rd.* Lost a big fish a short distance below the falls. S—— killed four above the fall during the day. Weather cloudy but calm, and the salmon difficult to move. In the evening tried for the first time the green drakes, and found an admirer. S——y and D—— bagged no end of sea-trout at the post. Ordered the schooner to Matane to make inquiries about the fishing there. Preparations being made for netting the upper pool, it is high time we should be off out of this. Salmon, from all accounts, a complete failure this year. Sorry I cannot say as much for the flies, to which the Egyptian plague must have been a trifle.

"*June* 24*th.* Last night the Indian whom we had hired

with his canoe, left us with the intention of not returning, because the flies were killing him. This morning, however, he made his appearance as the weather was cold with a strong easterly wind and few flies. S——y and S—— went to the upper pool, found it full of salmon, and brought home thirteen, having lost several others. In the evening the weather being cold and inclined to rain, I fished for an hour, and hooked and lost a large salmon which carried out all my line in the rapid, and broke my casting line like cobweb."

The party remained from this date till the 11th of July, chiefly fishing the upper pool, and killing day after day, four, six, ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen fish. In the former part of the period dun flies were successful, in the latter they found small bright flies more attractive. They killed the greatest numbers in the upper pool, on the 28th of June, 1st, 2nd, and 4th of July. They then set sail in their schooner for Matane, where they found no fishing; from thence they proceeded to Metis, where they were lodged upon the bank of a beautiful stream abounding in salmon and saw-logs, the latter rendering it almost impossible to kill the former; in addition to which there was no lack of hands to use the nets by day and the spears by night.

Mr. Ferguson is the Seigneur of Metis, and speaks of entirely removing a very detrimental dam which is across the river, of building a commodious hotel for the accommo-

dation of sea-bathers and fishermen, and of erecting shanties for the shelter of sportsmen, on the side of a lake about sixty miles off, which is said to be the source of the Ristigouche river and to contain multitudes of salmon and large trout. Our party visited this piece of water, whichis called Salmon Lake; but there they fouud no salmon and only a few small trout, the scenery however being very grand: from thence they wended their way to a spot on the Metapediac, one of the tributaries of the Ristigouche river called "The Forks," where, under the guidance of a civil and obliging man named Noble, in whose house they found sufficient accommodation, they fished the streams for some days without any success, though there were salmon in the river. If good fishing is to be had here at any time, it is in June, when the Indians do not use the spear, and when the water is too high in the lower parts for the nets to be worked effectively. Subsequently my friends, after a long, hot, and harassing land journey, returned to Metis, where, in spite of spears and saw-logs they managed to hook and lose and kill a few large salmon.

The conclusion arrived at, by the friend, from whose journal I extract the foregoing particulars, is that there is no dependence to be placed on any account of salmon fishing on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. Yet it appears to me, from his own showing, that if an angler happened to be at Metis at the proper season —June —

he would stand a good chauce of killing some large fish, and of losing a great many also; and that if the Seigneur keeps his word, removes the dam, and clears the river of logs, it may prove to be worth some thousands a year to him as a salmon river.

CHAPTER XII.

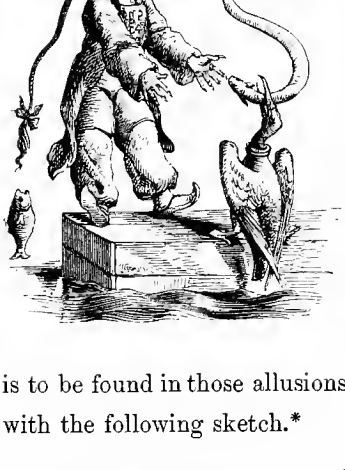
TRINITY.—PENTECOST.—MARGARET.

"Oh, ye valleys! Oh, ye mountains!
Oh, ye groves and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye."

COTTON.

CHAP. XII.

TRINITY. — PENTECOST. — MARGARET.



SINCE we commenced jotting down our reminiscences in the foregoing pages, we have had frequent occasion to make mention of the Hudson's Bay Company, and we think it is not improbable that our readers might wish to know something more of that honourable body than is to be found in those allusions, and therefore furnish them with the following sketch.*

* In the year 1669, a company was formed in London, under the direction of Prince Rupert, for the purpose of prosecuting the fur trade in the regions surrounding Hudson's Bay. This company obtained a charter from Charles II., granting to them and their successors, under the name of "The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," the sole right of trading in all the country watered by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. This charter also authorised them to build and fit out men-of-war, establish forts, prevent any other company from carrying on trade with the natives in their territories, and required that they should do all in their power to promote discovery.

The concerns of the Hudson's Bay Company are managed by a governor and deputy-governor resident in Canada, and a committee of directors established in London, by whom all general regulations and orders are devised, and sent forth, and by whom all the accounts, reports of subordinates, and other matters of interest are examined and controlled. The conduct of this body is enveloped in profound secresy. Even the communications which they are required to make to the government in writing, are made with studied brevity and caution, and contain only what is absolutely required. This policy, which originated in apprehension of rivalry and of parliamentary interference in their interior regulations and intercourse with the Indians, it is to be regretted, has resulted in the suppression of a multitude of facts important to science at large, and especially so to our geographical knowledge.* The duty of the governor, who is resident in Canada, is to visit the various trading posts, to superintend and direct the conduct of the commandants, and to collect and transmit to the Board in London an accurate account of their proceedings. Each interior fort or trading post has a commandant and a clerk, as many traders as are necessary to carry the goods into the villages

* This disgrace, however, will no longer attach to them, for beside the discoveries made by Herne, Dease, and Simpson, there is at the present day an expedition on foot, under one of their most experienced and clever servants, to complete the survey of the northern coast of America, left unfinished by the last-named explorers.

and bring in the furs, and as many voyageurs or hands as are required to transport the goods to the various points at which their trade is carried on. The strictest discipline and regularity, and the most rigid economy, mark all their proceedings; and as the civil and criminal affairs and tribunals are composed of their own subjects, the Company may be said to exercise all the functions of government, saving to the Crown only due homage and a nominal control.

The posts of the Company are dotted all over Northern America from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The most northern is situated on M'Kenzie's River within the Arctic circle, and is called Fort Good Hope. In all these territories there are near 100 of these posts. They are, with the exception of Fort Churchill, York Factory, and one on Vancouver's Island, stockades, with little wooden bastions at the corners capable of holding a travelling party of thirty or forty persons. But the unrivalled intercourse with the Indians has given them so complete a control over them, that, for purposes of trade in safety, they never need, and rarely have, more than four or five tenants. The largest of these posts, prior to the late treaty with the United States, was Fort Vancouver, on the Colombia River, about ninety miles from its mouth, and accessible to vessels of fourteen feet draught. It consisted of a stockade, inclosing four acres of ground, a village of sixty houses, stores, mills, workshops, a farm

of 3,000 acres, and a considerable quantity of cattle. This, together with all other posts south of the 49th parallel, has been conveyed by a treaty to the United States, at a price fixed by the commissioners appointed by the parties.

The fur trade is naturally a decreasing trade. In a letter from Mr. Pelly, the governor, to Lord Glenelg, previous to the charter of 1838, he states that nearly their whole profits were drawn from their own proper territories, their own trade exhibiting in some instances a trifling loss and in others a trifling gain. This difference between their own proper territory and that obtained from the North-west Company has been occasioned by the fact that the Bay Company have uniformly, except in Oregon, enforced regulations for the preservation of game, while all their rivals destroyed them with reckless prodigality. In 1844 they exported, from the whole of their possessions, 433,398 skins, valued at about $800,000. In 1845 their exportations were of a value a little exceeding that of the previous year. In these same years the value of the goods introduced into the country was about $200,000. The whole number of persons employed was about 1,212. Rating the salaries and wages of these at $150,000, the net profit would be $450,000. From 1845 up to this time the number of skins taken has gradually decreased, and there has been a corresponding decrease of importations and of the number of *employés*. The profits are now about $300,000. From this sum, in order to ascer-

tain the clear final profits, we must deduct the cost of transportation by sea to Europe and China. This I have no means of knowing. The forts are all built by these men, working for the allowed wages, and they also transport the goods from the St. Lawrence, or York Factory, to the interior in canoes and on pack animals and dog-sledges, and the furs to the St. Lawrence, York Factory, or Vancouver's Island. The goods are put up into packages of ninety pounds in London, two of which can be carried by a mule, and which a single person can conveniently handle in making portages around falls and other impediments in interior navigation. The furs also are always in bales of the same weight.

The furs are nearly all shipped to London, either at Montreal, at York Factory, or from Puget's Sound, whence they are distributed through Europe and the East. Direct shipments are sometimes made from the western coast of Canton, but this does not frequently happen. There was formerly an understanding with the East India Company, by which those sent to China and the East were exchanged for teas and silks for the European market, but that arrangement is now dispensed with.

The Hudson's Bay Company enjoy the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indian tribes in all the British dominions. They have established schools for the instruction of the native and half-breed children at their posts, and they have given every facility and encourage-

ment to missionaries to enter the Indian territory, and in consequence of the absence of competition they have the power of compelling the Indians to pay them higher prices than they would otherwise have to pay. The Company has entirely succeeded in acquiring a controlling influence over the various tribes within their territories; and justice compels me to aver that in the main this influence has been exercised beneficially to the natives. They have repressed their vindictive wars, given them adequate motives to exert themselves for a support, substituted our implements and many of the comforts of civilisation for the rude inventions of barbarism; and in many other ways essentially ameliorated their condition. Some of the hunters and trappers, when far beyond their control, have occasionally perpetrated acts worthy of fiends; but there is no room to doubt that these atrocities have been severely punished when discovered.

This Company holds by lease, from the government of Canada, that portion of its territory denominated the King's Posts, extending from the Saguenay to the boundary of Terra Firma. This lease is dated 2nd October 1851, and is for twenty years, at a rent of 60*l.* per annum.

The old lease held by the Company from the Canadian government, gave them exclusive rights in the seal and other fisheries. The present lease cancels all exclusive privileges, and gives the government the power to let or sell any of their lands for lumbering, or agricultural

purposes, or for carrying on of porpoise or other fisheries, on giving the Company eighteen months' notice.

The whole territory under the control of the Company comprises, with a few spots of good soil, an immense tract of desolate region, totally unfit for cultivation and for the habitation of civilised man. It is sprinkled all over with groups and chains of lakes, united by streams, the heads of which so nearly approach, that slight labour would be requisite to unite them and thus divide the continent into a number of islands. These interior streams and lakes are the channels upon which their goods and furs are transported by the voyageurs. The sparsity of the soil has rendered it an object to preserve the races of the fur-bearing animals, as the most productive revenue the Company are likely to derive from the country. For this purpose they have divided it into a number of districts — or *beats*. The commandants of posts are charged with the duty of taking care that no animal be killed out of season, that the females are well preserved, and that the Indians confine themselves to hunting the proper animals at the proper period. The Indians are restrained by penalties and by the regulations which preclude them from trade when the laws are violated.

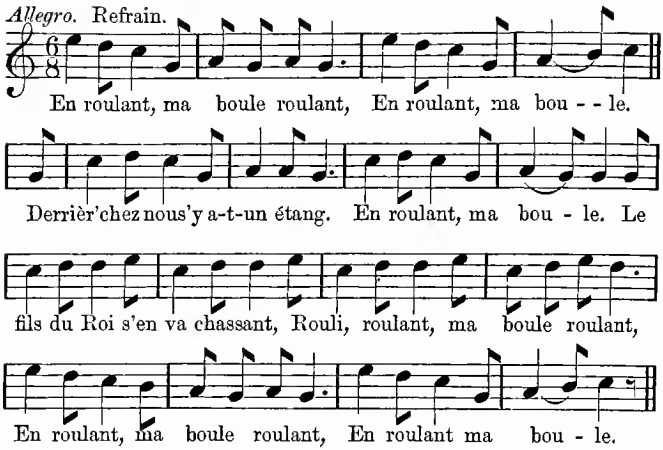
The voyageurs or canoe-men are a very unique, and strongly marked race of beings. Descended from the old *courier de bois*, they have retained some traits derived from the intimate associates of their fathers with the

Indian tribes and the wild and fierce life which they led, but under the controlling influence of the Company they have lost all the ferocious and sanguinary traits which once disgraced them. Their dress is semi-barbarous. They usually wear a surcoat, made of a Mackinaw blanket of blue, red, or green colour, a striped cotton or calico shirt, stuff trowsers, and sometimes leather leggings, moccasins of deer or buffalo skin shod with raw hide, and a belt of bright colour, from which they suspend a tobacco-pouch and other implements. Their language is piebald lingo, the ground of which is a French patois embroidered with English, Scotch, and Indian phrases.

The whole lives of these voyageurs is consumed in wild and extensive rovings, sometimes far into the Arctic circle where food and raiment are alike difficult to obtain, and then over the great mountain chain of the North-west and down as far as the Pacific coast, and again along the coasts of winding streams, inlets, bays, and lakes, exposed to every inclemency of the most inhospitable climate in the world. A few days of association with civilised communities uniformly disgusts and wearies them. They cannot rest when fettered by the institutions and habits of civilisation. The only truly happy time they experience, is when upon long and toilsome expeditions up rivers, around portages and across lakes, encamping at night in the open air, and chatting around their evening fires. Then the meal of meats (if they have them) is roasted

upon the wood fire, the pipe is passed round, the story of hazardous adventure is told, and the joyous song is borne upon the bosom of the still and quiet lake. Then it is that all the hereditary gaiety of the French race is exhibited. They are most skilful canoemen, vigorous aud adroit with the paddle, and they will move on from one day's end to another, only relieving their labours with their songs and their jests. Murmuring or quarreling rarely occurs among them. The language employed in their intercourse is uniformly kind and affectionate, and although they have their full share of the intense egotism and elevation of self in the French character, it is softened and disguised by the politeness and apparent cordiality of their demeanour. Nothing can be more romantic or more pleasing than to repose upon the banks of one of those quiet lakes when the skies are clear, the air balmy and the waters moving in glittering ripples, and listen to the sweet chaunts which have been preserved by tradition and which are sung by these voyageurs as they steadily ply the oar to their cadence.

The following is one of the most popular of these songs: —

MA BOULE ROULANT.

Allegro. Refrain.
En roulant, ma boule roulant, En roulant, ma bou - - le.
Derrièr'chez nous'y a-t-un étang. En roulant, ma bou - le. Le
fils du Roi s'en va chassant, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, ma boule roulant, En roulant ma bou - le.

Derrière chez nous'y a-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule;
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant.
Rouli, roulant,
Ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant.
Rouli, roulant, &c.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc.
Rouli, roulant, &c.

O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc.
Rouli, roulant, &c.

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sort' des diamans.
Rouli, roulant, &c.

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes ses plum' s'en vont au vent,
Rouli, roulant, &c.

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant
En roulant ma boule;
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, &c.

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule;
Pour y coucher tous les passans,
Rouli, roulant, &c.

There are very many others at least equally worth preservation with the foregoing; but, though it is easy to meet persons of all ranks in life — in Canada — who can sing them, it is very difficult to find any who can write out the words and the music. The former are readily obtained, and are the least valuable*; while the latter, which contains some beautiful wild airs, is rarely to be discovered. I hope, however, before our fishing is concluded, to be enabled to enrich my pages with some of

* Here is a specimen: —

LE JOLI MOIS DE MAI.

1.

Derrière chez ma tante
Il y a un bois joli,
Le rossignol y chante, y chante
Tant le jour que la nuit;
Gai lon la, gai le rosier
Du joli mois de mai.

2.

Le rossignol y chante
Tant le jour que la nuit,
Il chante pour ces dames, ces dames,
Qui n'ont point de maris.
Gai lon la, etc.

3.

Il ne chante pas pour moi, pour moi,
Car j'en ai un joli.

4.

Il n'est pas dans la danse, la danse
Il est bien loin d'ici.

them. The territory, through which the streams of which we have been writing flow, is not a part of that immense country granted to the Hudson's Bay Company by the charter of Charles II. Its waters do not flow into Hudson's Bay, but into the great St. Lawrence, and it is held by lease from the Canadian government, to which it belongs, in trust for the people.

But it is time that we should say something of the rivers whose names we have placed at the head of this chapter; and first of the Trinity, of which Captain Bayfield thus writes:—"In Trinity Bay, where, with westerly winds, a pilot will generally be found, is good anchorage, with moderate depth of water. It is two miles wide, and nearly one mile deep, with a fine sandy beach extending from its south-west point to Trinity River, which is a small and rapid stream, abounding with trout and salmon." I have been frequently on the banks of the stream, but never until the fishing season was over. From its appearance, however, and the large quantities of salmon which I have seen taken in it by the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, I have no doubt but that good fishing would be found there, particularly in the early part of the season, and in the pools which are nearest to the sea. Should it ever be my good fortune again to visit the Goodbout with a party of four, I should gladly form one of a detachment of two to be stationed for a while at the Trinity, for I have no doubt but that, once the fish begin to run, there would be

found fresh salmon in these lower pools every tide. Besides, it is an excellent place to encamp, quite close to supplies, and affording opportunities for popping into the sea when you pop out of bed in the morning. In 1853 I walked along the banks of this river for about a mile and a half from where it falls into the sea, but did not find any streams likely to arrest the attention of an angler; what I did see, however, induced me to wish for a canoe, in order to enable me to make further exploration; for I had heard that there were rapids only a short distance up the stream where the salmon would probably rest, and afford the fisherman an opportunity of exercising his skill in alluring them to his angle.

My first and only visit to the Pentecost was on Wednesday, the 4th of July, 1849. We intended to have anchored in Trinity Bay, and to have tried the river there; but, a fine breeze having sprung up from the westward, we carried on and ran aground inside of the bar of the Pentecost at 12 o'clock. The tide was ebbing, and in a very short time our yacht was on her beam ends, by no means a pleasant position for the inhabitants of a ship, whether on land or on water. We had previously fished the Goodbout, and left that river in consequence of the discontented temper of the captain, who, never satisfied, would sail at the very time the best sport was commencing. The little success we met with on this occasion has been a warning to every man of that party not for the future to

consume his time in running from river to river, but to manage to arrive *early* at some stream where he knows there are salmon, to make his camp there, explore it in every direction, meet the fish on their first arrival, when they are in best humour to take, and in best condition, and not to leave them till they have left him. The season is short in Canada, from 10th of June to the 10th of August, and every day between these dates spent in sailing is a day lost, for it is a day in which, at any of the salmon rivers, a man would in all probability have killed several fish. During the season 1849, in consequence of the sailing propensities of some of our party, we killed but fifty-seven salmon, though five of us were fishing—and sailing—from the 14th of June to the 1st of August. It is right, having made this confession, that I should add in extenuation that we were deficient, sadly deficient, in small boats, having only one for us all; without an ample supply of which men will find it more pleasant and profitable to remain at Quebec and fish for tommy-cods than to go down the gulf to fish for salmon.

But to return to the Pentecost. After we had refreshed and comforted ourselves by washing and shaving, and sponging and changing our clothes, the Baron, H——, and I set out to explore the river, whilst the Major and the Captain proceeded to search along the sea-shore for lobsters, guided by an intelligent Indian, who with his family was encamped on the point of sand which forms the southern

boundary of the river. After having pulled our boat for about two miles against the stream, we were compelled, by the rapidity of the current and the shallowness of the water, to beach her, and to proceed on our weary way wading through water, mud, and marl, which we did for about two miles more; and truth renders it requisite for me to state that every additional view we obtained of the river, it looked less like a stream in which salmon fishing was to be had. So, weary, jaded, disgusted, and hungry, we retraced our steps in the direction of our yacht; and never shall I forget the absurd and grotesque difficulties we experienced in the endeavour to change our clothes in her cabin while she still remained upon her beam ends: it was the only time I ever envied a house fly his ability to walk on the ceiling. Finding it impossible to hold a heavy portmanteau in my arms, to unlock it, and abstract the necessary garments all at the same time, we adjourned to the sandy beach, where we made a very comfortable toilette, and were delighted to find our fellow travellers superintending the boiling of as fine a lot of coral lobsters as I ever laid my eyes upon. When they were fully cooked we got all the appliances and means for dining, and then and there made a luxurious and a hearty meal, after which I fell asleep on the sand, and slept soundly till eleven o'clock, P.M., when we again went on board, and, with a light breeze from the westward, bade adieu to the Pentecost, which we had been taught to believe was

a good salmon river, and in which I have no doubt there are salmon and plenty of sea trout. Indeed, the Indian family we found there were encamped upon its banks with a view of fishing for trout, and had nets set for the purpose; but it is not a stream upon which I would recommend any man to risk his season's fishing, at least until it is more carefully explored than it was by me.

The information I can give with regard to the River St. Margaret is but scanty and unsatisfactory, as I have never fished in it. One thing with regard to it is certain, viz., that there are salmon in it, for every year the Hudson's Bay Company have a detachment there fishing for them; and another matter, that the fishing is not far from the mouth of the river, appears pretty clear from the following account of it by Captain Bayfield:—"The St. Margaret River is nearly in the centre of the bay of the same name. This river, although a large stream, affords shelter to boats only. It has a bar of sand extending three quarters of a mile out from the entrance, and having several small channels through it, with only three feet at low water. Immediately within the entrance, which is 170 fathoms wide, there are six feet, and only three feet can be carried up to the low falls, which are over granitic rocks, and three and a quarter miles from the entrance." Now, I should say, that any tolerably expert angler who could command the throw immediately above these "low falls" at the proper season, would without doubt be enabled to

hook many a lively fish. That so little is known about the fly-fishing in this fine stream, arises from the difficulty of getting into it with a schooner of any reasonable size. This operated in my own case, in more seasons than one, and to my knowledge deterred a party of the 79th Regiment from exploring it in 1849. I understand, however, that it can be reached on foot by a portage from Seven Islands Bay, where there is the best anchorage and shelter from all winds. But if you determine to reach it in this way, then you must leave your skiff or cot behind you, which the proper exploration of the stream will inevitably demand that you should take with you, so that, upon the whole, perhaps it will be better, unless it is otherwise occupied, that you should proceed at once to the Moisic.

There is an establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company at the Bay of Seven Islands, the scenery of which is grand and sublime, though lonely, wild, and desolate. The Post, as it is called, is built upon a low sandy beach at the bottom of the bay; it is flanked right and left by abundance of small sized trees. In the background rugged and lofty hills, broken occasionally by the bright gleams from a waterfall, stretch away into the horizon as far as the eye can see; and in front seven towering islands, from whence the Bay and Post derive their name, obstruct the view, affording only a partial glimpse of the

open sea beyond. No human habitations exist within seventy miles of this place.

Few vessels visit this bay except for shelter from opposing winds or for the purposes of whale fishing, but this is a subject which calls for a chapter on its own account.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHALE FISHING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

"Here leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea."

MILTON.

CHAP. XIII.

WHALE FISHING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE Bay of Seven Islands abounds with whales in the summer season, and at a short distance from it, on the 26th of July, 1849, it was my good fortune to witness for the first time the capture of the monster of the deep in the legitimate manner. Two of my companions on that occasion had frequently seen and often described to me, as the most exciting of all sights, the Spanish bull-fight; but if it is fair to form an opinion from their conduct, exclamations, and gestures at the period I speak of, I should say that whale fishing must very closely approximate in the feelings it produces to the very best of bull-fights.

We had been for some weeks enjoying ourselves upon the banks of the Mingan and Manitou Rivers, and

were now retracing our course to Quebec in the good yacht Iroquois, with a light breeze from the eastward, which, when we had got about fifteen miles west of the Peroquet Islands, subsided into a complete calm. We were not long in the listless state which such circumstances usually produce, for one of our crew discovered an extraordinary appearance at about two miles' distance from us, which as it was carefully examined by the aid of our telescopes became more and more strange to look upon. It looked like a brig turned upside down, its masts seeming to rest upon the water, while its hull was elevated in the air, and crowned with two large crescents. This vision quickly changed its form, and the crescents appeared to approach us obliquely, while the hulls of the vessels retained their original shape.

Whoever has sailed in summer among the Mingan and Peroquet Islands, has observed many wonders worked by the mirage. Sometimes, whatever may be the shape of the rock or island, its top seems raised and flattened, generally extending in a horizontal line so far on each side, as at least to equal the base in extent, often beyond it; whilst midway between the base and distorted top, the figure is contracted, having the appearance of a neck.

When two islands lie close together, these flattened tops sometimes meet, giving the appearance of an arch from one to the other. Vessels may be seen inverted,

presenting also a double image, but generally less distinct than the images of the land.

"All the various forms assumed by objects, under the influence of this mirage," says Dr. Kelly, in an able paper in the transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, "seem to be the result of two or more images alternately erect and inverted, either distinct or mingled together in a greater or less degree. When the objects are near, the images are usually confused; they are so occasionally in distant objects, but can, in most instances be distinguished by the help of a telescope, and sometimes they are beautifully distinct to the naked eye."

A telescope should always be employed in observing mirages, as it enables the eye to detect particulars that would escape the naked organ of vision. On one occasion when, to the naked eye, the hull of a ship seemed raised to an enormous height, and the sails very small, the telescope showed three distinct images. Of the two lower the second was inverted, and its rigging and sails intimately mingled with those of the first upright one. The third image was erect, with its hull resting on the inverted hull of the second. The space between the hulls of the first and second image being occupied by a confused mingling of masts, sails and rigging, gave to the whole the appearance of one immensely raised hull, as already stated.

By the help of the telescope we were afterwards enabled to detect five distinct images, though the whole gave to

the naked eye the impression of only one almost shapeless mass, like that which has just been mentioned.

"The most remarkable instance of mirage, which we saw," says Dr. Kelly, "was that in which a vessel with all sail set, at one moment looked like an immense black chest, no sails or masts being visible. On observing her for a time the black body seemed to separate horizontally into two parts, and two sets of mingled sails occupied the intervening spaces, with one set of very small sails above. The figures afterwards became more distinct, and three images were clearly discerned. Another vessel changed also from the form of a great square flat-topped chest, to five distinct images, the upper with the sails erect, and the two lower double images with their sails rather confusedly intermingled. A raised horizon was parallel to the upper figure of the hull."

In a third instance, the chest-like figure divided into two portions, of which one appeared to be nearer than the other, the sea seeming to be interposed. When we first saw it we thought there really were two hulls, and the deception was only removed by the figures gradually uniting and forming one.

Off Basque Island, on the 10th September 1836, at 3 P.M., two ships to the eastward seemed each to consist of three immense columns of irregularly formed sails, with a set of small distinct sails at the top of each column. The images seemed, not only immensely raised but also ex-

tended horizontally, the space between the masts being considerable, and each column of sails quite distinct. The jibs were indistinctly erect and inverted alternately, giving some appearance of a combination of images, but there was no appearance of a hull. The vessels were some miles distant from us probably hull-down.

The temperature of the surface water varies much amongst the Mingan islands. Several rivers empty themselves into the sea at this place, the waters of which, in calms, float on its surface, which thus is sometimes several degrees warmer than the water at the depth of a few inches. A moderate current of air, which, amongst small islands is often partial, sometimes, by agitating the water at one place, renders the surface there cold, whilst it continues warm in the place sheltered from the wind. We have, hence, occasionally, strange combinations of mirage. On the 16th and 17th of July, shortly before the double images of the Peroquet were observed, the islands to the eastward of the harbour had their extremities apparently projecting in the air, as is usual in that species of mirage which depends on the temperature of the surface being higher than that of the air. The horizon on this side was low and near; a rock three miles distant, seemed above it. As the breeze sprung up from the S. W. the horizon receded beyond this rock, and the islands generally appeared to have flattened tops, showing the mirage of the opposite kind. But the extreme points of the most distant island seemed still in

the air, notwithstanding the island generally presented the same flat level top as the others — thus showing in its different parts the opposite forms of mirage at the same time.

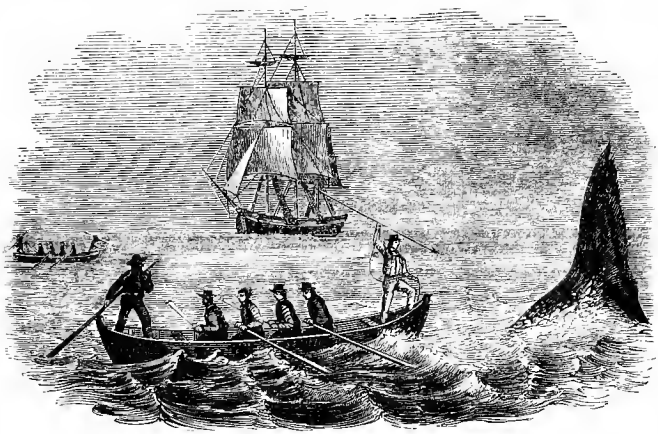
Something like this occurs frequently in the straits of Belle-Isle, where the Labrador coast exhibits the flattened tops, walled sides, and other marks of the mirage which is connected with a cold surface; whilst on the Newfoundland side the horizon is depressed, and the points and low shores of the headlands consequently lifted into the air.

The most remarkable mirages over water have occurred in straits,—those seen by Mr. Vince at Dover, and the celebrated Fata Morgagna at Messina. In the St. Lawrence they are most frequently observed and present the greatest varieties in similar situations, as at Bic, Point des Monts, Mingan, and the Straits of Belle-Isle.

But to return to our story. The crescents continued gradually to approach, and, as they did so, to become less elevated at the horns, until after a short time they stood revealed before us in their true character, as two whale boats each having one man standing up in the stern steering with a long oar, and another in the bow armed with the fatal harpoon. Almost at the same instant that we discerned these things clearly, the mist which had previously obstructed our view and distorted what we saw, was withdrawn as the lifting up of a veil, and presented to us clearly the whaling vessel to which the boats belonged, and,

still more interesting, the whale of which they were in pursuit.

For a considerable time the chase was continued before either of the boats could approach sufficiently near to the leviathan to enable the harpooner to deliver his deadly weapon. Never did I experience more tremulous anxiety



WHALE FISHING.

than during the time that the whale appeared to be coquetting and alternately alluring and disappointing his pursuers; sometimes displaying his unwieldy bulk on the surface of the water, lying apparently in a state of insensibility, then diving out of sight, leaving the blue waters foaming white behind him.

The instant he descended into the water both boats' crews rowed with all their might towards the spot where

they deemed it probable he would again rise to take breath. This occurred several times, till at last, upon his rising from his dive, which he did within a few feet of the boat nearest to our yacht, he received the harpoon deep into his flesh. Then arose a shout into the skies, and the stern cry of "Back all" from the successful boat, was answered by a chant from the other,

"Laugh at fear!
Plunge it deep, the barbed spear!
Strike the lance in swift career!
Give him line! Give him line!
Down he goes through the foaming brine."

The instantaneous rush of the infuriated and wounded fish, tearing the little boat freighted with human life through the hissing waters, was terribly sublime. Such was the velocity with which it flew that it literally cleaved out for itself a channel through the deep, "a wall of waters on the right hand and on the left," which was sufficiently high to conceal the adventurous fishermen completely from our view till they had attained a distance from us of, I should say, about two miles, when the huge fish beginning to become exhausted, commenced to move in a circle and so to return towards us.

At this period we perceived that, beside the whale in which the harpoon was fixed, there was another of a much larger size which accompanied every motion of the former; this we subsequently learned was the old or cow whale,

whose disposition is said to be mild and inoffensive, except when its young is attacked, when it is as bold as a lion and manifests an affection which is truly interesting. On this occasion the old whale continued to swim round the young one, to roll over in the water as if to allure it from its pursuers, evincing the tenderest maternal solicitude. Then as if aware of the impending peril of her inexperienced offspring, as the boat drew near she would swim round her calf in decreasing circles, showing the utmost anxiety to draw it seaward, failing in which she would lash the blue waters into foam with repeated blows of the tremendous flukes of her powerful tail, causing reverberations like a thousand thunders; and, to my astonishment, for I had never heard or read that the whale had any such ability, jumping as high out of the water in proportion to her size, as I have ever seen a lively salmon or a spotted trout.

Before taking out all the line from the boat's crew, the young whale, in which the harpoon was firmly fixed, began to ascend towards the surface, and the line was then hauled in by the men and coiled away in the tub kept for the purpose by the steersman. The moment the whale came up so as to be enabled to breathe and blow, "he went smoking off like a locomotive with an express." The men held on manfully to the line, and with oars peaked ready to be seized in a moment, away again they dashed in the track of the whale. Had they been yoked to a team of wild horses travelling over glassy ice, their rate of travelling

could not have been quicker. As they flew along at the tail of the monster, they could see nothing but a white bank of foam, which rolled up before them higher than the bow of the boat, threatening each moment to overflow them.

At length the unfortunate fish slackened his speed, when the men hauled up to him and the harpooner adroitly darted his lance, a pointed weapon as sharp as a needle, deep into his flesh; again the poor animal made a desperate but short race, at the end of which he was met by the second boat which had kept as near as possible during the chase, and from which he received another wound with the piercing lance. Weakened with loss of blood, which was now spouted forth from his huge nostrils in torrents, the subdued monster soon became passive, and his captors lay off at safe distance to wait the last struggle. This was soon over, for after a few moments of convulsive writhing, there came the final spasm which was terrible to see. The surrounding waters were lashed into foam, and all previous exhibitions of the huge fish's power were as nothing compared with the incredible strength put forth in the last "flurry," which however gradually subsided till the dying monster wearily elevated his monstrous head considerably above the waves, uttered a groan loud beyond conception, and lay a lifeless mass upon the waters which were deeply tinged with his blood.

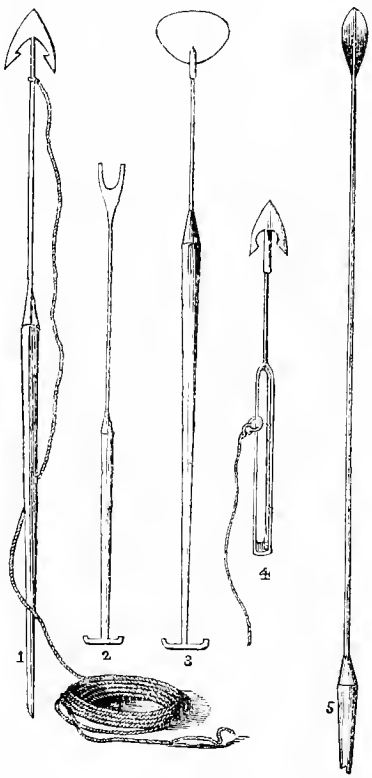
The two boats then approached the enormous carcass,

when the whalers put a noose about the tail and towed it slowly towards their vessel. We then lowered our boat and went alongside the whaler, which proved to be the "Ellen Jane" of Gaspé, commanded and owned by Mr. Boyle, a respectable and kind-hearted man, who received us on board with much civility, and was evidently much gratified with the valuable capture his men had made. He showed us through every part of his vessel with a subdued cheerfulness and a thoughtful alacrity.

> "And then in his pockets he made a grope,
> And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
> Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap,
> In imperceptible water."

We witnessed the process of cutting the blubber off the carcass of the whale, which was done with a sharp instrument with a long handle called a spade, the men while they used it standing upon the floating body of their victim. We remained looking on until one of the fins was cut off and hoisted on board the vessel, and this required the strength of four able-bodied men with a powerful tackle to effect, and until Mr. Boyle had caused a large piece of the flesh resembling an immense round of beef, to be put into our boat—during the whole of which the unfortunate old whale kept snorting and snoring and blowing around us, showing many symptoms of rage and fury, which caused us to remark to Mr. Boyle that "his was a dan-

gerous occupation," when he replied that "if the Almighty had gifted the whale with a knowledge of his strength, few indeed would be caught."



1. Hand Harpoon. 2. Pricker. 3. Blubber Spade.
4. Gun Harpoon. 5. Lance.

We then took our leave of this worthy man and his companions, and a breeze springing up, which soon freshened

to a gale, we lost sight, probably for ever, of those who had afforded us an opportunity of beholding one of the most exciting spectacles which the world can afford.

During the succeeding part of this voyage we breakfasted and dined frequently off the portion of the whale which fell to our share of the spoil, the lean of which was really excellent, and when cut into slices and broiled indistinguishable from tender beef-steak; the fat I did not admire, the smell of it bringing forcibly to my recollection the odour of the oil lamps with which the darkness used to be rendered visible in the city of Dublin in my younger days.

As may easily be imagined, the circumstances of this whale hunt dwelt forcibly upon our imaginations, and elicited a good deal of comment and conversation, and many anecdotes were related which we had heard or read of whale fishing; amongst the latter was one narrated by a writer in the "Quarterly Review" some years ago, and is in substance as follows: —

"One of a ship's company—or an officer—in the North Pacific, near the close of a day that had been rather stormy, says that a school of young bull whales made their appearance close to the ship; and the weather having cleared up a little, the captain ordered the mate to lower his boat, while he did the same with his own, in order to go in pursuit of them. The two boats were instantly lowered; they soon got near the whales, but were unfortunately seen by

them before they could dart the harpoon with any chance of success, and the consequence was, that the school of whales separated, and went off with great swiftness in different directions. One, however, after making several turns, came at length right toward the captain's boat, which he observing waited in silence for his approach, without moving an oar; so that the young bull came close by his boat, and received the blow of the harpoon some distance behind his hump, and so near to the ship as to be seen by all on board.

"The whale appeared quite terror-struck for a few seconds, and then suddenly recovering itself darted off like the wind, and spun the boat so quickly round that, when the tug came upon the line she was within a miracle of being upset. But away they went dead to windward, at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, right against a head sea, which flew against and over the bows of the boat with uncommon force, so that she at times appeared to be ploughing through it, making a high bank of surf on each side.

"The second mate, having observed the course of the whale and boat, managed to waylay them; and when they came near to him, which they speedily did, a 'short warp' was thrown, and both boats were soon towed at nearly the same rate as the captain's boat had been before.

"The captain was now seen darting the lance at the whale as it almost flew along, but he did not seem to do so with any kind of effect, as the speed of the whale did

not appear in the least diminished; and in a very short time they all disappeared together, being at too great a distance to be seeu with the naked eye from the deck. The officer ran aloft, and by the aid of a telescope could just discern from the mast-head the three objects, like specks upon the surface of the ocean. At an alarming distance he could just observe the two boats, with the whale's head occasionally darting out before them, with a good deal of 'white water' or foam, which convinced him that the whale was still running. He watched with the glass until he could no longer trace them, and then called to those on deck that they might take the bearing, by the compass, of the direction in which he had lost sight of them, so that they might continue to beat the ship up to that quarter.

"It was now within half an hour of sunset, and there was every appearance of the coming on of an ugly night; indeed, the wind began to freshen every moment, and an awkward bubble of a sea soon to make. I remained aloft until I saw the sun dip, angry and red, below the troubled horizon, and was just about to descend when I was dreadfully shocked at hearing the loud cry of 'a man overboard' from all upon deck. I looked astern, and saw with horror one of our men grappling with the waves and calling loudly for help. The ship was soon brought round, but in doing so she unavoidably passed a long way from the poor fellow, who still supported himself by beating the water with his hands,

although he was quite unacquainted with the art of swimming. Several oars were thrown overboard the moment after he fell, but he could not reach them, though they were near him; and directly the ship brought up, a Sandwich islander, who formed one of the crew, leaped overboard and swam toward him, while at the same time the people on deck were lowering a spare boat, which is always kept for such emergencies.

"The good Sandwich islander struck out most bravely at first, but finding that he was at some distance from the ship, and being unable to see the man of whom he was in search, on account of the agitated surface of the sea, actually turned back through fear. The men in the boat now plied their oars with all their strength, and were making rapidly towards the drowning man, who, now and then rapidly disappeared entirely from view, under the seas which were beginning to roll. A sickening anxiety pervaded all, as the boat passed onward to the spot where the poor fellow still grappled convulsively with the yielding waters.

The boat, urged by man's utmost strength, sprang over the boisterous waves with considerable speed, but arrived half a minute too late to save the poor fellow from his watery grave. He struggled strongly with the waves to the last, when the foam of a broken sea roared over him, and he disappeared for ever. The boat was rowed round and round the fatal spot, again and again, until night fell,

and then she was slowly and reluctantly pulled to the ship by her melancholy crew.

"The moment the unfortunate seaman disappeared, a large bird of the albatross kind came careering along, and alighted on the water at the very spot where the poor fellow was last seen. It was a curious circumstance, which served to heighten our horror, when we saw the carnivorous bird set itself proudly over the head of our companion, and to remind us of the number of sharks that we had so frequently seen of late, and of the horrible propensities of which we could not dare to think.

"By the time we had hoisted in the boat, it was quite dark; the wind, too, had increased to half a gale, with heavy squalls. We had lost one of our best men, the bare thought of which, in our circumstances, aroused a crowd of heartrending ideas. Our captain and second mate, with ten of the crew, had disappeared, and were by that time all lost or likely to be so. We, however, kept beating the ship to windward, carrying all the sail she could bear, and putting about every twenty minutes. We also continued to burn lights, and had a large vessel, containing oil and ravelled rope, burning over the stern rail as a beacon for them.

"Although all eyes were employed searching in every direction for the boats, no vestige of them could be seen; and, therefore, when half-past nine o'clock came we made up our minds that they were lost. There were not many

on board who did not think of home on that dreadful night, there were not many among us whose thoughts did not turn towards the cheerful fireside of their youth, which at that moment they would have given all they possessed to see once more. But at the very moment, when despair was firmly settling upon us, a man from aloft cried out that he could see a light right ahead of the ship. We all looked in that direction, and, in a few minutes, we could plainly perceive it; in a short time we were close up with it, when, to our great joy, we found the captain and all the men in the boats lying to the leeward of the dead whale, which had in some measure saved them from the violence of the sea.

"After securing the whale alongside, they all came on board, when the sudden end of our poor comrade was spoken of with sorrow from all hands, while their own deliverance served to throw a ray of light amid the gloom."

As we have trespassed upon our readers with one whale story, we are emboldened to give place to what an accredited writer in the "Westminster Review" relates of an incident in the Greenland whale-fishery: —

"One serene evening," says he, "in the middle of August 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of a Greenland whale-ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about seventy-seven degrees of north latitude. On one side and within a mile of his vessel, these were of

immense height, and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks, appeared behind each other, as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Captain Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places. About midnight the wind rose to a gale accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of thundering, grinding, and crashing noises gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion.

"The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking, as often as any case of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Captain Warrens found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise that the accumulated icebergs, which had the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disengaged by the wind, and that in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

"It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that

a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing anything but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless. Captain Warrens's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen and rowed towards her.

"On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weatherbeaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back in a chair with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything very indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having uncovered the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin.

"They first came to the cabin which Captain Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to the presence of the strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had

covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his eye-balls. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus, 'November 11th, 1762. We have now been inclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief.'

"Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs alone showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs.

"Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere; but Captain Warrens was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book already mentioned, and returning to his own ship, immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which

he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the polar seas in high northern latitudes.

"On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way; and by comparing these results with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen in thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her imprisoned in the ice."

The most dreadful display of the whale's strength and prowess, which, upon any occasion, was mentioned as being authentically recorded, was that made upon the American whale-ship "Essex," Captain Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket for the Pacific Ocean in August 1819. Late in the fall of the same year, when in latitude forty of the South Pacific, a school of sperm whales was discovered, and three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them, and he was obliged to return to the ship in order to repair the damage. While he was engaged in that work, a sperm whale, judged to be eighty-five feet long, broke water about twenty yards from the ship on her weather-bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bows of the vessel just forward of her chains.

At the shock produced by the collision of two such

mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious whale passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with fins and tail as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage. In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed directly across the vessel's course to windward. Meantime the hands on board discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were instantly rigged. While working at them one of the men cried out, "God have mercy! he comes again!"

The whale had turned at about one hundred yards from the ship, and was making for her with double his former speed, his pathway white with foam. Rushing head on, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in. The whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship foundered in ten minutes from the first collision.

After incredible hardships and sufferings, in their open boats, on the 20th of December the survivors of this catastrophe reached the low island called Ducies. It was a mere sandbank, nearly barren, and supplied them only with water and wild-fowl. On this uninhabited island, dreary as it was, three of the men chose to remain, rather than again commit themselves to the uncertainties of the

sea. They have never since been heard of. On the 27th of December the three boats, with the remainder of the men, put away together for the island of Juan Fernandez, 2000 miles distant. The mate's boat was taken up by the "Indian," of London, on the 19th of February, ninety-three days from the time of the catastrophe, with only three living survivors.

The captain's boat was fallen in with by the "Dauphin," of Nantucket, on the 23rd of the same month, having only two men living, whose lives had been eked out only through that last resort of hunger, which humanity shudders to think of. Out of a crew of twenty, five only survived to make the ears of their hearers tingle at their strange eventful history.

Another form of the perils of whale-fishing is illustrated in the following incidents taken from the account of Captain Belair, of the ship "Independence," of Boston: —

Early one morning, while cruising in the Pacific Ocean, a whale appeared. Two of our three boats were sent to capture it. They fastened to the whale, and were soon drawn by this monster of the deep out of sight of the ship. An hour or two passed away, when, suddenly, another whale rose in the water, but a few yards from the vessel. The temptation to attempt its capture was too strong to be resisted. The captain ordered the remaining boat to be lowered, and, leaving but one man and two boys to take care of the ship, sprang into the boat with the rest of the crew.

Soon the harpoon was plunged into the whale, and they were carried, with almost the speed of the wind, about fifteen miles from the ship. Then the whale plunged perpendicularly into the depths of the ocean. It was not long ere they saw him, fathoms deep in the crystal waters, rushing up, with open jaws, to destroy the boat. By skilfully sheering the boat, the whale missed his aim, and again disappeared in the fathomless sea. Soon he reappeared in the almost transparent abyss, again rushing upward to attack the boat. Again he was foiled.

The third time he descended, and, as he arose, with invigorated fury, he struck the boat in the centre of the keel, threw it some fifteen feet into the air, and, scattering the crew and fragments of the boat over the waves, again plunged into the deep and disappeared. The captain and the crew were now in the water, clinging to the pieces of the demolished boat. They were fifteen miles from the ship, and could not be seen from its deck. The other boats were gone, they knew not where. Apparently, every chance of rescue was cut off, and nothing awaited them but a watery grave. It was noon. The hours passed slowly away until six o'clock in the evening, and still they were floating and drifting about, almost exhausted, upon the heaving billows of the Pacific.

"Oh, how fervently I prayed," said one of these mariners, when afterwards relating the scene, "that God would interpose to save our lives! I thought of my wife, of my

children, of my prayerless life, of the awful account I had to render at the bar of God for grieving the Spirit, neglecting the Saviour, and absenting myself from his sacraments. All the horrors of the dreadful death which threatened me were forgotten in the thought that I was about to render up an account before the bar of God for years of ingratitude and disobedience."

The sun had now disappeared behind the distant waves, and the darkening shades of a dreary night were settling down over the ocean. Just then they descried, dim in the dusky distance, one of the absent boats returning to the ship. It was, however, far off, apparently beyond the reach of their loudest outcries. Impelled by the energies of despair they simultaneously raised a shout, which blended with the wash of the waves and the sighing of the breeze, and the boat continued on its way. Again they raised another shout, and it was also unavailing.

The shades of night were deepening, the boat rapidly passing by them. Almost frenzied at their terrible condition they raised another cry. The sound of that distant shriek fell faintly upon the ears of the boatmen, and they rested on their oars. Another shout, which almost lacerated their throats, was raised, and the boat turned in pursuit. They were taken from the water and carried almost lifeless to the ship.

Such are the dangers continually incurred in the whale fishery. A boat, almost as frail as a bubble, approaches

the side of a whale, slumbering upon the ocean, sixty or eighty feet in length, and a harpoon is plunged into his body. His efforts to destroy his tormentors or to escape from them are terrific. The ocean is lashed into foam by blows from his enormous flukes, which would almost dash in the ribs of a man-of-war. Often he rushes at the boat with lightning speed and with open jaws, and it is crushed like an egg-shell in his mouth.

In this frightful warfare many are maimed and many lives are annually lost. Yet it has its joys and emoluments, for, if ordinarily successful, in the course of fifteen or twenty years a whaleman will lay up a moderate competence for the rest of his days; and meanwhile, notwithstanding the unfavourable influences which are often at work in the whale-ship, many are forming noble characters.

Although it is no genial soil, yet virtue, humanity, true nobility, and the fear of God, can live and grow in a whale-ship. We met them upon this occasion combined in Mr. Boyle, which it would be ingratitude towards God's grace not to acknowledge. But who, that knows it, would choose a life in a whale-ship, or life anywhere at sea? Who does not rather say with one that knew whereof he spake, —

"Eternal ocean! old majestic sea!
Ever I love from shore to look on thee,
And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride,
And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide;

But let me *live* on land, where rivers run,
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun,
Where I may feel, secure, the fragrant air;
Where, whatever toil or wearying pains I bear,
Those eyes which look away all human ill
May shed on me their still, sweet, constant light,
And the hearts I love may, day and night,
Be found beside me safe and clustering still."

CHAPTER XIV.

SALMON FISHING IN THE MOISIE.

"To sit and muse in the pale moonlight,
Oh! this indeed I love,
In the silent hours of eve, when bright
Are the shining stars above.

"But when with meditation struck,
My heart beats low and quick,
Much better by far I love to suck,
The end of a sugar stick."

STRACHAN'S LYRICS.

"Is thine a heart oppressed by care,
And dost thou seek relief?
I know a remedy so rare,
It is — a slice of beef.

"From all the world dost hide thy face,
Thy sorrows to conceal?
I know what will thine anguish grace —
A cut of roasted veal.

"Would'st thou drive every dark grief out,
And misery put thy foot on?
Secure thyself a pot of stout,
And a broiled chop of mutton.

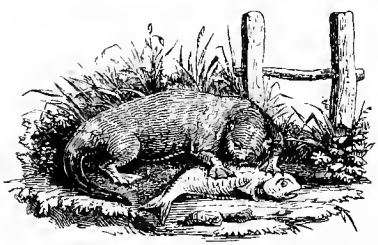
"Alone art thou, and desolate?
Art utterly forsaken?
If thou be so condemned by fate,
Take to—fried eggs and bacon.

"Standest thou in awe of wicked folks?
Fly not in haste to cloisters;
A refuge pleasanter by chalks,
Lies in—a score of oysters."

HEWARD'S REMAINS.

CHAP. XIV.

SALMON FISHING IN THE MOISIE.



AVING in the former chapter dwelt at such length upon the mighty monster of the St. Lawrence, I do not think it can be out of place to mention here, that it is reported, and upon good authority, that there are other ferocious and powerful fishes, occasionally to be met in this river, who do not hesitate to attack men and boats.

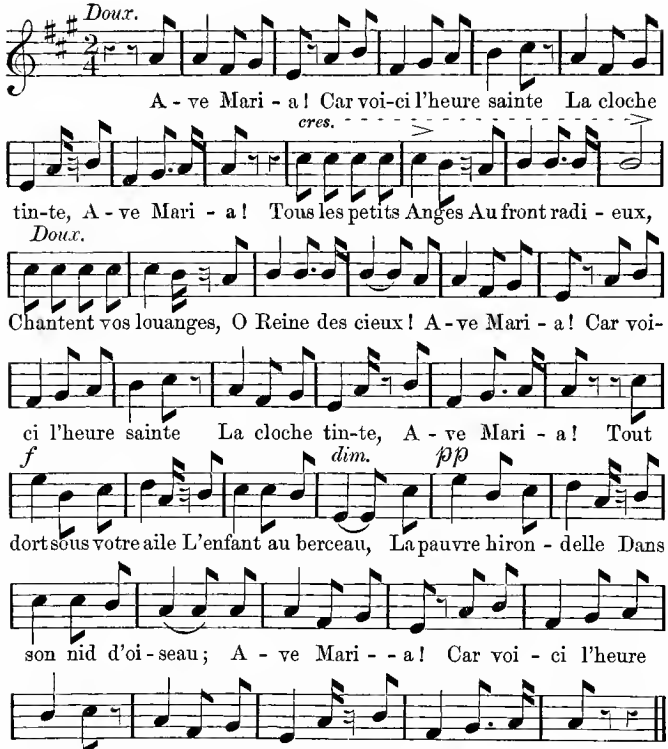
At this moment I have before me an official "Report of the Commissioners for exploring the country lying between the Rivers Saguenay, Saint Maurice, and Saint Lawrence," ordered to be printed by the House of Assembly on the 22nd of March, 1831. These Commissioners are gentlemen of the highest respectability and intelligence, Messieurs Andrew and David Stuart, who would not be likely to be deceived in a matter of the kind, and would be the last

men to attempt a deception upon others. At pp. 16 and 17 of their report, are the following words, being an extract from the Journal kept upon the occasion.

"*Sunday, August 26th,* 1829.—Embarked at 7 A.M. to go down to Baie de l'Echaffaud du Basque, or Rivière aux Canards; but, when we reached the Point of Baie des Roches, the wind blew too hard for us to proceed, and we put ashore in a little cove till noon, when we embarked again, and kept close in shore, with the tide and wind in our favour. We had not proceeded far, when we were pursued by a monstrous fish of prey, in consequence of which we put ashore again. This animal was four hours about us, and apparently watching us. It came sometimes within twenty feet of the rock on which we were. It was at least from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and shaped exactly like a pike; its jaws were from five to six feet long, with a row of large teeth on each side, of a yellowish colour. It kept itself sometimes for nearly a minute on the surface of the water. At 5 P.M., seeing nothing more of it, we embarked again, keeping close in shore, and at 7 P.M. put in for the night at the fishing-hut at Echaffaud du Basque. Two men, named Baptiste Simard and Coton Feliou, who were on their way to Malbay, hunting for seals, put in at the same time as we did. Thermometer 71°, 77°, and 69°."

We must make short work of the salmon fishing in the Moisie, and on the authority of Mr. Cayley say, that the best fishing is about a mile below the falls, and that late in the season fishing is bad *at* the falls — and now put up our rod.

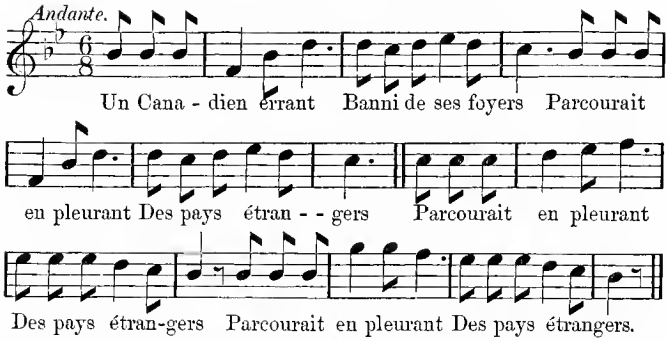
CANADIAN MUSIC.

AVE MARIA.

Doux.
A - ve Mari - a! Car voi-ci l'heure sainte La cloche
cres.
tin-te, A - ve Mari - a! Tous les petits Anges Au front radi - eux,
Doux.
Chantent vos louanges, O Reine des cieux! A - ve Mari - a! Car voi-
ci l'heure sainte La cloche tin-te, A - ve Mari - a! Tout
f
dim.
pp
dort sous votre aile L'enfant au berceau, La pauvre hiron - delle Dans
son nid d'oi - seau; A - ve Mari - - a! Car voi - ci l'heure
sainte La cloche tin - te, A - - ve Ma-ri - - a!

Vous êtes la voile
Du pauvre marin;
Vous êtes l'étoile
Du bon pélerin;
Ave Maria!
Car voici l'heure sainte
La cloche tinte
Ave Maria!
Vous êtes servante
Des pauvres blessés;
Vous êtes l'amante
Des cœurs délaissés.
Ave Maria! &c.

Votre nom si tendre
Sur un front mortel,
Fait toujours descendre
La beauté du ciel
Ave Maria!
Car voici l'heure sainte
La cloche tinte
Ave Maria!
Aussi les Maries
En choeur gracieux,
A vous réunies
Montent vers les cieux!
Ave Maria! &c.

UN CANADIEN ERRANT.


Andante.
Un Cana - dien errant Banni de ses foyers Parcourait
en pleurant Des pays étran - - gers Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays étran-gers Parcourait en pleurant Des pays étrangers.

Un jour, triste et pensif
Assis au bord des flots,
Au courant fugitif
Il addressait ces mots:

"Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va dire à mes amis,
Que je me souviens d'eux.

"Pour jamais separé
Des amis de mon cœur,
Hélas! oui, je mourrai,
Je mourrai de doleur.

"Plongé dans les malheurs,
Loin de mes chers parens,
Je passe dans des pleurs
D'infortunés moments."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

The Decrease, Restoration and Preservation of Salmon in Canada.
By the Rev. William Agar Adamson, D.C.L.

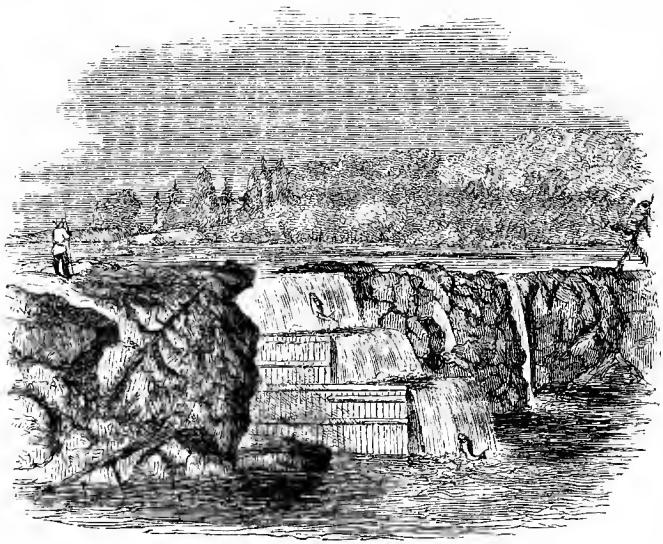
Brillat Savarin, in his "Physiologie du Gout," asserts that the man who discovers a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than he who discovered the Georgium Sidus. If this be true, then he who could devise means for the preservation and increase of an old, wholesome, and highly coveted article of food would not labour in vain, nor would, I imagine, his endeavours be despised by the members of the Canadian Institute, however humble his abilities, and however unskilled he might be in scientific lore. Actuated by this belief, as well as desirous to respond to the demand for co-operation among the members of the Canadian Institute, I would venture now to give some notes upon the decrease, restoration and preservation of the Salmon (*Salmo Salar*) in Canada.*

It is unnecessary to magnify the importance of this fish as an economic production, or as an article of commerce. As food it is beyond comparison the most valuable of fresh water fish, both on account of the delicacy of its flavour, and the numbers in which it can be supplied. By prudence, a little exertion, and a very small expense now, it may not only be rendered cheap and acces-

* This valuable paper was first prepared for the Canadian Institute.—J.E.A.

sible to almost every family in Canada, but also an article of no small commercial importance as an export to the United States, in which country, by pursuing the course which Canada has hitherto imitated, this noble fish has been almost exterminated. Twenty-five or thirty years ago every stream tributary to the St. Lawrence, from Niagara to Labrador on the north side, and to Gaspé Basin on the south, abounded with salmon. At the present moment, with the exception of a few in the Jacques Cartier, there is not one to be found in any river between the Falls of Niagara and the city of Quebec. This deplorable decrease in a natural production of great value has arisen from two causes: 1st.—the natural disposition of uncivilised man to destroy at all times and at all seasons whatever has life and is fit for food; and 2nd.—the neglect of those persons who have constructed mill dams, to attach to them slides, or chutes, by ascending which the fish could pass onwards to their spawning beds in the interior. It is supposed by many that the dust from the sawmills getting into the gills of the salmon prevents them from respirating freely, and so banishes them from the streams on which such mills are situated; but I am persuaded that this is a mistake, for salmon are found in considerable numbers at the mouths of many such streams, below the dams. In the Marguerite, in the Saguenay, at the Petit Saquenay, the Es-quemain, Port Neuf, Rimouski, Metis, and others that might be named, the real cause of the decrease is the insuperable obstacles presented by mill-dams, which prevent them from ascending to the aerated waters, high up the streams, which are essential for the fecundation of their ova, and so for the propagation of the species. Would you then —it may be asked—pull down our mills in order that we might have salmon in our rivers? most certainly not, I reply, for it is quite possible to maintain all our mills, with all their mill-dams, and yet afford to the fish an easy and inexpensive mode of passing upwards to their breeding places.

Marvellous stories are told of the great heights which salmon will leap in order to surmount the obstacles which nature or art may have erected between the lower parts of a stream and the upper waters which are suited to breeding purposes. Natural historians used gravely to tell us that salmon, in order to jump high, were in the habit of placing their tails in their mouths, and



CANADIAN SALMON LEAPS.

then bending themselves like a bow, bound out of the water to a considerable distance, from twelve to twenty feet. The late Mr. Scrope, in his beautiful book "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing," calculates that six feet in height is more than the average spring of salmon, though he conceives that very large fish in deep water could leap much higher. He says, "Large fish can leap much higher than small ones; but their powers are limited or augmented

according to the depth of water they spring from; in shallow water they have little power of ascension, in deep they have the most considerable. They rise very rapidly from the very bottom to the surface of the water by means of rowing and sculling as it were with their fins and tail, and this powerful impetus bears them upwards in the air, on the same principle that a few tugs of the oar make a boat shoot onwards after one has ceased to row." However this may be, we know that salmon use almost incredible efforts to ascend their native rivers. Modes have recently been adopted in France, in England, Scotland and Ireland, by which they can do so with ease, and which can be much more cheaply applied to mill-dams in Canada than in any of the countries above mentioned. This is simply by constructing below each mill-dam a congeries of wooden boxes proportioned to the height of the dam—which could be done, in any weirs I have seen requiring them, for a sum not exceeding twenty dollars. We will suppose that the mill-dam to be passed over is fifteen feet high from the surface of the water, and that the salmon can surmount the height of five feet at a single bound, then it would be only necessary to erect two boxes, each five feet high, one over the other (as in the illustration) to enable the salmon, in three leaps, to reach the waters which nature prompts him to seek for the propagation of his species. In many Canadian rivers—such as Metis, Matane, Rimouski, Trois Saumons, &c.—this simple apparatus might be put in operation for one half the sum I have mentioned, and I trust it has only to be suggested to the gentlemen residing on their banks to arouse their patriotism and excite them to activity in the matter. There can be no doubt that were the mill-dams removed, or boxes constructed adjacent to them, and protection afforded to the spawning fish, many of the rivers in *Upper Canada* would again abound with salmon. I have myself, within a few years, taken the true Salmo Salar in Lake Ontario, near Kingston, and many persons in Toronto know

that they are taken annually at the mouths of the Credit, the Humber, and at Bond Head, in the months of May and June, which is earlier than they are generally killed below Quebec. Whether these fish come up the St. Lawrence in the early spring, under the pavement of ice which then rests upon its surface, or whether they have spent the winter in Lake Ontario, is a question which I must leave to naturalists: merely mentioning that there is some foundation for believing that salmon will not only live, but breed, in fresh water without visiting the sea. Mr. Lloyd, in his interesting work on the field sports of the North of Europe, says, "Near Katrineberg, there is a valuable fishery for salmon, ten or twelve thousand of these fish being taken annually. These salmon are bred in a lake, and, in consequence of cataracts, cannot have access to the sea. They are small in size and inferior in flavour," which may also be asserted of salmon taken in the neighbourhood of Toronto. Mr. Scrope, in his work previously quoted, states that Mr George Dormer, of Stone Mills, in the Parish of Bridport, put a female of the salmon tribe, which measured twenty inches in length, and was caught by him at his mill-dam, into a small well, where it remained twelve years, became quite tame and familiar, so as to feed from the hand, and was visited by many persons of respectability from Exeter and its neighbourhood.

But the fact that salmon are annually taken near the Credit, the Humber and Bond Head is sufficient ground on which to base my argument for the probability that were the tributary streams of the St. Lawrence accessible to them they would ascend and again stock them with a numerous progeny. Even were this found not to be the case,— then we have the system of artificial propagation to fall back upon — a system which according to the Parliamentary Reports of the Fishery Commissioners has been practised with immense success in different parts of Ireland — according to M. Coste, Member of the Institute, and professor of the college of

France, in his reports to the French Academy and the French Government, has answered admirably in France, and according to Mr. W. H. Fry and others, quoted by him in his treatise on artificial fish-breeding, has been generally effective in Scotland. This system, as is well known, consists simply in transporting from one river to another the impregnated eggs of the salmon, and placing them in shallow waters with a gentle current, where they are soon hatched, and become salmon fry or par and able to take care of themselves. In consequence of the ova of the salmon which are deposited in the spawning beds in the months of October, November, and December, becoming congealed by frost in the subsequent months, Canada appears to offer greater facilities for their safe transport than those countries in which the system has been so successful, but whose climates are more temperate. Surely, supposing this is a mere untried experiment—which is far from being the case—it would be well worth the while of some of the many wealthy and intelligent dwellers upon the banks of our beautiful rivers to test its value, particularly when they call to mind the well-known fact in the natural history of the salmon, that he invariably returns to the stream in which his youth was spent, and that so they may calculate upon having their present barren rivers stocked with as valuable articles of consumption and of commerce as their fowl-houses or their farm-yards.

I shall for brevity's sake abstain from enlarging on this subject, merely observing that ample information can be obtained upon it by consulting the works of M. M. Coste and Fry, which are to be found in the libraries and bookshops in this city*; and that in the streams in which it may be put into operation—if there are mill-dams upon them—the artificial construction to enable the fish to descend and ascend to and from the sea will still be requisite.

Having said so much on the decrease and restoration of salmon

* Quebec.

in Canada, let us now turn our attention for a few moments to their preservation in the rivers in which they still abound. These rivers I believe to be as valuable and inexhaustible as any others upon the face of the globe; but so circumstanced that their capabilities have not been developed, and that one year of neglect will cause their serious injury, if not their utter destruction as salmon streams. They extend along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Labrador, a distance of about 500 miles, and are many in number. They are chiefly held under lease from the Government of Canada, by the Hudson's Bay Company, who fish some of them in an unsystematic manner, with standing nets, because they can be conveniently and cheaply so fished, whilst others are left wholly to the destructive spear of the Indian. In the smaller streams on which the fishermen of the company are employed, a series of standing barrier nets (which kill indiscriminately every fish of every size and weight) is used, a process which in European rivers would have long since banished salmon from them. But in Canada the high water in the spring enables some of the largest and strongest of the breeding fish to ascend the streams before those nets can be set, and when they get beyond them, they are comparatively safe in the mountain rivers and lakes, which never hear a human footfall till winter—which congeals their surfaces into ice—tempts the poor Indian to tread their banks in pursuit of the bear, the martin, the mink, and the otter.

In well regulated salmon fisheries in Europe, the fish—by the construction of proper weirs and reservoirs—are almost as much under the control of the managers as the sheep on their farms or the fowl in their poultry yards. They can send such of them as they please to market, permit the fittest for the purpose to pass on to propagate their kind, allow the young to enjoy life till they become mature, and suffer the sick and unhealthy to return to their invigorating pastures in the depth of the ocean. But

no portion of this system is practised in our American rivers. There is not a salmon weir in the province; and the consequence is, that young and old, kelt and grilse, worthless and unwholesome, the fish are killed by the undiscriminating net and the cruel spear.

It appears to me that the Hudson's Bay Company set little value on these fisheries, and maintain them merely as an accident appertaining to the fur trade which is far more profitable. The approaching termination of their lease and the consequent uncertainty of their tenure may perhaps appear a sufficient reason for their not incurring the expense of erecting weirs, by which much more profit could be made of their fisheries. Unproductive and wasteful as their mode of fishing is, *the protection the Hudson's Bay Company affords is the only present safeguard for the existence of Salmon in Canada.* I am persuaded that *were that protection withdrawn for* ONE SUMMER, *without the substitution of some other as effective, this noble fish would be utterly exterminated from our country.* Fishermen from Gaspé, Rimouski, New Brunswick, Labrador, Newfoundland, the Magdalene Islands and the United States—whose numbers and skill would enable them to do thoroughly what the servants of the H. B. C. from their paucity and inexperience do ineffectually—would swarm up our rivers, and with nets, spears, torches, and every other engine of piscine destruction, would kill, burn and mutilate every fish that ventured into the rivers. Already has this been attempted. For the last two or three years schooners from the United States have regularly arrived, in the salmon season, at the Bay of Seven Islands, their crews well armed, and have set their nets in the river Moisie, in despite of the officers of the H. B. C. Similar circumstances have occurred at other fishing stations in the tributaries of the St. Lawrence; no means, that I am aware of, having been resorted to for punishing the aggressors or preventing a repetition of their outrages. The river Bersinies has this

year (1856) been altogether in the hands of a speculating and rapacious American, who employed the spear of the Indian to furnish him with mutilated salmon, several boxes of which he brought to Quebec, in the month of September when they were out of season, unfit for food, and flavourless, having previously glutted the markets of Portland, Boston and New York with more palatable fish.

There can be but little doubt that many of the salmon streams in Lower Canada would be as productive, under proper management, as rivers in Europe for which large annual rents are paid; but it must be admitted that the great distance at which they are situated from civilisation, the want of the means of intercourse between them and the inhabited parts of the country, the liability to trespass by armed ruffians, and the dreadful rigor of the climate in winter, present very serious obstacles to those who might wish to undertake such management: for obviating some of which I see no better method than the employment, during the summer months, of one or two armed steamers of light draught of water, such as are used for a similar purpose on the east coast of Denmark. These steamers should each have a commander on board, who should be a magistrate and empowered by parliament to act summarily in cases of infraction of the Fishery Laws, and besides supplying the lighthouses and other public works with stores, oil, building materials, etc., conveying the workmen managers and fishermen to their several stations, and protecting the lessees of the province, might also be profitably employed as the means of transporting the fresh caught salmon from the several rivers, packed in ice, to the Railroad Stations at St. Thomas and Quebec; from whence they could be distributed to the markets of Canada and the United States. Two Bills for the protection of salmon and trout in Lower Canada have recently become Acts of Parliament. These may possibly be productive of some good in civilised and inhabited districts, but must be utterly in-

effective in those parts of the province where there are no settled inhabitants, no magistrates, and no tribunals before which those who infringe the law can be cited; and this is the case of all the best rivers in Lower Canada.

I cannot close these observations without endeavouring to impress on all who hear me the necessity for prompt action in this matter; for there can be no doubt upon the mind of any man who is acquainted with the localities, that if the King's Posts should be abandoned by the Hudson's Bay Company, before some well devised system be adopted for carrying on the work which they have hitherto effected, two melancholy results will be the inevitable consequences, viz.—the salmon rivers will be taken possession of by hordes of lawless men, who will in no way contribute to the revenue of the country, but will quickly and recklessly exterminate the fish, and then desert our shores, leaving behind them no trace of their temporary occupation except the destruction they have wrought; and—more terrible still—a whole tribe of Indians (the Montagnards) will be reduced to a state of positive starvation, for upon the Hudson's Bay Company they have hitherto been, and are now, dependent for their ammunition, guns, and other means by which they obtain their food and clothing.

II.

Observations on the Habits of the Salmon Family. By W. Henry, Esqr. *Inspector General of Hospitals.**

The physical structure of fishes, so beautifully adapted to the nature of the element in which they live, has been the subject of especial notice and admiration amongst naturalists and philosophers, ancient and modern. The wedged-shaped head — the gradual and well proportioned enlargement of the body — the skilful machinery of the fins — the mailed and glossy skin — the ballasting air-bladder, and the rudder-tail, evince the wisdom, as the magnitude of the leviathans of the ocean show the power, of their Creator. But the use of the delicate painting with which the skins of many fishes are so richly adorned is not so apparent; and on a superficial view, it would almost seem to be a waste of bright colours lavished amidst the dim twilight of the deep. Yet we may be well assured from all analogy, that even this rich tinting of the mute tribes inhabiting the waters has not been bestowed on them without an object: and farther even, that it may serve purposes of the greatest importance in the economy of nature.

The tiny lamp of the glow-worm and the fire-fly is delicately beautiful; but it is also believed to be of great value as a minute beacon, governing and directing the movements of the male insect towards the female. Thus it is not improbable that the

* Dr. Henry was one of the best fishermen in Canada, and a very intelligent man; he wrote much and well.—J. E. A.

gorgeousness of the skins of many fishes is a point of attraction between the genders, keeping up the gregariousness of the different families amidst the vast aqueous spaces they traverse. However this may be, the painted skin of the fish, considered merely as ornamental, harmonises with the rich fur of the quadruped, the brilliant plumage of the bird, the umbrageous foliage and blossoming glory of the tree; and, above all, the exquisite adornment of the flower. All should be viewed as boons from the great Source of measureless beneficence. We can conceive that a dull monotonous uniformity of shape, and sombre, melancholy colours, might have characterised the animal and vegetable kingdoms; but it has pleased the Deity to fill the heavens and the earth, and even the waters under the earth, with beauty, and to confer on his rational creature, man, the capacity to comprehend and enjoy it.

Conspicuous amongst the finny tribes, as well for the quality of the delicious flesh, as for great elegance of colouring and symmetry of form, are the *Salmonidæ* or Salmon family: but principally, according to my conception, is the *Salmo Salar* or common salmon, which has been appropriately placed by Cuvier, at their head. In fact, we can scarcely conceive anything more perfect than the *tout ensemble* of this noble fish. He is moulded in accordance with our notions of great muscular strength, combined with remarkable lightness of outline: and every quality of the animal corresponds with his appearance. His tunic of rich silver tissue is in the chastest taste; his movements in his own element are peculiarly easy and graceful: he is fastidious in his food, as a fish of such high blood ought to be; but he can on emergency bear hunger well, and even total abstinence for a long period without injury. His spirit is ardent, adventurous, and persevering, and his speed is great.

It has been my fortune to be conversant with the habits of the salmon from early youth, in a river in the north of Ireland, on the

banks of which I was born. This association has been extended in after life to many other salmon rivers, in different parts of the world, where I have enjoyed the pleasures of "the angle." I am enabled, therefore, from personal observation, to communicate some particulars respecting the natural history of the fish, which, probably, are not generally known, and may be, to a certain extent, interesting to the members of the Literary Society of Quebec.

The *Salmo Salar* is placed by Cuvier at the head of the fourth family of the *Malacopterygii*, or soft-finned fishes. In a paper of this light and desultory nature, it does not appear necessary to describe its generic characteristics more minutely. It is an inhabitant of cold, or temperate climates, to the north of the equator; having never been found in the south. Indeed, such is the dislike of this fish for a warm climate, that it is very rarely seen in Europe southward of the 45th or 46th degree of latitude, but it abounds in the northern waters of the old world as it does in the new. Salmon run from the Pacific up the Columbia river, as from the Atlantic into the St. Lawrence. The rivers of the Polar regions swarm with salmon during the short summer, and they are caught there in prodigious numbers. Commander Ross obtained a ton weight of the fish from the Esquimaux in exchange for a sailor's knife, value about sixpence; and his men afterwards took 3300 salmon at a single haul of the seine.

The rivers of Newfoundland and the Labrador coast contain abundance of these fish, which are also caught, but in diminishing numbers, in the streams of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They are found in the Kennebec and Connecticut rivers, and a stray fish may be sometimes taken in the Hudson and the Delaware; but this is a rare occurrence. Salmon never ascend the Mississippi.

Norway is said to be the finest salmon country in the world. These fish go up the Rhine as far as the falls of Schaffhausen, which they cannot surmount. They are found in the Loire, but

I believe do not frequent any rivers farther south. In Gascony I have fished numerous streams, the tributaries of the Garonne and Adour, adapted as they would appear to be to the taste of the fish for cool waters, by the melting of the Pyrenæan snow, but never met with, or heard of, the *Salmo Salar;* and very seldom found any trout, the smaller members of the family. I have also fished with much care several of the Spanish and Portuguese rivers, but never found a salmon or trout in any of them.

No salmon are to be met with in the Mediterranean, nor any of its rivers. They are also strangers to the Caspian and Black Seas; though a large coarse fish, bearing some resemblance to the *Salmo Salar*, called the *Hucho*, is found in the Danube.

Most intelligent persons are aware that the salmon is a great and intrepid traveller, migrating annually from the sea to the fresh water, and ascending the largest rivers to their distant sources. Influenced by unerring instinct, it quits the deep sea in spring or early summer, and repairs to the estuary of its native stream. It remains some days in the brackish water; probably to prepare the gills for the great change in the fluid they will have to breathe. At the mouths of small rivers the fish generally wait for a flood; moving up and down with the tide until the stream swells. The salmon then boldly pushes on, dashing through rapids, and even overleaping dams or other impediments in its way. After the first rush from the salt water, it avails itself of the convenient resting place of a deep pool, or other spot where the current is gentle, to draw breath for some hours, or even a day, if the stream is strong and rapid. It there recovers its wind, and recruits its strength with a fly or a grasshopper as they float down the river. The fish thus gradually approach the upper and shallower parts of the streams they frequent; journeying by day when the weather is cloudy, or the water sufficiently muddy to mask their movements; but when the river is clear they travel

by night—particularly if there is a moon; otherwise very early in the morning. They seldom move, I believe, in the evening; but then, when flies are most numerous, look out for food. At length the salmon reaches his destination high up the stream, where he may look out for a mate, and take measures for the important business of propagating his kind.

When a strong rapid, or even a fall of a few feet, occurs in the course of our adventurous traveller's voyage, the obstacle is surmounted without much difficulty. But when the stream is deep and full and the fall considerable, the impediment becomes a serious matter, and the poor fish stops and is sadly puzzled how to overcome it. He soon begins to reconnoitre his position, exploring in all directions for a passage, and leaping frequently several feet out of the water, apparently with the object of discovering the topography of the scene of his difficulties from this elevation. When he finds the obstacle insurmountable, he is obliged to wait till the river falls; or, in the event of the place being within the range of the salt water, which sometimes happens, until a spring-tide comes to his assistance.

There are many salmon-leaps in Europe — particularly in the British Islands and in Norway. Two of the most remarkable are at Coleraine and Ballyshannon in the north of Ireland. With the latter of these I am very well acquainted.

The large and very beautiful lake, Loch Erne, fifty miles long by ten or twelve broad, pours its waters into the Atlantic by a short and rapid river, which, after an impetuous course from Belleek, and a last fall of fifteen or sixteen feet at Ballyshannon, meets the tide at the bottom of a perpendicular ledge of limestone rock. *En passant* I may remark that Sir Humphrey Davy in his "Salmonia" praises the Erne as the best salmon river he ever fished; and I think very justly. The sea is only three miles distant from the fall; and in early summer innumerable salmon run up the river and assemble in "the pool," as the abyss below

the rock is called, checked in their career by this formidable barrier. In the course of a week many thousands are here collected, waiting, as it would almost appear, for a spring-tide to raise the water in the pool and lower their leap. In the meantime they are taken in the seine in great numbers — sold on the spot, or shipped off, either pickled or in ice, to London. In the year 1808 I saw 600 salmon taken there in one haul: two of which, weighing fifty-four and fifty-six pounds, were afterwards exhibited as curiosities in the fish-house.

Men, however, are not here the only fishers. Seals follow the salmon from the sea and prey upon them in the pool, pursuing them with greater speed and success than the unwieldy appearance of these amphibious creatures would lead one to expect. But these daring poachers, who thus imprudently venture into the presence of the lords of the creation, are generally shot — very often in *flagrante delicto*, as they emerge from the froth at the bottom of the fall, with salmon writhing in their mouths.

The Ballyshannon salmon leap is a scene of much curiosity and interest, particularly during spring-tides, when the weather is fine, and then attracts a great number of spectators. As the water rises the fish begin to leap — perhaps two or three hundred in an hour. The young salmon very generally miscalculate the direction they should take; leaping perpendicularly out of the water, and of course falling back immediately. But the older fish, many of which, no doubt, have been up before, and are besides better mathematicians, manage differently. These dart to the crest of the cataract in a line with the curve of the falling mass, and there cling for some seconds, wriggling themselves into the torrent. In this very difficult position they can only work on the water with the pectoral and ventral fins; the force of their powerful tail, by which they had sprung from the bottom, being now lost in beating the air. Many notwithstanding succeed, dip

into the water at the top and shoot up the river: but the great majority — probably five-sixths of the number, fail, and after the most gallant struggle are tumbled back into the pool.

At some of the salmon-leaps in Scotland, men are accustomed to catch the fish in a large landing-net, with a long handle, as they fall back after missing the leap. In Kilmarnock they tell a story of the eccentric, and somewhat savage Lord Lovat, who was beheaded on Tower-hill, which is characteristic of that nobleman's peculiar disposition. He was wont to have a fire kindled in a cleft of the rock close to a salmon-leap in a stream of that neighbourhood. When it was approaching his dinner hour, he would direct a pot of water to be placed on the fire to boil, in the expectation that an unfortunate fish, after missing his leap, might tumble over the edge of the rock into the boiling water, and thus commit self-salmocide. The tradition is, that his lordship often succeeded in this quaint but cruel experiment.

After the great effort of surmounting a considerable fall, the successful fish rest during several hours in the first gentle current they meet, before proceeding farther on their journey. Some naturalists have estimated the first day's voyage of a salmon, after entering the fresh water, at fifteen or twenty miles; but it is evident that the distance cannot be calculated accurately, and must vary according to the nature of the stream. If the river is rapid and obstructed by falls, the fish's stages must be short; and vice versâ.

It appears to be necessary for the salmon to remain from two to three months in the rivers for the due development of the generative system, before pairing and the deposition of the spawn can be effected. In the meantime the quality of the animal's flesh deteriorates — the skin, which is a correct index of the condition of the fish, changes from a silvery white to a tinge of reddish brown, and then to a dirty black brown. The firmness of the muscles softens; the curd between their layers disappears, and

the cutaneous fat is absorbed. As the excitement of the sexual passion increases, the appetite for food ceases, and the salmon emaciates daily. At length the flesh loses all its nutritive qualities as human food, and becomes to a certain extent poisonous.

The food of salmon in the sea, whatever it is, is eminently nutritive. The subject is still involved in obscurity, though some clever naturalists have lately paid much attention to it. Dr. Knox, who has written a scientific and able paper on the natural history of the fish, which was published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh for 1834, believes that he has discovered the secret. He avers that salmon in the salt water feed principally, if not wholly, on the eggs of the *Asterias Glacialis*, or cross-fish, one of the *Entomostraca*, or testaceous insects. Now, from the animal's teeth, one might think he lived on more substantial food than almost microscopic ova. But there is positive evidence that cannot be doubted, of sand-eels and small fish being eaten in the sea by salmon. Sir Wm. Jardine*, who made an excursion to Sutherlandshire in 1834, for the purpose of examining the natural productions of the country, and paid particular attention to the habits of the salmon, states that they are often taken on the Sutherland shores at the haddock lines, *baited with sand-eels*, and in the Dirness Firth with lines set on purpose with the same bait. And what is quite conclusive on the subject, my friend Dr. Kelly, of the Royal Navy, informs me that in the summer of 1835, when accompanying Capt. Bayfield, R.N., in surveying the Gulf, he saw some salmon, recently caught, opened by the fishermen at Gaspé, and *observed three sand-eels and two smelts in the stomach of one of them.* Dr. Kelly adds that the fishermen told him this was a common occurrence.

After entering the fresh water, it has been a question whether salmon eat any food at all; as the stomachs of many individuals

* Fourth Report of the British Association, p. 613.

have been opened at different times, by various persons, and nothing could be discovered in them.

According to my experience, the case stands thus. When they first ascend the rivers they will eat greedily enough—jump at flies of every description without hesitation—devour worms, grasshoppers, and even small fish. In the Lakes of Killarney they are caught under these circumstances by trolling with both natural and artificial minnow. At this period, as every salmon fisher knows, they will rise at his fly with eagerness. I have myself found, in at least a dozen instances, the larva of insects, remains of earth-worms, grasshoppers and various kinds of flies, in the stomachs of salmon caught soon after quitting the sea. But, after a month or six weeks' residence in the rivers, when the sexual propensities and organs begin to receive their development, the fish cease to eat, and then appear to be able to live for several weeks without any food whatever.

Even before this time, and when they first run up the rivers, salmon are capable of bearing a long fast without injury. At Dayrée's bridge on the Jacques Cartier river, nine leagues above Quebec, there is a tank, or reservoir, fed by a copious spring gushing out of the bank of the picturesque dell, through which that fine stream runs. In this receptacle the fish which are not injured in being caught, are sometimes kept three weeks or a month, until a sufficient number are collected to be sent to the Quebec market. Under these circumstances, they continue in good health, and do not appear to lose flesh.

There is a ford on the river Esk, about a mile to the eastward of the town of Donegal in the north of Ireland, which in my young days was a favourite resort of salmon in the breeding season. The lower part of this ford, just above the commencement of a small rapid, was generally the chosen spot. Here the bottom consisted of loose gravel, the stream flowed gently, and, in ordinary states of the river, the water was about twelve or

fourteen inches deep. Concealed in a thicket at the root of some willows on the bank, I have at this place, on more than twenty occasions, witnessed for hours the interesting manœuvres of the fish.

With admirable instinct these creatures never select a stream that is likely to dry up. It is essential, I believe, that the bed or nest of the ova should be at the bottom of running water of moderate depth, — not in too strong a current, which, during floods, would be likely to carry off and destroy the deposite; — nor in a stagnant part of the river, where a mud sediment and the want of water sufficiently aërated might choke the embryo brood.

When the place is chosen, both fish set to work to scoop out a proper hollow for the spawn. On every occasion I observed that the female commenced the operation, as she had in all probability selected the site of the bed. She is easily distinguished from the male by her large and matronly size, as he is conspicuous by the curious hooked appendage projecting upwards from the centre of the lower jaw. The female then, in curious analogy with the hen-bird, begins to make her nest, by digging into the gravel with her belly and tail, sometimes poking a refractory pebble out of the way with her nose. The male fish all the time keeps watch in the immediate neighbourhood of his wife; and although nature has denied him the power of serenading her with a song, after the fashion of the cock-bird, our gallant salmon does not the less tenderly guard the privacy of his spouse, but swims round her in a protecting circle, to prevent interlopers from disturbing her in her interesting employment. When the lady-fish has worked long enough, which may be from a quarter to half an hour, she rests for a little, and the attentive husband takes her place immediately and commences digging.—She then circles round and watches over him in her turn. Indeed, there is much moral interest excited by these proceedings; and I may venture to add,

that the reciprocal punctuality and affection with which this labour of parental providence is carried on by the silent pair, are worthy of all imitation by more exalted husbands and wives.

Soon after the bed for the ova is finished, which is a trench five or six feet long, and about a foot and a half in breadth and depth, both fish remain for a short time in close dalliance immediately above it. The roe is then deposited by the female, and the fecundating milt shed over the eggs by the male. They then simultaneously commence pushing the gravel they had previously raised over the precious deposit; and generally continue thus occupied during the remainder of the day, filling up interstices and completing the work at their leisure. I believe they then retire, appearing to have done all that parental duty requires; and although I have watched carefully several times at the same spot, I have never seen either fish in the neighbourhood the day after the spawning.

European salmon generally spawn in October or November, and the ova remain in their bed of gravel about 140 days. The increasing heat of March and April then vivifies the brood, and the young tadpole fish work their way by degrees out of the nest, with the filmy envelope of the egg, like an umbilical cord, still adhering to the belly. They grow with great rapidity, eat with voracity, and will jump at a dragon-fly as big as one of themselves. In the latter end of April and the beginning of May, they gradually drop down the rivers, keeping in the shallow water near the edge, both to pick up their food and to avoid the attacks of pikes or other ravenous fish. By the end of the first week in June, they are all clear of the fresh water, under ordinary circumstances.

These little fishes are extremely delicate, and will not bear rough handling. They are incessantly rising at an angler's flies, and I have caught some thousands of them and thrown them in again. If the hook has only a slight hold of the mouth, and is

taken out with care and gentleness, they will swim away briskly, quite uninjured; but if the barb goes deep, or any roughness is used, they are destroyed. An accidental fall on the ground from the height of a foot or two, kills them immediately. Various attempts have been made to transport them to fishponds from their native streams, but, I believe, with uniform want of success. I have several times made the experiment of removing smelts, as the fry are called, in a bucket of water, to a fish-pond adjoining the river, but fed from a different source.—None of them lived two hours.

Under these circumstances, it is probable that the most of the stories we have been told of these delicate fry having been caught and marked, and afterwards discovered in the course of the same summer, grilses, or young salmon, four or five pounds weight, are fictions; though there can be little doubt of their growth in the sea being extremely rapid. In all probability the fry which enter the salt water in the beginning of June, return in September, or even earlier, small salmon. Shaw, in his Zoology, states that M. de la Lande fastened small rings of copper to the tails of different individuals, and found that they returned during three successive seasons. I have never been able to ascertain this fact from my own experience, though I have caught some dozens of fry, marked and liberated them, but in no instance had the good fortune to meet with any of my little captives afterwards.

The condition of the parent fish, after spawning, is very deplorable. They become so weak and thin that they can scarcely stem the current of the river, and then usually seek the repose of some deep hole where they may remain quiet, and to a certain extent recover their strength. But they continue languid and torpid during the winter, in a condition little better than that of the hybernating animals. From the great emaciation of the body, the head appears disproportionately large, and looks as if

it belonged to another fish. The flesh is white, or of dirty yellow; tasteless and unhealthy. When hooked by the angler under these circumstances, they are quite passive and helpless, and suffer themselves to be dragged almost unresistingly to the shore. In early spring they fall down the rivers, and, like other valetudinarians, repair to the sea for the recovery of their health.

From the peculiar structure of their single heart, the circulation of the blood in most fishes is weak and venous, and without the arterial vigour of terrestrial animals. Under certain circumstances, salmon will permit their body to be felt all over with the hand, and even appear to derive some gratification from gentle friction. I have repeatedly endeavoured to ascertain if there was any beating of the heart or pulse in any part of the body, but never could discover the least pulsation anywhere. Authorities state, notwithstanding, that the heart of a large carp beats thirty-six times in a minute. The salmon, being a larger fish, has probably a slower circulation, if we may judge from analogy with respect to the mammalia. Man's heart contracts seventy-two times in a minute—a horse's thirty-six, and an elephant's (as I have myself ascertained) only twenty-four times. The respiration of fishes is, I believe, quicker than is generally supposed. From a mean of many observations made on seven salmon of different sizes, in a reservoir fed by a copious stream, I found that they breathe fifty-four times in a minute. Man's respiration is twenty.

There is a peculiarity in the instincts of salmon worthy of notice, viz.; their almost invariable habit of returning from unknown distances and depths of ocean to the streams where they were bred. They may be forced by stress of weather, or the pursuit of some of their natural enemies, into the mouth of a strange river—like a ship driven by a storm into a hostile port—but the vast majority find their way back to their native waters.

In the north of Ireland, and I believe all round the coast, the fishermen will immediately point out a stray fish. For, although the *Salmo Salar* is the same as to generic characteristics in every part of the British Islands, still there are minute variations of shape and colour between the fish of different rivers, only recognisable by the keen eye of an experienced fisherman.

Some recent experiments on one of the Duke of Sutherland's Scotch estates, if the accounts in the newspapers are correct, would appear to confirm the general belief as to this local instinct.

It is stated, that in two branches of the Tay, no salmon had ever been found, although these streams appeared sufficiently favourable for their habits and propagation. In 1835, the Duke's agent placed a pair of breeding fish in each stream. The rivers were carefully watched and preserved—they bred; and, true to their instinct, the young fish in 1836 ascended those waters where a salmon had never been seen before.

Like travellers on bad roads, these fish undergo great fatigues, and often suffer serious injuries in forcing their way up a powerful and rapid stream. They are driven by the current against sharp and unseen rocks, and bruised and wounded more than would be considered probable. The snout, with which they feel their way when the water is muddy, is, under these circumstances, always excoriated, and generally rubbed white. The fins too, particularly the pectoral fins, and even the tail, are often found split; the fine, but strong membrane that binds the rays, having been torn by the violent efforts their toilsome journey renders necessary. We had opportunities of seeing this every summer at Dayrée's bridge on the Jacques Cartier river, where almost every salmon in the reservoir was thus wounded or disabled. Indeed the poor fish have extraordinary difficulties to encounter in that beautiful but most rapid stream.

I may here observe, that, although the distinguished epicures of ancient Rome explored every known region for dainties to

furnish their luxurious boards, our noble fish never graced their banquets. Apicius might load his table with wild boar, the brains of swans and peacocks, and the tongues of larks and nightingales; or even introduce mullet, turbot, or Colchester oysters as a third course—but one exquisite dish was wanting—he had no salmon.

Mutability is the characteristic of every thing human; and often, even the transition from the most distant extremes of luxury and penury is observable in nations, as in individuals. In the same country where the proud lords of the world were wont to give suppers to tributary kings, in saloons dedicated to Jupiter or Venus, at an expense of 30 or 40,000*l.* the Patrician now dines on a modicum of macaroni, value a few pence; whilst the descendants of the painted British barbarians, so despised by the haughty Romans, give, at the present day, the most sumptuous entertainments in Rome; and some years ago were wont to feed even their domestic servants, in their own country, with a dainty fish of far superior flavour to any that ever appeared on the table of Lucullus or Augustus.

It is a fact, that about a hundred years ago, such was the abundance of salmon in the Severn, the Humber, the Tyne, and several other English and Welsh rivers, domestic servants stipulated with their masters, when hiring, that they should not be fed on this food more than twice a week. In Scotland and Ireland the same agreement continued to be made to a much later period, even in the memory of some old persons now living on the banks of the Tweed, but with reference chiefly to the salted fish. In those days they were unacquainted with the mode of preserving the fish in ice, or even pickling them; and they had no steamboats to convey them in a few hours to London.

It has been doubted whether the *Salmo Salar* of Europe, and the salmon of the North American rivers, are identical. As far

as I am capable of judging, they appear the same fish. The shape, colour, habits, conformation of the branchiæ, number and position of the fins and of their rays, form of the tail, and number of the vertebræ (61) are, I believe, generically the same. The flavour, too, of the American fish, caught unfatigued and fresh from the sea, under equal advantages of cookery and appetite, is not inferior to that of his European brother.

About the middle of May the salmon begin to run up the St. Lawrence, but not in any considerable numbers, till the middle of June. They coast along on both sides, on the look out for their respective rivers, I presume; but ascend along the northern shore for the greater part, where the tributary streams are clearer and more rapid, and pour in cooler water than those in the south. They advance, I believe, with each tide, gradually feeling their way, and running up the small rivers as floods or other favourable circumstances invite them. Great numbers are caught in the stake nets, or in wooden traps, with which both shores are now thickly studded. The smaller branches of the St. Lawrence absorb a large proportion. Many thousands, no doubt, ascend the Ottawa, to breed amidst its remote streams unmolested by man. Still, a large body push up the main river, all the way to Lake Ontario. Arrived there, they move towards the head of the lake, keeping close to both shores, but preferring still the northern or Canadian side, in all probability for the reason mentioned before. They are very rarely found at Kingston, but are often speared along the shores of the Bay of Quinté, and at the mouth of the rapid river Trent. They are caught in considerable numbers every year about Toronto, and in the streams that run into the north-western extremity of Lake Ontario, still in tolerable condition, notwithstanding the distance from the sea and the difficulties of the journey. The flesh is a little softer than that of our Quebec fish — the colour a fainter pink, and the flavour not quite so rich; but enough of its good

qualities remains to make it far superior to any of the Ontario fish.

There is a large trout, or pseudo-salmon, in this magnificent lake, which is sometimes confounded, by inexperienced persons, with the *Salmo Salar*. It certainly resembles our favourite fish a little in shape and colour; but the head is coarse and clumsy, and the number of the vertebræ and figure of the tail are different. There is also a generic difference in the fins, and the flesh is destitute of the rich red colour and genuine salmon flavour. I have never heard of this fish having been caught out of the lake, and am of opinion it does not visit the sea. It is probably identical with the *Salmo Eriox*, or Bull-Trout, found in Loch Aw, in Argyleshire, and three or four other lakes in Scotland.

The abyss at Niagara is the *ne plus ultra* of most of the Ontario fish; and innumerable sturgeon, bass, pickerel, pike, eels, white fish (a splendid corregonus), cat-fish, chubb, and mustheenongee, collect there every summer. Salmon, however, are not amongst the number, and, except a stray fish, very rarely now ever go up the Niagara River.

Some naturalists have assigned fanciful reasons for this. It has been gravely asserted, that a tradition respecting the insuperable barrier of the Falls has been transmitted from one generation of salmon to another — they, therefore, think it useless to ascend, or, what is equally improbable, the noise of the cataract, fifteen miles distant, frightens them away.

The fact of the non-appearance of salmon in the Niagara River, appears to be easily explained. That river is deep through its whole course, having no small branches, shallows, or shelving shores, adapted to the wants of the breeding fish. As salmon frequent only streams where they can prepare proper beds for the spawn, and this is impossible in the Niagara River, we do not find them there.

Individual fish do, however, occasionally make their way to

the Falls. On one visit there, in 1833, I saw a salmon leap out of the water, in crossing at the ferry, and so near the boat, that I could scarcely be mistaken as to the fish. The fishermen, who sweep the fine beach on the Canadian side, at the mouth of the Niagara, with their nets, told me that they never take any salmon.

It is remarkable that salmon will not rise at a fly, either natural or artificial, in salt water; nor is there any instance known, I believe, of their being caught there with any other bait. Swimming about in the brackish water of the estuaries of rivers, they will not touch the same fly at which they may rise greedily, perhaps, the next day, when they push up the fresh stream. The St. Lawrence fish will not take a fly in the tide-water of their own river, nor even in Lake Ontario.

Salmon, like many other animals, are subject to the attacks of parasitical enemies, which cling to their skin or infest their intestines. I have repeatedly caught fish fresh from the sea with the *Monoculus piscinus* adhering to their skin. This insect drops off after a day or two's residence in the fresh water; but they often pick up another still more troublesome companion in the rivers — the *Lernæa Salmoneo*, which clings to the gill, covers, and often materially obstructs the breathing of the fish. They are freed from this annoyance as soon as they return to the sea. Tape worms are very often found in the stomach and intestines.

This fine fish is amongst the most cherished objects of the angler's pursuit; and successful salmon-fishing with the rod and line will, probably, always rank amongst the most exciting, absorbing, and delightful sports that mortals are permitted to enjoy.

A zealous angler may be allowed to eulogise his art even before a Literary Society, for his amusement is one of the handmaids of science, and has already contributed not a little to increase the knowledge stored up in the department of Natural

History. Besides, the nature of his sport is essentially quiet, contemplative, and favourable to thought and reflection. "Because," as an old English writer expresses himself, "hawking and hunting are very laborious: much riding and many dangers accompany them: but this is still and quiet: and if so be that the angler catch no fish, yet hath he a wholesome walk to the brook-side, and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams. He hath good aire and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow-flowers: he heareth the melodious harmony of birds — he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, cootes, and many other fowle with their brood; which he thinks better than the noise of hounds or blast of hornes, and all the sport that they can make." *

A salmon when first hooked by the angler makes the most desperate efforts to escape. It darts away with prodigious velocity, spinning the reel merrily, and running out fifty, sixty, or even a hundred yards of line. It then leaps madly and repeatedly out of the water, shaking its head with great violence to get rid of the barbed torment within its jaws. Failing in this, it tries opposite tactics: descends to the bottom of the river, and there attempts to accomplish the same object by rubbing out the hook against the rocks. Next follows another course of some half-dozen or dozen leaps out of the water, requiring great care and tact on the part of the fisher to keep the line taut during these convulsive struggles. It is at this time that unskilful anglers generally lose their fish. If the salmon is unsuccessful in all these attempts to liberate himself, he very often, as a last effort, makes a rush down the stream. — Luckily for the fisher, but unfortunately for the poor fish, it is destitute of the instinct of the pike, which prompts that voracious creature to bite through the slender line to which he is a prisoner. The capture of a large and active fish weighing thirty pounds, has sometimes employed me more than two hours.

* Anatomy of Melancholy.

Trout are classed by Ichthyologists among the salmon family, and denominated the *Salmo Fario;* of which there are perhaps a thousand varieties. A large proportion of these are found in Lower Canada; but the Canadian trout is much inferior in firmness and flavour to the same fish in Europe. Besides, it is often brought into market in very indifferent condition, and before it has had time to recover from the debilitating effects of the long winter; for when the ice disappears, all the fresh-water fish here are in a state of great leanness and weakness from want of food. Trout in this country are in the best order about the end of July, when they have had time to fatten on the numerous insects with which the waters abound in the summer, and before the season of pairing injures the flavour of their flesh. The Canadian trout are far less particular as to their food than their brethren in the old world. They are moreover sluggish in their movements, make slight resistance when hooked by the angler, and afford but little amusement.

But there is an exception to this. A large, lively, and beautiful salmon trout, called by Griffiths in his "Animal Kingdom" the *Salmo Canadensis*, is to be found in the lower branches of the St. Lawrence, on the north shore. This is unquestionably the most splendid trout I have ever seen, and is besides a fish of firm, pink flesh, and the finest flavour. It is voracious, strong, and active, leaping out of the water like a salmon, and affording the fisher excellent sport. The dolphin's vaunted skin (and I have seen and caught many) is far inferior to the superb colours of this fine trout; and the clustering and brilliant spots of red, yellow, blue, and gold on its rich coat, almost defy the pencil to represent them adequately. In the Malbay river, ninety miles below Quebec, I have frequently caught from two to three dozen of these literally glorious trout in a forenoon — many four and five pounds weight, but averaging about three. Last year I caught one enormous individual of the same kind,

in the Jacques Cartier river, weighing seventeen pounds; but this fish was not in good condition, and had lost much of his beauty.

The *Salmo Salmulus*, or Parr, is to be met with in some of the streams in this Province. I found a few last summer in the Jacques Cartier. This pretty little fish is often confounded with the salmon fry; but it is now ascertained to be a distinct species, never growing to more than six or eight inches in length.

The number of men and amount of capital employed in the salmon fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland are now so great, that they have become collectively an object of national importance only second to the Cod Fishery. The right of fishing certain rivers is leased for large sums. The fishery on the Erne at Ballyshannon, lets from 2500*l.* to 3000*l.* a-year, with a profit to the lessee of from 1400*l.* to 1600*l.* Coleraine, I believe, is of nearly equal value. Many of the Scotch rivers also yield large rents; but the fisheries of the Tweed far exceed in value any other British or Irish river, having been let a few years ago for 15,700*l.* per annum. The produce of the salmon sent to London, was at the same time, estimated at 54,000 pounds, but the necessary expenses are very great. Seventy boats and 300 fishermen are employed during the season at Berwick, on the English side of the river alone.

The consumption of salmon in London and the other large towns of the British Islands, as well as in the houses of the higher and wealthier classes in the country, has become of late years enormous, and the vast sums expended on this dear and luxurious article could only be afforded by the immense wealth of England. To answer this great demand, new means of destruction were devised. Nets were made of such dimensions as to embrace the whole circle of the mouth of a salmon river, and the capture of the fish was highly stimulated everywhere, and under-

taken in every way. 100,000 salmon per week for several weeks in the summer, used to be exported from the eastern ports of Scotland alone — the greater part of which were sent to London.

But this over-stimulation of the fishery had the natural effect. The fish that laid such golden eggs ran the greatest risk of being herself destroyed by the pernicious cupidity their great price excited; for the very existence of the race of salmon became seriously endangered in some of the most productive rivers. Some years ago, great and general complaints were made by the river proprietors in Great Britain and Ireland, of an alarming diminution in the number of the fish; numerous petitions were presented to the legislature; and in consequence a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the matter. It sat three months — examined many witnesses, collected information from various quarters, and made an elaborate report. The purport was, that the complaints respecting the great falling off in the productiveness of the salmon fisheries were well founded —that from the inefficacy of the laws against poaching the rivers, and its vast increase—the more general employment of large nets at the mouths of salmon rivers, and the more numerous impediments of water machinery in their course, the fisheries were threatened with total destruction. They therefore recommended some more cogent legislative measures to prevent the approaching extinction of salmon in Great Britain.

A bill founded on this report was brought into parliament, and an act passed in 1828. By this statute any fishing for salmon with nets, rods, or any other implements, between the 14th September and the 1st February, was made a misdemeanour, punishable by a fine of from one to ten pounds, with forfeiture of fishing gear. Other protective provisions were also introduced, with additional penalties against poaching. It is stated on good authority, that this act had a very beneficial effect on the

fisheries; though many well-informed persons think an additional month's "close time," as it is called, should have been enforced, and that no salmon fishing of any kind should be permitted until the 1st of March. Sir Humphry Davy, a high authority on the subject, was of opinion that it should be forbidden until the 1st of May.

Some legislative protection for salmon, appears to be much required in the Canadas; for although the number that run up its chief river is still great, there can be no doubt that it is sensibly diminishing. There are many causes operating to produce this effect. The salmon are killed at all times, in or out of season; and even the parent-fish, pregnant with some tens of thousands of ova, and absolutely half-poisonous as food, are wantonly destroyed. The very fulness of roe, and consequent large size of the fish, proving the flesh to be unwholesome, tends sometimes to raise their price in the market. Many of the salmon that are offered for sale in August, and I believe, all that are caught in the latter end of that month, and in September, are foul fish, unfit to be eaten.

The progressive settlement of the interior of the country is prejudicial to the salmon race in various ways. The stake nets and weirs or salmon traps, with which every promontory of both shores of the St. Lawrence is now armed, are more numerous and better arranged than formerly. As the population increases on the banks of the breeding streams in both provinces, mills and dams are erected, and new impediments placed in the way of the fish; whilst the Canadian fishermen, and the Indians, their aboriginal enemies, become more skilful and successful every year. All this *improvement* is calculated to thin their numbers; and the increasing trade of the river, "furrowing its waters with a thousand keels"—or churning the stream beneath the paddles of the numerous steam-boats, doubtless disturbs or frightens many of them away.

I assume then, as a matter of notoriety, that a serious diminution in the numbers of the St. Lawrence salmon has lately taken place; but for want of sufficient data, it is not easy to estimate its extent with any accuracy. My own impression is, judging from an angling experience of ten years in several of its branches, and from statements I have heard from intelligent persons, that there has been a falling off at least of a fourth —within the time mentioned. It is true that any legal prohibition of catching salmon within certain stated periods might be often eluded in this country, where a similar law with regard to bringing partridges into market during the breeding season is never, I believe, enforced. Still it appears to be the interest of all classes that some legislative protection should be given to the salmon, and rigidly carried into operation. For instance, a prohibition of catching or selling the fish after the 20th August (we will say) each year, when they go out of season. A law to this effect, carefully enforced, would, to a certain extent, prevent unhealthy food from being imposed on the public, and tend to keep up an adequate supply of breeding fish. Indeed, if matters go on as at present, salmon, which are even now sold at a high rate in the Quebec market, will, in all probability, before many years pass, become so scarce and dear as to be quite beyond the reach of the community. With increasing means of destruction directed against them on the one hand, and no legal protection when breeding on the other, they will soon be banished from the St. Lawrence, as they have been already from the Hudson, the Avon, the Severn, the Trent, and the Thames.

III.

Fishing in New Brunswick, &c. By Colonel Sir J. E. Alexander, F.R.G.S. and R.A.S., 14th Regiment.

The bright and sparkling forest streams of New Brunswick now dashing noisily among rocks, then gliding swiftly between deep banks or collected in lake-like pools overshadowed by great "monarchs of the woods," afford a most agreeable change to a fisherman from Britain, experienced only in overfished streams, and sometimes finding it difficult to cast his line across unpreserved waters in the course of summer wanderings.

We recall with intense delight our sensations whilst exploring and surveying for government undescribed solitudes and rivers of New Brunswick, "till now ungraced in story," and listening to the rushing sound of the wind in the tops of the tall pines, whilst they gave out their fragrant odours, the ground the while springy with moss and leaves, and wild flowers of beautiful hues decking the open glades. The limbs "hard as wires," from constant exercise, and the feet uncramped in the brown soleless moccasin, our upper man in "wide awake" and red flannel shirt, axe in hand, and compass in belt, fatigue was not thought of till after hours of toil, and till it was time to cut poles and strip bark for the evening camp, to boil the kettle and excite the appetite by the process of frying on the cheerful blaze of the log fire. Then, with the head pillowed on a haversack, containing a change of raiment, the blanket laid on twigs of the silver fir, and feet to the fire, delicious repose would prepare one for the duties of the fol-

lowing day, when a spring from the forest couch at four in the morning, and the rouse of all hands, would show that "work in earnest" had been undertaken.

With a canoe, fish spears, and rods, we obtained for a short time our food from the clear waters of the Mirimachi, and though on one occasion we ate salmon there for three weeks daily, it was so good, so firm, so *curdy*, that we liked it as well at the end of that time as the first day. We have cause to remember that central river region, too, from having been lost for three days in the woods about Mount Alexander *, and reduced to the last extremity through the ignorance of a pretended guide, till the *Salmonia* of the "Glad River" set us up again.

In the opinion of Mr. Perley, an experienced fisherman and emigrant agent I encountered in New Brunswick, the best river for salmon fishing there is the Nipissiquit, to which many fishermen resort every year, some from New York. Sir Edmund Head, formerly the Lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, and now Governor-general of British North America, an ardent fly-fisher, was there, and very successful, and four officers encamped at the grand falls of the Nipissiquit for a month, 15th of July to 15th of August, took 180 salmon and grilses; the largest was twenty-one pounds.

There is a river on the Gaspé side of the Bay of Chaleur, called the Cascapediac, in which there are salmon of the largest size, even up to 54 lbs. weight; the Indians sometimes use a harpoon for those of forty pounds and upwards; the ordinary pronged fish-spear is not sufficient to hold them.

Colonel Blois and Captain Campbell, of the 52nd Light Infantry ascended the Cascapediac for forty miles in a favourable season, and had rare sport. The Colonel, an accomplished sportsman with gun and rod, took a salmon with rod and line of $36\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

* See L'Acadie, vol. ii.

If the river is too low, it cannot be ascended to the fishing ground, and this sometimes happens.

Sir Edmund Head, fished also in the Ristigouche, which divides New Brunswick from Canada, of which magnificent river there are two branches, the Metapediac from the north, and the Upsalquitch from the south, which abound with salmon, Mr. Perley stated that no sportsman had visited them; but he thinks they would well repay a visit.

The Mirimachi should be better protected, and not poached, as we observed it was. One morning we saw two fishermen who had got thirty-seven salmon with the spear the night before, "by burning the water," that is with a torch at the end of a canoe at the tail of a rapid. The Indian fish-spear is a very ingenious implement, a prong at the end of the pole transfixes the fish, whilst two semicircles of wood on each side of the prong embrace the flanks of the salmon, and enable the fisherman to raise it from the bottom of the stream.

An excursion to the Bay of Chaleur in a yacht is recommended, as besides fishing, as the season advanced, the wild fowl shooting would expend a large quantity of ammunition.

Here let us say a word about the black fly and mosquito. We suffered terribly before we learnt the trick to repel their assaults in the American woods in summer; we tried oil and camphor, but that was only partially successful; we saw grease and tar used by rough settlers, and one can easily imagine the figure cut by those who used this agreeable mixture. Oil and some drops of creosote "banished all the varmint," and we should not be too fastidious about smells if we want to enjoy immunity from the poisonous bites of the torments of the woods.

It always seemed to me that there was wonderful short-sightedness or remissness in many quarters, as to the preservation of fish, particularly of the best of all, the salmon. The streams flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence once teemed with the delicious

"salmo salar," now, alas! diminishing yearly, and why? Because we saw mill dams crossing the rivers, and without fish-ways or openings, whilst nets set across the stream entirely stopped the fish proceeding to the spawning beds; and then the spear and the torch completed the work of destruction, and at a time too when the fish were quite unfit for food.

The pine of New Brunswick was a mine of wealth for some years; and now the great coal field of the eastern portions of this fine province, and the fishing of the coast and of the rivers, duly preserved and judiciously worked, will, with the assistance of railroads for ready transport of fresh or ice-packed fish, yield great profit to enterprising colonists. Mr. Perley's reports may be consulted with advantage on the herring, cod, mackerel, whale, seal, and shell-fish of the province.

Some of the settlers who live by fishing in New Brunswick have only one large room in their houses, the man and wife sleep at night in a bed in a corner, whilst the children, huddled up like mice, "camp" round the stove in the centre as they best may. We have slept on the floor and in the barn of settlers' houses, and found the latter very agreeable, particularly if there was a loft with clean straw.

With regard to preserving salmon after being caught, perhaps, if they were treated by the settlers as the Dutch and Scotch do their herrings, it might be advantageous; that is, immediately the fish are caught, they are bled, by cutting off the head, to preserve the flavour, gutted, cleaned, salted, and barrelled without delay. Like carting off the spawning beds in some home rivers for gravel walks, so was the shameful destruction of herring spawn cast up by the sea on the beach of New Brunswick; it was carted off sometimes to manure the land.

The best mode to protect rivers from being poached either at home or in the colonies, is by having active men appointed by government at moderate salaries, £50 or £100, whose duty it

should be to inform themselves of all infringements of the law, and prosecute offenders.

The writer has seen salmon speared both in Scotland and in America, and besides its being a cruel mode of taking the fish, it seems to frighten the salmon generally, and can be most successfully practised when it does the most harm; that is, when the fish are near the surface on the spawning beds. The Scotch leister, unlike the Indian fish-spear, has several prongs and barbs of iron at the end of its pole.

The consequences of salmon spearing by Indians have thus been described: —

The practice of capturing salmon by torchlight and spears is justly held to be most pernicious. Employed, as it almost invariably is, at a time when the waters of each river are lowest and clearest, while the salmon are baulked at the base of steep falls, awaiting the next freshet, and congregate during sultry nights near the mouths of cool little rivulets emptying into the main stream, or loiter about the tails of pools, spear fishing involves excessive slaughter. Sometimes in the course of *one night*, as many salmon will be thus killed and maimed as an ordinary net-fishery along the coast or in the estuaries can capture throughout the regular fishing season. Practised during autumn and periods of reproduction, as is still more frequently the case, it becomes indescribably bad, — it is the crowning act of extirpation. The luckless fish are then killed at a stage which makes the bare feature of destroyal in the highest degree deplorable. They have won their devious way from the piscine pastures of old ocean, through labyrinths of nets, and a multitude of watery perils. Urged onwards by strong instincts, they have surmounted incredible difficulties and achieved marvels of adventurous travel. They are now arrived at nature's free hospital of piscary lying-in. The water-way by which they came is in many parts impassably shoal, and no more heavy breeders can reach the same high

grounds or supply their places for that year at least. And after all, lean from exertion and thin food, dark and slimy from the physical drain and unhealthy action incident to the procreative state, perhaps sluggish and heavy with thousands of ova, or busied in the exhaustive labour and anxious cares of depositing their prolific burden, they are ruthlessly slain by the spear. With every dead or wounded fish, there perish in embryo from ten to thirty, forty, fifty, even as high as sixty thousand. Spawners and melters both suffer. Is it possible to exaggerate the ruinous consequences of such improvidence?

There are also other features in this practice contributing to the waste and injustice it entails. The salmon so taken by spear are, comparatively speaking, worthless as a marketable commodity. But being easily taken, the captors willingly dispose of them at miserable prices, and in barter for the cheapest kinds of goods, for rusty pork and moulded biscuits. The wrong to the public of suffering the richest and finest fish in American waters — the precious capital of our rivers — to be thus traded in when almost valueless, and under circumstances that admit only of unscrupulous fishermen and dishonest traders deriving some mean benefits thereby, is obvious. These dealers adroitly scarify the ugly portions, disguise their ill-conditioned bargain by dry salting or hot pickle, and concealing the unwholesome fish at the bottom of the tubs, or dispersing them amongst other sound pieces, thus palm them off upon the public. Costing little at prime, the sale is a ready one below average market price. If consumers were but once to see a few specimens of unseasonable salmon struck by the spear, they would remember the loathsome sight, and rather than venture the chances of again eating such deleterious food, would eschew salmon altogether.

If the river fisheries become exhausted through this custom, the whole public suffers; because these streams are the nurseries which breed supplies and furnish wealth to the long shore and

estuary fishings. Besides, to tolerate, it must always expose Crown lessees to the risk of having their limits suddenly deteriorated by the bold encroachments of spearers. To punish them, even, cannot restore the damage. Years indeed must elapse ere the pirated rivers can recover from the effects of successive or casual devastations. And while there remains a loop-hole for escape as between the Indians and abetting traders, active temptations on either side will drive them to calculate their mutual chances of evading the law.

The qualified exemption of Indians under the fishery regulations arose, I feel assured, from motives humane and considerate. These considerations doubtless were influenced by arguments in support of such exception drawn from the apparent necessities of Indian life. Experience dissipates this cause of sympathy. It proves that the Montaignais, Micmac, Naskapis, and Metifs seldom spear salmon in any considerable quantities for present subsistence; and to smoke, or dry, or pickle them for winter use, never. They go to the salting vats of the nearest trader, — pork, tea, sugar, tobacco, bread, and sometimes spirits, principally returning to the wigwam in exchange, — that is, the Indians whilst near the St. Lawrence, &c. whether from the interior, or residing by turns near the sea-board. It is quite a mistaken notion that they kill and cure salmon for provisioning the inland hunt.

The experienced missionary, Père Arnaud, in his evidence to the Indian Commissioners, says: — "These Indians care for nothing but hunting and fishing." Indeed, I think that, as regards several of them, the native love of excitement in the chase has somewhat to do with their pertinacious pursuit of salmon by spears and flambeaux. It is a passion among some of the bands; and, I must admit, the habit has peculiar fascinations, and to many it is strangely exciting. Nothing can exceed the wild excitement with which these men pursue it. The sombre night scene of the forest river seems to delight them. The elder man

occupies the stern of the canoe, while the younger takes "the post of honour" forward. The murmur of water-falls and rapids drowns their exclamatory *ughs*, and the frequent splash that would else disturb the pervading stillness. With steady, stealthy speed the birchen boat enters the rapid, and cutting through its white waters, glides smoothly over the fall and into the "tail" of the pool above, or across the quiet "reach." The blazing torch, stuck in a cleft stake, and leaning over the bow of the canoe, glares with dazzling brightness. The flame and shadow, swayed by ripples, conceal the spearers' forms, and bewilder the doomed salmon. Like moths, they sidle towards the fatal light. Their silvery sides and amber-coloured eye-balls glisten through the rippling water. The dilated eyes, the expanding nostrils, and compressed lips of the swarthy canoe men, fitly picture their eager and excited mood. A quick, deadly aim, a sudden violent swirl, and some momentary convulsive struggles tell the rest. The aquatic captive, with blood and spawn, and slime and entrails, besmear the inside of the canoe. During a single night, from fifty to two hundred salmon may be thus slaughtered, and half as many more lacerated in their efforts to escape; the pools, at such seasons, being too shallow to afford certain safety in retreat. The bed of coarse boughs, the chill and hungry awakening at sunrise, the mixture of peril and fagging which form the return down a swift stream, broken by falls and rocks and rapids, with here and there a tedious portage, over which several hundred pounds of fish and bruised and blistered canoes must be transported,—all these exertions appear but natural to Indians, and not worthy of comparison as against the fruit of so much toil, converted at last into six, eight, or ten dollars' worth of provisions and store-goods, or perhaps, but rarely, a demi-john of home-made rum. The speared salmon are sold to traders at their own price, as the deterioriating mode of capture so much depreciates the fish. The illegality of the purchase or exchange, also, often is pleaded as a

risk for which a further proportional deduction in the value of barter must be made.

That the Indians must suffer starvation by being deprived of the "native liberty" to ruin our salmon fisheries, is a very flimsy apology on the part of those who still desire to perpetuate so flagrant an abuse. With the exception of some families of Naskapis who have imprudently left their upland hunting grounds, and wandered towards the rocky coast, where sickness debilitates and cuts off whole encampments, the Lower St. Lawrence Indians do not endure similar privations to the tribes in Western Canada. This comparative immunity is certainly due in a great measure to the paternal solicitude exercised by the exemplary missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church. Almost total abstinence from "fire-water," is not the least of a beneficent improvement resulting from their self-denying missions. Were there not another salmon to be caught between Quebec and Labrador, the extinction could not occasion to Indians one tithe of the misery depicted by persons whose interest or prejudice it is to excite a sympathetic feeling favourable to the continuance of facilities for spearing. These are no mere vague assertions—'tis a deduction from practical observations and inquiry. The Indians themselves know this; and it makes them all the more reckless and disregardful of the future in their ravages. Trout are plentiful all along the coast, and the inner lakes swarm with them. Every bay and bank teams with cod-fish. The rod and line and bait will catch both in hundreds. Hooks and lines are as cheap as spearing implements. Seals are plenty everywhere. The product of one seal will buy the fishing gear of a family for one entire year. But it is argued, they need pork and flour, tea and sugar, guns and ammunition, which can be bought with salmon carcases. Yes, and all of these articles can be better had in exchange for trout, cod, seals, oil, skins, and furs. Birch canoes, baskets, and other manufactures find rapid sale. Canoes bring from eight to twenty-four dollars

in cash. Necessity, therefore, is simply an excuse, equally deceptive and unfounded. It is the habitual indolence of most of these Indians which lies at the root of the matter. It ties them down to frequented spots where inducements held out by cunning traders (whether on land or afloat) are irresistible.

Is there, then, sufficient reason why their inveterate habits should be humoured at the cost of extirpating the supply of salmon?

In that noble stream the Restigouche, great quantities of salmon used to be barrelled and exported, till poaching with net and spear on the spawning beds in the upper river began to prevail, so wantonly destructive are both whites and Indians if not watched. One mode of taking the salmon here, was by "drifting;" that is, with a net between two canoes allowed to drift down the stream.

In dry seasons it used to be terrible to see the salmon collected in pools, and unable to escape, swimming about maimed and bloody from spears and pitchfork wounds. "Black," or fish out of season, and fish in season were equally unspared by the reckless and lawless poachers.

Lately some rivers in Ireland have been watched and cared for from which the salmon had nearly disappeared, and the increase is wonderful and most encouraging.

We had occasion to be about the Bay of Fundy (remarkable for its rushing tides, sixty feet high), whilst employed in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and we looked with awe and admiration on the mighty Atlantic wave breaking against the southern shores of New Brunswick, and rushing up the bay, and scooping out its bed, and breaking against the primitive rocks which bounded it.

I ate no salmon about the Bay of Fundy, but cod, pollack, hake, and herring are caught in abundance there. Ascending the St. John's River, I ate of its salmon, and of that of its tributaries. Here also it was painful to see fine rivers ruined by a dam

allowed to be built across their mouths. I suggested the salmon stair as adopted by Mr. Smith of Deanston, near Doune, in Scotland, for his dam — large stones placed at intervals on the sloping face of the dam, enabling the fish to ascend and rest on their progress to their spawning beds. Not a salmon was caught above the dam of the Nashwaak when I was in New Brunswick, and where for forty-six miles they used to be in abundance.

I like to record the names of the tributaries of the St. John's; the Oromoocto and its lake, where I botanised with my much esteemed friend, Professor Robb, of Frederickstown; the Washademoac, with its gaspereau and shad fish; the New Canaan River, where, in the course of an exploration of the province, we came upon a community of industrious and religious settlers; the Nerepis, where there was no dam, and thus the salmon got to the spawning grounds, and the result was a large number barrelled at the mouth of this river annually; the Salmon river, which I navigated with an Indian for a considerable distance on a raft of five logs, searching for provisions. I asked a rough settler down stream,—"Have you much fish here now?"

"Do you see that blasted dam there," he said. "A saw mill is there shooting its slabs and saw dust into the stream, choking our fish."

A grand tributary of the St. John's is the Tobique, fertilising a great tract of country, and doubtless intended for thriving settlements, where there are now green and wavy forests. There was, and may still be, an Indian settlement at the mouth of the Tobique; there Melicetes killed much salmon with canoe and spear; the deer, bear, and ruffed grouse also added to their larder. The wolves, which prowled round our camps at the end of summer, supplied warm furs for winter wear and for sleigh robes.

Salmon are caught in the Aroostook, where I saw lumbering extensively carried on by sturdy fellows in "wide-awakes"

and red shirts. Cataracts, four miles from the mouth of the Aroostook, prevent the salmon going higher, and here they meet their death in the pools below the picturesque falls.

We come now to the Grand Falls of the St. John, beyond which salmon cannot pass from the sea. Poling the canoe up stream, the water becomes turbid and foam-covered as the rapids below the falls are approached. A most romantic winding chasm of two miles of rushing waters extends downwards from the white sheet of the falls. From 150 to 200 feet high are the rocky and perpendicular sides of the chasm; deep pools are seen there, and, in looking from the edge of the precipitous rocks, logs sail and tumble round the pools, and salmon are leaping there safe from the approach of men hungering after them.

On the eastern side of this interesting scene the writer secured by purchase 200 acres of fine land, which, still covered with noble trees, may one day be turned to good account. With due protection to the St. John and its tributaries, the king of the finny tribes may never be absent at the proper season from the tables of the inhabitants of the new settlement of Colebrook, on the west side of the Grand Falls.

Touching sport in Prince Edward's Island we will say a word. There is no good salmon fishing in this island with the rod and fly. Salmon are netted in St. Peter's Bay, though not in great quantities; but the trout fishing is very good in Prince Edward's Island all over it, and no better place than the entrance of the harbour of Charlotte town, at Lobster Point, three miles from the town. West River, Bonshaw, New Glasgow, St. Peter's, Dunk River, Bedeque, and many other places are very good, and approachable with wheeled carriages; sleeping and feeding accommodation are also to be had there, — "The lush," elegantly added an islander, "is to be brought from Charlotte Town, and during the summer months many persons visit our island for the

purpose of shooting and trouting; and a more beautiful spot for a summer's residence is not to be found in British North America."

Sea trout fishing commences about the 15th April and lasts till 20th June. River and stream fishing is good for some six weeks after; the Prince Edward trout are very well-flavoured. In the month of August salmon used to be speared at the head of the Morrell.

Plover, snipe, and woodcock are in abundance from 1st August to 1st September, at which time partridge shooting commences. The same islander, in answer to a query, said,—"There are young hares in the fall, and plenty of old chaps in the winter; cod-fish and mackerel in abundance on the coast, lodgings pretty good, and *lush* plenty!"

In Nova Scotia we visited certain lakes and rivers, also hunted the mighty moose deer in company with Micmac Indians, fellows who did not seem to know what fatigue meant. Cape Breton is well worth exploring by the fisherman, with its grand sea lake, the Bras d'Or; and the soldier also should meditate among the ruins of Louisburg, a scene of triumph for the heroic Wolfe, and for a noble band of brave colonists. The route for England carried us from the canoe and moccasin life, from the balsamic odour of the pine woods, and from the notes of the mocking-bird and whip-poor-will, and other denizens of that forest land, where we spent the prime of our days, and which is steadily advancing in prosperity under the Divine blessing.

FISHERIES.

From the Report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Canada, 1860.

THE subject of the Fisheries is of vast importance, and the only regret is it does not attract more attention from our own people. While the wheat fields and the forests are thronged with busy labourers, the great rivers and basins of water, salt and fresh, teeming with fish, which are sought for in every market of the world, are as scenes of labour and business almost neglected by Canadians. The riches of these waters cannot be estimated, and the market which a proper development of them would furnish for the surplus produce of the soil, is too little thought of. Still it is believed that enterprise in connection with them is becoming more active and general.

The cod fishery in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence has been entirely successful.

Notwithstanding a slight depreciation in the trade price of oil, the whale fishery, ventured by vessels chiefly from Gaspé, evinces gradual improvement.

The seal fishery, because of adverse conditions of weather, proved indifferent—although the fall was superior to the spring take.

The mackerel fishery was poor; an unusually large number of craft engaged therein, but the unfavourable season left the majority of them to return with scant fares.

The herring fishery shows no decline.

The catch of porpoises was but small.

There still is reason to observe that portions of the foreign fleet frequenting Canadian waters, disturb fishing grounds inside of the bounds which the treaty of 1854 reserves for British fishermen.

It is a source of much satisfaction to perceive that the equipments for following deep sea fishing sensibly increase, both in the numbers and outfit of vessels and crews. The fact of consumers requiring a direct import from the United States into Canada of near $200,000 worth of marine products annually, should stimulate Canadians to embark much more extensively in the trade.

The practical advantages in course of being realised through the system this year put in operation to protect and regulate the salmon fishery in Lower Canada, become already manifest from an increasing run of salmon into the principal breeding rivers. This fishery during the past season has been fruitful. By vigorous persistence in the policy thus far approved as beneficial, it is reasonable to anticipate continued and increasing progression.

Season licences for salmon fishing stations in the Lower St. Lawrence, to the number of 163, have been issued. The fees derived therefrom amount to $1,077 76. The rents accruing (to 15th March) on fishery leases, awarded by public tender, are $3,661.

With the exception of a few stands upon the Gaspé coast, no stations have been submitted to licence, or privileges offered for sale, along the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, and the Bay of Chaleurs, and up the tributaries — and most of those upon the North Shore were licensed at mere nominal rates.

Necessarily the system at the outset, as regards either shore, from the vast extent of coast and numerous delays attending first operations, crowded into a brief and uncertain season, has been but partial in its application.

An appropriation of $600 was made by the Act 22 Vic. chap. 86, towards the formation of oyster beds in the various bays and waters of the Province, that might be found best adapted for that purpose. In pursuance of such provisions, some 150 bushels were gathered fresh from the native banks at Caraquette and St.

Simon, under very favourable auspices, and have been transplanted upon several suitable places in the Gaspé basin and at the Magdalen Islands. Owing to inclement weather, and the prevalence of heavy gales, it was found impossible to carry out the intention of commencing similar deposits on the North Shore of the river St. Lawrence, at the Bay of Seven Islands, and elsewhere. Along the coast between that bay and the Saguenay, examinations made last summer, *en passant*, discover numerous localities adapted to the furtherance of this experiment. It is hoped the same may be fully accomplished next year, a balance of $226 66 remaining unexpended over the grant per annum. The signal success which has recently rewarded a like enterprise in France, encourages the expectation of profitable results to the country and trade.

In Upper Canada, the fisheries within the division of Lakes Erie and Ontario give promise of improved condition. Those situated around the division embracing Lakes Huron and Superior, exhibit satisfactory evidences of improvement. The men and material employed in their working have been much increased; and under the system of regular development and control applied to them, there is great encouragement afforded to enterprising and industrious fishermen to embark means and labour in the business.

One hundred and seventy-one fishery leases have been issued, the yearly value of rent accruing on which is $5,623. As in Lower Canada, the proportion of fishing grounds covered by the present grants, is small in comparison with the unexplored and open stations available for future disposal.

The moiety of fines levied in both sections of the Province under the Fishery Act amounted to $100.

The sum total accrued in Upper and Lower Canada, under the head of Fisheries, is $11,275 39.

It should be mentioned, that the purpose of this season's

transactions has been to bring into practice the means devised for regulating and restoring the fresh water fisheries of each section of the Province, rather than to render them a source of immediate revenue. That an abundant yield, and advantages both direct and indirect to provincial interests, will flow from systematic and earnest administration of these fisheries, cannot be doubted, but the initiation of an entirely new system is attended with difficulty: prejudices have to be encountered and dealt with as gently as possible, and the application for the first time to remote and distant places of fixed regulations for the government of a trade which had hitherto been entrusted to the unrestrained action of those engaging in it, was sure to encounter some opposition. Happily, owing to the good judgment and management of the officers entrusted with the duty, the law has been fairly brought into operation, and, as it is believed, without injury to any one.

Those who were among the most violent objectors at first, have come to learn that they are at least equally interested with the general public in the objects and the results which the law is intended to accomplish.

Negotiations have been opened with New Brunswick with the view of providing such legislation and action as may insure the protection and due occupation of the fisheries in the waters which divide the two Provinces.

SALMON AND SEA-TROUT FISHERIES OF LOWER CANADA.

The following list includes the principal salmon rivers and sea-trout streams which discharge into the Saint Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, along the north-east or Labrador coast, between the province boundary eastwards (Blanc Sablon), and the River Jacques Cartier, above Quebec; also those emptying upon the south or eastern shore of the Saint Lawrence, and others flowing easterly into the Bay of Chaleurs,—emphasising the Crown rivers, now open to public sale, and so mentioned in the accompanying advertisement.

In addition there are many other bay, cove and inlet stations along these extensive coasts, but which are disposable chiefly as sedentary net-fishings for salmon and trout.

The immediate expiry of the lease of that vast territory commonly known as 'The King's Posts," opens up to public competition numerous valuable coast fisheries (such as Tadousac, Seven Islands &c.), besides many famous salmon rivers and sea-trout streams, and renders disposable certain commodious building establishments long occupied as fur-trading posts,by the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, at the mouths of the most important of these fine rivers.

ST. PAUL'S.

North Shore.

Discharge into River St. Lawrence.

Esquimaux. . .	Fine salmon river. Formerly yielding 52,500 salmon each season.
Corkewetpeeche . .	Neighbouring stream. Contains steady run of salmon.
Ste. Augustine . .	Well supplied with salmon.

	Sheep Bay	Considerable size. Good salmon-fishery station.
	Little Meccatina	Discharges large body of water by several channels. Fine salmon river.
	Netagamu	Large, deep stream. High falls inside. Swarms of trout. Salmon ascending it only to the falls.
	Napeteteepe	Empties into spacious bay. Abounds with salmon.
	Etamamu	Celebrated for its salmon fishery.
	Coacoacho	Discharges into fine basin. Good salmon river.
	Romaine	Large, but shoal stream. Salmon abound. Is remarkable for a rare, beautiful, and flavorous quality of white or silver trout.
	Musquarro	Bold, rapid river. Affords fine salmon fishing with fly. Good net-fishery station.
	Kegashka	Salmon abundant—steep rapids impeding their ascent. Fishery in bay.
	Gt. Natashquan	Famous stream. Salmon of finest kind and numerous.
	Agwanish	Large stream. Good salmon-fishery location. (N.E. bound of "Lordship of Mingan.")
Seigniory Mingan.	Pashasheeboo	Tolerable size. Fair fishery.
	Mingan	Excellent net and fly-fishing for salmon. Pools always hold a heavy run of large fish.
	Manitou	Branch of the Mingan, equally good and well known.
	Saint John	Very large stream. Splendid salmon fishery.
	Magpie	Tolerable good fishery for salmon. Rapid little river.
	Saw Bill	Considerable stream. Chiefly net fishery.
	Manitou	Large—obstructed by perpendicular fall. At its mouth both salmon and trout resort.
Within frontage limits of "King's Posts," now resuming by the Canadian Government.	*Moisie*	Noted for numbers of weighty salmon. Extensive and lucrative net fishery. Fine fly-fishing.
	Ste. Marguerite, (en bas)	Excellent river for salmon and trout.
	Pentecost	Full, swift stream, much frequented by salmon. Stationary fisheries at the mouth.
	Trinity (Bay)	Favourite river. Salmon and trout fishing, for net and rod.
	Goodbout	Fine salmon river, widely known as such. The net fishery in its tide-water and adjacent bay is very productive.
	English	Empties into deep cove. Salmon fishery. Plenty of trout.
	Bersimis	Immense stream, and has many tributaries. Scenery interesting. Abounds with large-sized salmon. They do not affect the fly except on the waters of its branches.
	Nipimewecaw'nan	Tributary of Bersimis. Fairy-like stream. Falls nine miles inside. Exquisite fly-fishing.

Within frontage limits of "King's Posts," now resuming by the Canadian Government.

Jeremie	Small. Trout only. Fur-trading post, chiefly.
Colombier	Good salmon fishery.
Plover	Do.
Blanche	Do.
Laval	Picturesque and wild river, alternating with gentle rapids and deep narrow pools. Besides valuable net fishery, it affords abundant salmon and trout fishing.
Sault de Cochon	Steep falls hinder ascent of salmon. Famous for trout fishing along the estuary border.
Portneuf	Pleasant stream to fish with fly. Up to the first falls swarms with trout. For several miles higher up is frequented by salmon. Net fishery station along the tide-way.
Grand Escoumain	Once famous for salmon. Mill-dam has now an artificial fishway. Fine net fishery for salmon in bay.
G. Bergeronne	Good trout stream.
L. Bergeronne	Fair salmon and trout river. (Both the Bergeronne rivers are within few miles of Saguenay and Tadousac).

Discharge into River Saguenay.

St. Margaret (*en haut*)	Large tributary of river Saguenay. Fine salmon fishing for both net and fly. Trout abundant.
L. Saguenay	Considerable stream, affording tolerable rod and good net fishing. Mill-dam inside, not in use.
St. John's (*en haut*)	Do.

Discharge into River St. Lawrence.

Black, or Salmon	Formerly good fishery.
Murray	Flows down beautiful valley. Yields salmon.
Du Gouffre	Much deteriorated.
Ste. Anne	Pretty river, and latterly has afforded fair salmon fishing just below the chute.
Montmorenci	Cataract at mouth. The upper water swarms with (river) trout.
Jacques Cartier	Excellent salmon stream.

South Coast.

Du Sud	Promises to become again a good salmon river. Mill-dam and fishway.
Ouelle	Well stocked with salmon. Mill-dam broken up.
G. Mitis	Large stream. Has dam.
Matanne	Fine salmon river. Dam and salmon pass in course of erection.

St. Ann . . .	Formerly good. Now few salmon taken. Mill-dam across.
Mount Louis . .	Important stream. More noted of recent seasons for sea trout than salmon.
Magdelaine . .	Salmon river, clear.
Dartmouth . . .	First-class stream, flowing into Gaspé basin. Abounds with salmon.
York	Do. do. do.
St. John's (*du sud*) .	Do. do. do.
Grand . . .	Fine salmon-fishery. Mill above.
G. Pabos . . .	Salmon-fishery. Superior station.

Flow into Bay of Chaleurs.

G. Bonaventure . .	Large and valuable stream. Many tributaries. Abounding with salmon.
Cascapediacs . .	Both the little and great Cascapediacs yield high numbers of salmon.
Nouvelle . . .	Good salmon fishery in bay.
Matapediac . .	Considerable magnitude, and abounds with salmon.
Restigouche . .	Noble river. Has fine tributary streams. Salmon frequent it in large numbers, and of heavy weight. Head of Bay Chaleurs.
Patapediac . .	Branch of Restigouche. Salmon ascend it about forty miles.
Mistouche . . .	Feeder of Restigouche. Salmon river.

Nearly all the rivers described in the foregoing schedule are tidal streams, and most of them have stationary salmon and tront fisheries within the embouchure, and at bays, coves and inlets on either sides. Those upon the north shore of the St. Lawrence descend out of wild, rocky and mountainous country.

Most of these streams, with their numerous tributaries, and the large lakes at the head of each branch, present every variety of river and lake adapted to the breeding and feeding of fish.

Where there are mill-dams it is specially so noted. None elsewhere.

The names of certain Rivers at present advertised for sale are printed in italics.

The true salmon (*Salmo Salar*), and the tide trout (*Salmo Trutta Marina*), are herein mentioned.

The Grand Trunk Railway, now in operation to St. Thomas, will be opened next autumn to River du Loup, 110 miles below Quebec. Passenger steamboats ply between Quebec and the Saguenay.

Synopsis of the laws and by-laws now in force in Lower Canada, having especial reference to the preservation and regulation of Salmon and Trout fisheries.

(Act 22nd Vict. cap. 86.)

SECTION 4. The Governor in Council to grant special fishing leases and licences; and make all needful or expedient regulations for management and disposal of fisheries.

„ 5. A general superintendent and local overseers to be appointed, and paid by the Government, for each province.

„ 8. The Government may set apart any waters for natural or artificial propagation of salmon and trout.

„ 24. The open season for salmon fishery limited betwixt 1st March and 1st August. Fly surface fishing extended to 1st September. Exception in procuring spawn for scientific purposes.

„ 25. Spawning pools of salmon protected against all fishing.

„ 26. Nets and fishing apparatus shall not obstruct the main channel or course of any river; and such channel or course shall be at least one-third of the whole breadth of a river.

SECTION 27. Owners of dams must attach fishways thereto.

„ 28. All parties concerned in breach of 24th Section become liable to fine or imprisonment.

„ 29. The meshes of salmon nets must measure five inches in extension from knot to knot.

„ 31. Trout fishing illegal between 20th October and 1st February.

„ 33. Netting for trout in any lake or stream prohibited, except upon the River St. Lawrence.

„ 36. Purchase, sale, or possession, during prohibited seasons, of any salmon or trout, made a punishable offence.

Regulations under Order in Council.

BY-LAW A. — Parties forbidden to occupy salmon or sea-trout fishery stations without lease or license from the Crown.

„ B. — The use of nets confined to the brackish waters within the estuary tide-way; and forbidden upon the fresh-water stream above confluence of tide.

„ C. — All nets, &c., to be set no less than 200 yards apart.

„ E. — No other fishing whatever allowed over limits covered by exclusive leases or licenses from the Crown, except by express consent of lessees or licentiates.

„ F. — Prohibits capture of salmon or sea-trout by torchlight, and with leister or spear.

By-Law H. — The receipt, gift, purchase, sale and possession of speared salmon or trout declared illegal.

„ J. — No mill rubbish to be drifted awaste in any salmon or sea-trout river.

Appropriate penalties of fine or imprisonment, with forfeiture of materials and fish, are provided by law for the contravention of the several preceding sections and by-laws.

Also, effective and summary modes of proceeding are laid down for recovery of the same.

CROWN LANDS DEPARTMENT — FISHERIES.

Toronto, 20*th December*, 1858.

Pursuant to certain provisions of the Statute 22nd Vict. cap. 86, the Governor-General in Council has been pleased to adopt the following REGULATIONS FOR SALMON AND SEA-TROUT FISHERIES IN LOWER CANADA.

By-Law A.—In agreement with the intent and meaning of the 4th and 7th Sections of the Fishery-Act, it is hereby declared that, henceforth the Crown, for all practical purposes, resumes and re-enters formally into possession of all fishing stations for salmon and sea-trout appertaining thereto, in Lower Canada, and that no claim by priority or by reason of past occupation of any of these places, shall hereinafter exist, and that any party or parties continuing to occupy and use any net-fishery for salmon or sea-trout without obtaining lease or license therefore under authority from the Crown, shall, after previous notice, become liable to such pains and penalties as are imposed by the aforesaid Act,—saving moreover, all other recourse in like cases provided by law.

B.—Neither stake-nets, drift-nets, gill-nets, float or stell-nets, scoop-nets, seines, weirs, nor other self-acting machine whatsoever, shall be used within the *course* of any river or stream frequented chiefly by salmon and sea-trout, at a greater distance from the mouth thereof, than the usual mark of tidal floods, or inside of such other actual limit as may be assigned in the field to each estuary holding by the Superintendent of Fisheries for Lower Canada, or by the stipendary magistrate in charge of the Government vessel for the protection of fisheries.

C.—All nets, or other lawful appliances for the capture of salmon and sea-trout, shall be placed within the estuary fishings at distances of not less than 200 yards apart, the interval so designated to mean along either side of the stream, and such measurement to leave the space clear from any net on one side to another net upon the opposite shore, without separate immediate nets, or other devise, being set anywhere therein.

D.—The superintendent of fisheries for Lower Canada, or the stipendiary magistrate in command of the Government vessel for the protection of fisheries, may prescribe, either by written or published instruction, or on sight, the open space between nets to be set in bays, and elsewhere along the coast.

E.—At the outside of the chamber and in the pound of every set or stake-net for the capture of salmon and sea-trout, there shall be maintained a flap or "door" at least ten inches square, which must be left open, affording free egress and passage to salmon and trout, from sundown on Saturdays until sunrise on Mondays.

F.—All other persons are forbidden to take fish of any kind, and in any manner within limits covered by leases or licenses from the Crown, except by special permission of the lessees or licentiates.

G.—The fishing for, taking, and killing of any salmon or sea-trout by aid of torch-light or other artificial light, and by means of spears, harpoon (négog), jigger-hooks, or grapnel is hereby absolutely forbidden.

H.—Indians may, for their own bonâ fide use and consumption, fish for, catch, or kill salmon and trout by such means as are next above prohibited during the months of May, June, and July, but only upon waters not then leased, licensed, or reserved by

the Crown; provided always that each and every Indian thus exempted shall be at all times forbidden to sell, barter, or give away any salmon and trout so captured or killed in the manner hereinbefore described.

I.—The receipt, gift, purchase, sale, and possession by any person or persons other than Indians of any salmon or trout which may have been speared or taken as aforesaid, shall be punishable according to law; and every fish so found or had in violation of this rule, shall become forfeited and disposable as the law directs.

J.—No fishing shall be allowed in any water set apart by the Crown for purposes of natural or artificial breeding of salmon and trout, except under express sanction from the Superintendent of Fisheries for Lower Canada.

K.—Hereafter no slabs or edgings or other mill rubbish, shall be drifted awaste, or be suffered to drift awaste, into any salmon and sea-trout rivers or streams in Lower Canada.

L.—For any breach of the foregoing regulations, the penalty attached shall be as declared in the 42nd section of the statute 22nd Vict. cap. 86.

The publication of the present by-laws, in both the French and English languages, in the Official Gazette, shall be sufficient notice to give legal effect.

P. M. VANKOUGHNET, Commissioner.

Crown Lands Department, Toronto, 14th January, 1859.

The Superintendent of Fisheries for Lower Canada is empowered to grant SEASON LICENCES, covering a period from 1st May to 30th July, in each year, for the exclusive occupation of inferior coast fishing stations, for salmon and sea-trout, on Crown

properties situate upon the River St. Lawrence and its tributaries, in Lower Canada, at discretionary rentals.

All persons desirous of obtaining licences should make application to the superintendent at Quebec, describing the locality and the extent of fishery limit required, also the rent offered for the use of such privileges thereupon.

P. M. VANKOUGHNET, Commissioner.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE.

Illustrated Works

BY

COLONEL SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, K.C.L.S.

I

TRAVELS from INDIA to ENGLAND, by way of BURMAH, PERSIA, TURKEY, &c.: with Sketches of the First War in Burmah, and of the War in Persia with Russia, whilst attached to the British Mission in Persia. 1 vol. 4to.

II

SHIGURF NAMAH-I-VELÀÈT; or, interesting Intelligence concerning Europe: being the Travels of Mirza Itesa Modeen, Agent from the Great Mogul. Translated into Hindustanee and English from the original Persian Manuscript. 1 vol. 8vo.

III

TRAVELS to the SEAT of WAR in the EAST, through RUSSIA and the CRIMEA, in 1829: with Sketches of the Imperial Fleet, and of the Army in Turkey. 2 vols. 8vo.

IV

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES of REMARKABLE SCENES and ADVENTURES in NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, and the WEST INDIES. 2 vols. 8vo.

V

SKETCHES in PORTUGAL during the CIVIL WAR of 1834. 1 vol. 8vo.

VI

MILITARY EXERCISES and TUITION. 1 vol. 8vo.

VII

VOYAGE ROUND the WEST COAST, and a VISIT to the COLONIES of AFRICA: with a Campaign in Cafferland, on the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief. 2 vols. 8vo.

VIII

AN EXPEDITION of DISCOVERY into the INTERIOR of AFRICA, through the COUNTRIES of the GREAT NAMAQUAS, BOSCHMANS, and HILL DAMARAS: under the Auspices of the Government, and the Royal Geographical Society of London. 2 vols. 8vo.

IX

A LIFE of FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON, K.G., G.C.B. Edited, with Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo.

X

L'ACADIE; or, Seven Years' Explorations in North America: including a Survey for a Military Road from Halifax to Quebec, for the Board of Ordnance. 2 vols. 8vo.

XI

CANADA AS IT WAS, IS, AND MAY BE. Edited. 2 vols. 8vo.

XII

PASSAGES in the LIFE of a SOLDIER; including Services at the Siege of Sebastopol. 2 vols. 8vo.

XIII

MILITARY EXAMINATION for JUNIOR OFFICERS of INFANTRY; or, 600 Questions and Answers on Drill, Discipline, Interior Economy, Field Fortification, Reconnoitering, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

XIV

SALMON FISHING in CANADA. Edited, with Illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo.

A CATALOGUE

OF

NEW WORKS IN GENERAL LITERATURE

PUBLISHED BY

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

CLASSIFIED INDEX

Agriculture and Rural Affairs.

Bayldon on Valuing Rents, &c. . . 5
Cecil's Stud Farm 8
Hoskyns's Talpa 11
Loudon's Agriculture 14
Morton on Landed Estates 17
" (J. C.) Handbook of Dairy Husbandry 17

Arts, Manufactures, and Architecture.

Brande's Dictionary of Science, &c. . 6
" Organic Chemistry . . . 6
Cresy's Civil Engineering . . . 8
Fairbairn's Information for Engineers . 9
" on Mills and Millwork . 9
Falkener's Dædalus 9
" Museum of Classical Antiquities 9
Goodeve's Elements of Mechanism . 9
Gwilt's Encyclopædia of Architecture . 10
Harford's Plates from M. Angelo . . 10
Humphreys's *Parables* Illuminated . 12
Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art . 12
" Commonplace-Book . . 12
König's Pictorial Life of Luther . . 10
Loudon's Rural Architecture . . . 14
Love's Art of Dyeing 14
Lowndes's Engineers' Handbook . . 14
MacDougall's Campaigns of Hannibal . 15
" Theory of War . . 14
Moseley's Engineering 17
Piesse's Art of Perfumery . . . 18
" Laboratory of Chemical Wonders 18
Richardson's Art of Horsemanship . 19
Scoffern on Projectiles, &c. . . . 20
Steam Engine, by the Artisan Club . 6
Ure's Dictionary of Arts, &c. . . . 23

Biography.

Arago's Lives of Scientific Men . . 5
Baillie's Memoir of Bate . . . 5
Brialmont's Wellington 6
Bunsen's Hippolytus 7
Bunting's (Dr.) Life 7
Crosse's (Andrew) Memorials . . 8
Green's Princesses of England . . 10
Harford's Life of Michael Angelo . . 10
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia . . 13
Marshman's Life of Carey, Marshman, and Ward 15
" Life of Havelock . . . 15
Maunder's Biographical Treasury . 15
Mountain's (Col.) Memoirs . . . 17
Palleske's Life of Schiller . . . 18
Parry's (Admiral) Memoirs . . . 18
Peel's Sketch of Sir R. Peel's Life and Character 18
Piozzi's Autobiography and Letters . 18
Russell's Memoirs of Moore . . . 16
" (Dr.) Life of Mezzofanti . 20
Schimmel Penninck's (Mrs.) Life . . 20
Shee's Life of Sir M. A. Shee . . 21
Southey's Life of Wesley . . . 21
Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography . 22
Strickland's Queens of England . . 22
Sydney Smith's Memoirs . . . 21
Waterton's Autobiography and Essays. 24

Books of General Utility.

Acton's Cookery-Book 5
Black's Treatise on Brewing . . . 6
Cabinet Gazetteer 7
" Lawyer 7
Cust's Invalid's Own Book . . . 8
Hensman's Handbook of the Constitution 11
Hints on Etiquette 11
Hudson's Executor's Guide . . . 12
" on Making Wills . . . 12
Hunter's Art of Writing Précis . . 12
Kesteven's Domestic Medicine . . 13
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia . . 13
Loudon's Lady's Country Companion . 14
Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge . . 15
" Biographical Treasury . 15
" Geographical Treasury . 16
" Scientific Treasury . . 15
" Treasury of History . . 16
" Natural History . . 15
Piesse's Art of Perfumery . . . 18
Pitt's How to Brew Good Beer . . 18
Pocket and the Stud 10
Pycroft's English Reading . . . 19
Richardson's Art of Horsemanship . 19
Riddle's Latin Dictionaries . . . 19
Roget's English Thesaurus . . . 19
Rowton's Debater 20
Short Whist 21
Simpson's Handbook of Dining . . 21
Sleigh's Personal Wrongs and Legal Remedies 21
Thomson's Interest Tables . . . 22
Walford's Handybook of the Civil Service 23
Webster's Domestic Economy . . 23
West's How to Nurse Sick Children . 24
Willich's Popular Tables . . . 24
Wilmot's Blackstone 24

Botany and Gardening.

Hassall's British Freshwater Algæ . 10
Hooker's British Flora 11
" Guide to Kew Gardens . 11
Lindley's Introduction to Botany . 13
" Synopsis of the British Flora. 13
" Theory of Horticulture . 13
Loudon's Hortus Britannicus . 14
" Amateur Gardener . . 14
" Trees and Shrubs . . 13
" Gardening . . . 13
" Plants 14
Pereira's Materia Medica . . 18
Rivers's Rose Amateur's Guide . 19
Wilson's British Mosses . . . 24

Chronology.

Brewer's Historical Atlas . . . 6
Bunsen's Ancient Egypt . . . 7
Haydn's Beatson's Index . . . 10
Jaquemet's Abridged Chronology . 12

Commerce and Mercantile Affairs.

Gilbart's Logic of Banking . . . 9
Lorimer's Young Master Mariner . 13
M'Culloch's Commerce and Navigation 15
Thomson's Interest Tables . . . 22
Tooke's History of Prices . . . 22

Criticism, History, and Memoirs.

Brewer's Historical Atlas . . . 6
Bunsen's Ancient Egypt . . . 7
" Hippolytus 7
Burke's Vicissitudes of Families . 7
Chapman's Gustavus Adolphus . . 8
Clough's Greek History from Plutarch 8
Conolly's Sappers and Miners . . 8
Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul . 8
Crowe's History of France . . . 8
Frazer's Letters during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns . . 9
Gurney's Historical Sketches . . . 10
Hayward's Essays 11
Hensman's Handbook of the Constitution 11
Herschel's Essays and Addresses . 11
Jeffrey's (Lord) Contributions . . 12
Kemble's Anglo-Saxons . . . 13
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia . . 13
Latham's Works on the English Language 13
Lowe's Campaigns in Central India . 14
Macaulay's Critical and Hist. Essays . 14
" History of England . 14
" Miscellaneous Writings . 14
" Speeches 14
Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works . 15
" History of England . . 15
M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary . 15
Maunder's Treasury of History . . 16
Merivale's History of Rome . . . 16
" Roman Republic . . . 16
Moore's (Thomas) Memoirs, &c. . . 16
Muir's Greek Literature 17
Palleske's Life and Works of Schiller . 18
Piozzi's Autobiography and Letters . 18
Porter's Knights of Malta . . . 18
Rokes's Journal 19
Rich's Roman and Greek Antiquities . 19
Riddle's Latin Dictionaries . . . 19
Rogers's Essays from Edinb. Review . 19
" (Sam.) Recollections . . 19
Roget's English Thesaurus . . . 19
Schimmel Penninck's Memoirs of Port-Royal 20
" Principles of Beauty 20
Schmitz's History of Greece . . . 20
Southey's Doctor 21
Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography . 22
" Lectures on French History . 22
Sydney Smith's Works 21
" Lectures . . . 21
" Memoirs . . . 21
Thirlwall's History of Greece . . 22
Turner's Anglo-Saxons 23
White and Riddle's Latin Dictionary . 24
Whiteside's Italy 24
Wilkins's Political Ballads . . . 24
Wilmot's Brougham's Law Reforms . 24

Geography and Atlases.

Brewer's Historical Atlas . . . 6
Butler's Geography and Atlases . 7
Cabinet Gazetteer 7
Johnston's General Gazetteer . . 13
M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary . 15
Maunder's Treasury of Geography . 16
Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography . 17
Sharp's British Gazetteer . . . 20

Juvenile Books.

Amy Herbert 20
Cleve Hall 20
Earl's Daughter (The) 20
Experience of Life 20
Gertrude 20
Howitt's Boy's Country Book . . 12
" (Mary) Children's Year . 11
Ivors 20
Katharine Ashton 20
Laneton Parsonage 20
Margaret Percival 20
Piesse's Chymical, Natural, and Physical Magic 18
" Laboratory of Chymical Wonders 18
Pycroft's Collegian's Guide . . . 19

Medicine, Surgery, &c.

Brodie's Psychological Inquiries . . 6
Bull's Hints to Mothers 6
" Management of Children . 6
Copland's Dictionary of Medicine . 8
Cust's Invalid's Own Book . . . 8
Holland's Mental Physiology . . . 11
" Medical Notes and Reflections 11
Kesteven's Domestic Medicine . . 13
Pereira's Materia Medica . . . 18
Spencer's Principles of Psychology . 21
Todd's Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology 22
West on Children's Diseases . . . 24
" Nursing Sick Children . . 24

Miscellaneous Literature.

Bacon's (Lord) Works 5
Boase's Philosophy of Nature . . 6
Bray on Education of the Feelings . 6
Defence of *Eclipse of Faith* . . . 9
Eclipse of Faith 9
Greyson's Select Correspondence . . 10
Gurney's Evening Recreations . . 10
Hassall's Adulterations Detected, &c. 10
Haydn's Book of Dignities . . . 10
Holland's Mental Physiology . . . 11

Hooker's Kew Guide 11
Howard's Gymnastic Exercises . . 11
Howitt's Rural Life of England . . 12
" Visits to Remarkable Places . 12
Jameson's Commonplace-Book . . 12
Jeffrey's (Lord) Essays 12
Macaulay's Critical and Hist. Essays . 14
" Speeches 14
Markintosh's Miscellaneous Works . 15
Martineau's Miscellanies . . . 15
Newman on University Education . . 17
" Office & Work of Universities 17
" 's Lectures and Essays . . 17
Pycroft's English Reading . . . 19
Rich's Dictionary of Antiquities . 19
Riddle's Latin Dictionaries . . . 19
Rowton's Debater 20
Sir Roger De Coverley 21
Smith's (Rev. Sydney) Works . . 21
Southey's Doctor, &c. 21
Spencer's Essays 21
Stephen's Essays 22
Stow's Training System 22
Thomson's Laws of Thought . . 22
Trevelyan on the Native Languages of India 22
White & Riddle's Latin Dictionary . 24
Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith . 21
Yonge's English-Greek Lexicon . . 24
" Latin Gradus 24
Zumpt's Latin Grammar 24

Natural History in general.

Agassiz on Classification . . . 6
Catlow's Popular Conchology . . 8
Ephemera's Book of the Salmon . 9
Garratt's Marvels of Instinct . . 9
Gosse's Natural History of Jamaica . 10
Hartwig's Sea and its Living Wonders . 10
Kirby and Spence's Entomology . . 13
Lee's Elements of Natural History . 13
Maunder's Natural History . . . 15
Quatrefages' Rambles of a Naturalist . 19
Stonehenge on the Dog 22
Turton's Shells of the British Islands . 23
Waterton's Essays on Natural History . 23
Youatt's The Dog 24
" The Horse 24

One-Volume Encyclopædias and Dictionaries.

Blaine's Rural Sports 6
Brande's Science, Literature, and Art . 6
Copland's Dictionary of Medicine . 8
Cresy's Civil Engineering . . . 8
Gwilt's Architecture 10
Johnston's Geographical Dictionary . 13
Loudon's Agriculture 14
" Rural Architecture . . 14
" Gardening 13
" Plants 14
" Trees and Shrubs . . . 13
M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary . 15
" Dictionary of Commerce . 15
Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography . 17
Sharp's British Gazetteer . . . 20
Ure's Dictionary of Arts, &c. . . . 23
Webster's Domestic Economy . . 23

Religious and Moral Works.

Afternoon of Life 5
Amy Herbert 20
Bloomfield's Greek Testament . . 6
Bloomfield's Supplementary Annotations on the Greek Testament . 6
Bray on Education of the Feelings . 6
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress . . 7
Calvert's Wife's Manual 7
Catz and Farlie's Moral Emblems . 8
Cleve Hall 20
Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul . 8
Cotton's Instructions in Christianity . 8
Dale's Domestic Liturgy . . . 9
Defence of *Eclipse of Faith* . . . 9
Earl's Daughter (The) 20
Eclipse of Faith 9
Experience (The) of Life . . . 20
Gertrude 20
Hoare on the Veracity of *Genesis* . 11
Horne's Introduction to Scriptures . 11
" Abridgment of ditto . 11
Humphreys's *Parables* Illuminated . 12
Ivors, by the Author of *Amy Herbert* . 20
Jameson's Saints and Martyrs . . 12
" Monastic Legends . . 12
" Legends of the Madonna . 12
" on Female Employment . 12
Jeremy Taylor's Works 13
Katharine Ashton 20
König's Pictorial Life of Luther . 10
Laneton Parsonage 20
Lyra Germanica 7
Maguire's Rome 15
Margaret Percival 20
Marshman's Serampore Mission . 15
Martineau's Christian Life . . 15
" Hymns 15
" Studies of Christianity . 15
Merivale's Christian Records . . 16
Moore on the Use of the Body . . 17
" " Soul and Body . . 17
" 's Man and his Motives . 17
Morning Clouds 17
Moseley's Astro-Theology . . . 17
Neale's Closing Scene 17
Powell's Christianity without Judaism . 18
" Order of Nature . . . 19
Readings for Lent 20
" Confirmation . . . 20
Riddle's Household Prayers . . . 19
Robinson's Lexicon to the Greek Testament 19
Schimmel Penninck's Sacred Musings . 20
Self-Examination for Confirmation . 20
Sewell's History of the Early Church . 20
" Passing Thoughts on Religion 20
Smith's (Sydney) Moral Philosophy . 21
" (G.) Wesleyan Methodism . 21
" (J.) Shipwreck of St. Paul . 21
Southey's Life of Wesley . . . 21
Spitta's Lyra Domestica . . . 22
Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography . 22
Theologia Germanica 7
Thumb Bible (The) 22

Poetry and the Drama.

Aikin's (Dr.) British Poets . . . 5
Arnold's Merope 5
" Poems 5
Calvert's Wife's Manual 7
Goldsmith's Poems, illustrated . . 9
L. E. L.'s Poetical Works . . . 13
Linwood's Anthologia Oxoniensis . 13
Lyra Germanica 7
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome . 14
MacDonald's Within and Without . 14
" Poems 14
Montgomery's Poetical Works . . 17

Moore's Poetical Works 16
" Selections (illustrated) . . 16
" Lalla Rookh 16
" Irish Melodies 16
" National Melodies . . . 16
" Sacred Songs *(with Music)* . 16
" Songs and Ballads . . . 16
Power's Virginia's Hand . . . 19
Shakspeare, by Bowdler . . . 20
Southey's Poetical Works . . . 21
Spitta's Lyra Domestica . . . 22
Thomson's Seasons, illustrated . . 22
Warburton's Hunting Songs . . 23
Wilkins's Political Ballads . . . 24

The Sciences in general and Mathematics.

Arago's Meteorological Essays . . 5
" Popular Astronomy . . 5
Boase's Philosophy of Nature . . 6
Bourne on the Steam Engine . . 6
" 's Catechism of Steam-Engine . 6
Boyd's Naval Cadet's Manual . . 6
Brande's Dictionary of Science, &c. . 6
" Lectures on Organic Chemistry 6
Conington's Chemical Analysis . . 8
Cresy's Civil Engineering . . . 8
De la Rive's Electricity . . . 9
Grove's Correlation of Physical Forces . 10
Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy . 11
Holland's Mental Physiology . . 11
Humboldt's Aspects of Nature . . 12
" Cosmos 12
Hunt on Light 12
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia . . 13
Marcet's (Mrs.) Conversations . . 15
Morell's Elements of Psychology . 17
Moseley's Astro-Theology . . . 17
" Engineering and Architecture 17
Ogilvie's Master-Builder's Plan . . 17
Owen's Lectures on Comp. Anatomy 17 & 18
Pereira on Polarised Light . . . 18
Peschel's Elements of Physics . . 18
Phillips's Mineralogy 18
" Guide to Geology . . . 18
Piesse's Laboratory of Chymical Wonders 18
Powell's Unity of Worlds . . . 18
" Christianity without Judaism . 18
" Order of Nature . . . 19
Ramsay's Glaciers of North Wales and Switzerland 19
Smee's Electro-Metallurgy . . . 21
Steam-Engine, by the Artisan Club . 6
Tate on Strength of Materials . . 22
Twisden's Examples in Mechanics . 23
Webb's Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes 23

Rural Sports.

Baker's Rifle and Hound in Ceylon . 5
Blaine's Dictionary of Sports . . 6
Cecil's Stable Practice . . . 8
" Stud Farm 8
Dead Shot (The) 9
Ephemera on Angling 9
" Book of the Salmon . . 9
Freeman and Salvin's Falconry . . 9
Hamilton's Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman 10
Hawker's Young Sportsman . . . 10
Howard's Athletic Exercises . . 11
The Hunting-Field 12
Idle's Hints on Shooting . . . 12
Pocket and the Stud 10
Practical Horsemanship 10
Pycroft's Cricket-Field 19
Richardson's Horsemanship . . . 19
Ronalds's Fly-Fisher's Entomology . 19
Salmon Fishing in Canada . . . 5
Stable Talk and Table Talk . . . 10
Stonehenge on the Dog 22
" " Greyhound . . 22
The Stud, for Practical Purposes . . 10

Veterinary Medicine, &c.

Cecil's Stable Practice 8
" Stud Farm 8
Hunting-Field (The) 10
Miles's Horse-Shoeing 16
" on the Horse's Foot . . . 16
Pocket and the Stud 10
Practical Horsemanship 10
Richardson's Horsemanship . . . 19
Stable Talk and Table Talk . . . 10
Stonehenge on the Dog 22
Stud (The) 10
Youatt's The Dog 24
" The Horse 24

Voyages and Travels.

Baker's Wanderings in Ceylon . . 5
Barth's African Travels 6
Burton's East Africa 7
" Lake Regions of Central Africa 7
" Medina and Mecca . . . 7
Domenech's Deserts of North America 9
" Texas and Mexico . . 9
Forester's Sardinia and Corsica . . 9
Hill's Peru and Mexico 11
Hinchliff's Travels in the Alps . . 11
Hind's North American Exploring Expeditions 11
Howitt's Victoria 11
Huc's Chinese Empire 12
Hudson and Kennedy's Mont Blanc . 12
Humboldt's Aspects of Nature . . 12
Hutchinson's Western Africa . . 12
Kane's Wanderings of an Artist . . 13
Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa . . 13
Lowe's Central India in 1857 and 1858 14
M'Clure's North-West Passage . . 17
Minturn's New York to Delhi . . 16
Möllhausen's Journey to the Pacific . 17
Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers . . . 18
Ramsay's Glaciers of North Wales and Switzerland 19
Senior's Journal in Turkey and Greece 20
Snow's Tierra del Fuego 21
Tennent's Ceylon 22
Weld's Vacations in Ireland . . . 24
" Two Months in the Highlands 24
" Pyrenees, West and East . . 24
" United States and Canada . . 24
Whiteside's Italy 24
Wills's "Eagle's Nest" 24

Works of Fiction.

Cruikshank's Falstaff 8
Howitt's Tallangetta 11
Moore's Epicurean 16
Sewell's Ursula 20
Simpkinson's Washingtons . . . 21
Sir Roger De Coverley 21
Sketches (The), Three Tales . . . 21
Southey's Doctor, &c. 21
Trollope's Barchester Towers . . 22
" Warden 22

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

of

NEW WORKS and NEW EDITIONS

PUBLISHED BY

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS,

PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

Miss Acton's Modern Cookery for Private Families, reduced to a System of Easy Practice in a Series of carefully-tested Receipts, in which the Principles of Baron Liebig and other eminent writers have been as much as possible applied and explained. Newly-revised and enlarged Edition; with 8 Plates, comprising 27 Figures, and 150 Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Afternoon of Life. By the Author of *Morning Clouds*. New and cheaper Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Agassiz. — An Essay on Classification [the Mutual Relation of Organised Beings]. By LOUIS AGASSIZ. 8vo. 12s.

Aikin's Select Works of the British Poets from Ben Jonson to Beattie; with Biographical and Critical Prefaces. New Edition, comprising Selections from more recent Poets. 8vo. 18s.

Alexander.—Salmon-Fishing in Canada. By a RESIDENT. Edited by Colonel Sir JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, K.C.L.S. Map and Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Arago (F.)—Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. Translated by Admiral W. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c.; the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A.; and ROBERT GRANT, M.A., F.R.A.S. 8vo. 18s.

Arago's Meteorological Essays. With an Introduction by BARON HUMBOLDT. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. E. SABINE, R.A., Treasurer and V.P.R.S. 8vo. 18s.

Arago's Popular Astronomy. Translated and edited by Admiral W. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., F.R.S.; and ROBERT GRANT, M.A., F.R.A.S. With 25 Plates and 358 Woodcuts. 2 vols. 8vo. price £2. 5s.

Arnold. — Merope, a Tragedy. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. With a Preface and an Historical Introduction. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Arnold.— Poems. By Matthew ARNOLD. FIRST SERIES. Third Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. SECOND SERIES, price 5s.

Lord Bacon's Works. A New Edition, collected and edited by R. L. ELLIS, M.A., JAMES SPEDDING, M.A., and D. D. HEATH, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. VOLS. I. to V. comprising the Division of *Philosophical Works;* with a copious INDEX. 5 vols. 8vo. price £4. 6s. VOLS. VI. and VII. comprising the Division of *Literary and Professional Works*, with a full INDEX. 2 vols. 8vo. price £1. 16s.

Baker.—The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon. By S. W. BAKER, Esq. New Edition, with 13 Illustrations engraved on Wood. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Baker. — Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon. By S. W. BAKER, Esq. With 6 coloured Plates. 8vo. 15s.

Barth.—Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa: Being the Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of Her Britannic Majesty's Government in the Years 1849—1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L. With numerous Maps and Illustrations. 5 vols. 8vo. £5. 5s. cloth.

Bate. — Memoir of Captain W. Thornton Bate, R.N. By the Rev. JOHN BAILLIE. *New Edition*; with Portrait and 4 Illustrations. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Bayldon's Art of Valuing Rents and Tillages, and Claims of Tenants upon Quitting Farms, at both Michaelmas and Lady-day; as revised by Mr. DONALDSON. *Seventh Edition*, enlarged and adapted to the Present Time. By ROBERT BAKER, Land-Agent and Valuer. 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

Black's Practical Treatise on Brewing, based on Chemical and Economical Principles: With Formulæ for Public Brewers, and Instructions for Private Families. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports; or, a complete Account, Historical, Practical, and Descriptive, of Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Racing, &c. *New Edition*, revised and corrected; with above 600 Woodcut Illustrations, including 20 Subjects from Designs by JOHN LEECH. 8vo. price 42s.

Bloomfield.—The Greek Testament: with copious English Notes, Critical, Philological, and Explanatory. Especially adapted to the use of Theological Students and Ministers. By the Rev. S. T. BLOOMFIELD, D.D., F.S.A. Ninth Edition, revised. 2 vols. 8vo. with Map, £2. 8s.

Dr. Bloomfield's Critical Annotations on the New Testament, being a Supplemental Volume to the Ninth Edition. 8vo. 14s.

Dr. Bloomfield's College & School Edition of the Greek Testament: With brief English Notes, chiefly Philological and Explanatory. Seventh Edition; with Map and Index. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Dr. Bloomfield's College & School Lexicon to the Greek Testament. New Edition, revised. Fcp. 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

Boase.—The Philosophy of Nature: A Systematic Treatise on the Causes and Laws of Natural Phenomena. By HENRY S. BOASE, M.D., F.R.S., and G.S. 8vo. 12s.

Boyd. — A Manual for Naval Cadets. Published with the sanction and approval of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. By JOHN M'NEILL BOYD, Captain, R.N. Second Edition; with 233 Illustrations (13 coloured). Fcp. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Bourne. — A Treatise on the Steam Engine, in its Application to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, and Railways. By the Artisan Club. Edited by JOHN BOURNE, C.E. New and greatly improved Edition; with many Plates and Wood Engravings. 4to. *[Nearly ready.*

Bourne's Catechism of the Steam Engine in its various Applications to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, Railways, and Agriculture: With Practical Instructions for the Manufacture and Management of Engines of every class. With 89 Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art; comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles of every Branch of Human Knowledge; with the Derivation and Definition of all the Terms in general use. Third Edition, revised and corrected; with numerous Woodcuts. 8vo. 60s.

Professor Brande's Lectures on Organic Chemistry, as applied to Manufactures, including Dyeing, Bleaching, Calico Printing, Sugar Manufacture, the Preservation of Wood, Tanning, &c. Edited by J. SCOFFERN, M.B. Fcp. Woodcuts, 7s. 6d.

Bray.—The Education of the Feelings. By CHARLES BRAY. Third Edition. 8vo. 5s.

Brewer.—An Atlas of History and Geography, from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Time: Comprising a Series of Sixteen Coloured Maps, arranged in Chronological Order, with Illustrative Memoirs. By the Rev. J. S. BREWER, M.A. *Second Edition*, revised and corrected. Royal 8vo. 12s. 6d. half-bound.

Brialmont and Gleig's Life of Wellington. — History of the Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington: The Military Memoirs from the French of Captain BRIALMONT, with Additions and Emendations; the Political and Social Life by the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A. With Maps, Plans of Battles, and Portraits. 4 vols. 8vo. £2. 14s.

Brodie. — Psychological Inquiries, in a Series of Essays intended to illustrate the Influence of the Physical Organisation on the Mental Faculties. By Sir BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Bart. Third Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Dr. Bull on the Maternal Management of Children in Health and Disease. New Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Dr. Bull's Hints to Mothers on the Management of their Health during the Period of Pregnancy and in the Lying-in Room: With an Exposure of Popular Errors in connexion with those subjects, &c.; and Hints upon Nursing. New Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Bunsen.—Christianity and Mankind, their Beginnings and Prospects. By Baron C. C. J. BUNSEN, D.D., D.C.L., D.Ph. Being a New Edition, corrected, re-modelled, and extended, of *Hippolytus and his Age*. 7 vols. 8vo. £5. 5s.—Or,

1. Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Beginnings and Prospects of Christianity. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 10s.
2. Outline of the Philosophy of Universal History applied to Language and Religion; containing an Account of the Alphabetical Conferences. 2 vols. 33s.
3. Analecta Ante-Nicæna. 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 2s.

Bunsen. — Lyra Germanica. Translated from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. FIRST SERIES, Hymns for the Sundays and Festivals of the Christian Year. SECOND SERIES, the Christian Life. Fcp. 8vo. 5s. each Series.

An Edition of the FIRST SERIES of *Lyra Germanica*, with Illustrations from Original Designs by JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A., engraved on Wood under his superintendence. Fcp. 4to. price 21s.

HYMNS from *Lyra Germanica*, 18mo. 1s.

*** These selections of German Hymns have been made from collections published in Germany by Baron BUNSEN; and form companion volumes to

Theologia Germanica. Translated by SUSANNA WINKWORTH. With a Preface by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY; and a Letter by Baron BUNSEN. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Bunsen.—Egypt's Place in Universal History: An Historical Investigation, in Five Books. By Baron C. C. J. BUNSEN, D.C.L., D.Ph. Translated from the German by C. H. COTTRELL, Esq., M.A. With many Illustrations. 4 vols. 8vo. £5. 8s.

Bunting. — The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D.: With Notices of contemporary Persons and Events. By his Son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. VOL. I. with 2 Portraits and Vignette. *Third Thousand*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.: or *(large paper and Proof Engravings)* square crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress: With 126 Illustrations engraved on Steel and on Wood from Original Designs by CHARLES BENNETT; and a Preface by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley. Fcp. 4to. price 21s. cloth.

Burke.—Vicissitudes of Families. By Sir BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms. FIRST and SECOND SERIES, crown 8vo. 12s. 6d. each.

Burton.—The Lake Regions of Central Africa: A Picture of Exploration. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain H.M. Indian Army; Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Map and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Captain Burton's First Footsteps in East Africa; or, an Exploration of Harar. With Maps and coloured Plates. 8vo. 18s.

Captain Burton's Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah. *Second Edition*, revised; with coloured Plates and Woodcuts. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

Bishop Butler's Sketch of Modern and Ancient Geography. New Edition, thoroughly revised, with such Alterations introduced as continually progressive Discoveries and the latest information have rendered necessary. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Bishop Butler's General Atlas of Modern and Ancient Geography; comprising Fifty-four full-coloured Maps; with complete Indices. New Edition, enlarged, and greatly improved. Edited by the Author's Son. Royal 4to. 24s.

The Cabinet Lawyer: A Popular Digest of the Laws of England, Civil and Criminal: with a Dictionary of Law Terms, Maxims, Statutes, and Judicial Antiquities; Correct Tables of Assessed Taxes, Stamp Duties, Excise Licenses, and Post-Horse Duties; Post-Office Regulations; and Prison Discipline. 18th Edition, comprising the Public Acts of the Session 1860. Fcp. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Cabinet Gazetteer: A Popular Exposition of All the Countries of the World. By the Author of *The Cabinet Lawyer*. Fcp. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Calvert. — The Wife's Manual; or, Prayers, Thoughts, and Songs on Several Occasions of a Matron's Life. By the Rev. W. CALVERT, M.A. Ornamented from Designs by the Author in the style of *Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-Book*. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Catlow's Popular Conchology; or, the Shell Cabinet arranged according to the Modern System: With a detailed Account of the Animals, and a complete Descriptive List of the Families and Genera of Recent and Fossil Shells. With 405 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 14s.

Catz and Farlie's Book of Emblems.—Moral Emblems, with Aphorisms, Adages, and Proverbs of all Nations, from J. CATZ and R. FARLIE: comprising 60 circular Vignettes, 60 Tail-Pieces, and a Frontispiece composed from their works by J. LEIGHTON, F.S.A., and engraved on Wood. The Text translated, &c., by R. PIGOT. Imperial 8vo. 31s. 6d. cloth; or 52s. 6d. bound in morocco.

Cecil. — The Stud Farm; or, Hints on Breeding Horses for the Turf, the Chase, and the Road. Addressed to Breeders of Race-Horses and Hunters, Landed Proprietors, and Tenant Farmers. By CECIL. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Cecil's Stable Practice; or, Hints on Training for the Turf, the Chase, and the Road; with Observations on Racing and Hunting, Wasting, Race-Riding, and Handicapping: Addressed to all who are concerned in Racing, Steeple-Chasing, and Fox-Hunting. Second Edition. Fcp. 8vo, with Plate, 5s.

Chapman.—History of Gustavus Adolphus, and of the Thirty Years' War up to the King's Death: With some Account of its Conclusion by the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648. By B. CHAPMAN, M.A. 8vo. Plans, 12s. 6d.

Clough.—Greek History from Themistocles to Alexander, in a Series of Lives from Plutarch. Revised and arranged by A. H. CLOUGH, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Fcp. 8vo. with 11 Woodcuts, 6s.

Conington.—Handbook of Chemical Analysis, adapted to the Unitary System of Notation. By F. T. CONINGTON, M.A., F.C.S. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. Also, *Tables of Qualitative Analysis*, designed as a Companion. Price 2s. 6d.

Connolly's History of the Royal Sappers and Miners: Including the Services of the Corps in the Crimea and at the Siege of Sebastopol. *Second Edition*; with 17 coloured Plates. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

Conybeare and Howson's Life and Epistles of Saint Paul: Comprising a complete Biography of the Apostle, and a Translation of his Epistles inserted in Chronological Order. *Third Edition*, revised and corrected; with several Maps and Woodcuts, and 4 Plates. 2 vols. square crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

*** The Original Edition, with more numerous Illustrations, in 2 vols. 4to. price 42s. may also be had.

Dr. Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine: Comprising General Pathology, the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the Disorders especially incidental to Climates, to Sex, and to the different Epochs of Life; with numerous approved Formulæ of the Medicines recommended. Now complete in 3 vols. 8vo. price £5. 11s. cloth.

Bishop Cotton's Instructions in the Doctrine and Practice of Christianity. Intended as an Introduction to Confirmation. 4th Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Cresy's Encyclopædia of Civil Engineering, Historical, Theoretical, and Practical. Illustrated by upwards of 3,000 Woodcuts. *Second Edition*, revised and extended. 8vo. 63s.

Crosse. — Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician. Edited by Mrs. CROSSE. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Crowe.—The History of France. By EYRE EVANS CROWE. In Five Volumes. VOL. I. 8vo. 14s.; VOL. II. 15s.

Cruikshank. — The Life of Sir John Falstaff, illustrated in a Series of Twenty-four original Etchings by George Cruikshank. Accompanied by an imaginary Biography, by ROBERT B. BROUGH. Royal 8vo. 12s. 6d. cloth.

Lady Cust's Invalid's Own Book: A Collection of Recipes from various Books and various Countries. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Rev. Canon Dale's Domestic Liturgy and Family Chaplain, in Two Parts: PART I. Church Services adapted for Domestic Use, with Prayers for Every Day of the Week, selected from the Book of Common Prayer; PART II. an appropriate Sermon for Every Sunday in the Year. Post 4to. 21s. cloth; 31s. 6d. calf; or 50s. morocco.

Separately { THE FAMILY CHAPLAIN, 12s. / THE DOMESTIC LITURGY, 10s. 6d.

The Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guide; being a Treatise on the Use of the Gun, with Rudimentary and Finishing Lessons in the Art of Shooting Game of all kinds; Dog-breaking, Pigeon-shooting, &c. By MARKSMAN. Fcp. 8vo. with 6 Illustrations, 5s.

De la Rive's Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice. Translated for the Author by C. V. WALKER, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. Woodcuts, £3. 13s.

Domenech.—Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America. By the ABBÉ' DOMENECH. With a Map, and about Sixty Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 16s.

Abbé' Domenech's Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico: A Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic. *10th Edition.* Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Defence of The Eclipse of Faith, by its Author. *3d Edition*, revised. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ephemera's Handbook of Angling; teaching Fly-fishing, Trolling, Bottom-Fishing, Salmon-Fishing: With the Natural History of River-Fish, and the best Modes of Catching them. With Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Ephemera's Book of the Salmon: The Theory, Principles, and Practice of Fly-Fishing for Salmon; Lists of good Salmon Flies for every good River in the Empire; the Natural History of the Salmon, its Habits described, and the best way of artificially Breeding it. Fcp. 8vo. with coloured Plates, 14s.

Fairbairn.—A Treatise on Mills and Millwork. By WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, F.R.S., F.G.S. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. *[In the press.*

Fairbairn.—Useful Information for Engineers: A First Series of Lectures delivered to the Working Engineers of Yorkshire and Lancashire. By WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, F.R.S., F.G.S. *Third Edition;* with Plates and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

SECOND SERIES of FAIRBAIRN'S Useful Information for Engineers, uniform with the above, nearly ready.

Falkener.—Dædalus; or, the Causes and Principles of the Excellence of Greek Sculpture. By EDWARD FALKENER, Member of the Archæological Institutes of Rome and Berlin. With numerous Illustrations and 2 Medallions from the Antique. Royal 8vo. 42s.

Falkener.—Museum of Classical Antiquities: A Series of Thirty-five Essays on Ancient Art, by various Writers, edited by EDWARD FALKENER. With 25 Plates and many Woodcuts. Imperial 8vo. 42s.

Forester's Rambles in the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia: With Notices of their History, Antiquities, and present Condition. With coloured Map; and numerous Illustrations from Drawings by Lieut.-Col. M. A. Biddulph, R.A. Imperial 8vo. 28s.

Letters of Sir A. S. Frazer, K.C.B. Commanding the Royal Horse Artillery under the Duke of Wellington: Written during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns. Edited by MAJOR-GENERAL SABINE, R.A. With Portrait, 2 Maps, and Plans. 8vo. 18s.

Freeman and Salvin.—Falconry: Its Claims, History, and Practice. By the Rev. G. E. FREEMAN, M.A. ("Peregrine" of the *Field*); and Captain F. H. SALVIN. Post 8vo. with Woodcut Illustrations from Drawings by Wolf, price 10s. 6d. cloth.

Garratt.—Marvels and Mysteries of Instinct; or, Curiosities of Animal Life. By GEORGE GARRATT. *Second Edition*, improved. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Gilbart's Logic of Banking: A Familiar Exposition of the Principles of Reasoning, and their Application to the Art and the Science of Banking. 12mo. with Portrait, 12s. 6d.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by BOLTON CORNEY, Esq. Illustrated by Wood Engravings, from Designs by Members of the Etching Club. Square crown 8vo. cloth, 21s.; morocco, £1. 10s.

Goodeve. — The Elements of Mechanism, designed for Students of Applied Mechanics. By T. M. GOODEVE, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in King's College. Post 8vo. with 206 Figures, 6s. 6d.

Gosse.—A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica. By P. H. GOSSE, Esq. With Plates. Post 8vo. 14s.

Green.—Lives of the Princesses of England. By Mrs. MARY ANNE EVERETT GREEN, Editor of the *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*. With numerous Portraits. Complete in 6 vols. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. each.

Greyson.—Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. GREYSON, Esq. Edited by the Author of *The Eclipse of Faith*. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Grove.—The Correlation of Physical Forces. By W. R. GROVE, Q.C., M.A. *Third Edition*. 8vo. 7s.

Gurney.—St. Louis and Henri IV.: Being a Second Series of Historical Sketches. By the Rev. JOHN H. GURNEY, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Evening Recreations; or, Samples from the Lecture-Room. Edited by Rev. J. H. GURNEY. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Gwilt's Encyclopædia of Architecture, Historical, Theoretical, and Practical. By JOSEPH GWILT. With more than 1,000 Wood Engravings, from Designs by J. S. GWILT. 8vo. 42s.

Hamilton.—Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman. By Colonel J. M. HAMILTON, K.H., Author of *Travels in the Interior of Columbia*. 2 vols. post 8vo. with 6 Illustrations, 18s.

Hare (Archdeacon).—The Life of Luther, in Forty-eight Historical Engravings. By GUSTAV KÖNIG. With Explanations by Archdeacon HARE and SUSANNAH WINKWORTH. Fcp. 4to. 28s.

Harford.—Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti: With Translations of many of his Poems and Letters; also Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna. By JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. Second Edition, revised; with 20 Plates. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.

Illustrations, Architectural and Pictorial, of the Genius of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. With Descriptions of the Plates, by the Commendatore CANINA; C. R. COCKERELL, Esq., R.A.; and J. S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. Folio, 73s. 6d. half-bound.

Harry Hieover's Stable Talk and Table Talk; or, Spectacles for Young Sportsmen. New Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. Portrait, 24s.

Harry Hieover.—The Hunting-Field. By HARRY HIEOVER. *2d Edition*; with 2 Plates. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Harry Hieover. — Practical Horsemanship. *Second Edition*; with 2 Plates. Fcp. 8vo. 5s. half-bound.

Harry Hieover.—The Pocket and the Stud; or, Practical Hints on the Management of the Stable. *3d Edition*. Fcp. 8vo. with Portrait, 5s.

Harry Hieover.—The Stud, for Practical Purposes and Practical Men: Being a Guide to the Choice of a Horse. *2d Edition*, with 2 Plates. Fcp. 5s.

Hartwig. — The Sea and its Living Wonders. By Dr. GEORGE HARTWIG. With numerous Wood Engravings, and a new series of Illustrations in Chromo-xylography from original designs by Henry Noel Humphreys. 8vo. 18s.

Hassall.—Adulterations Detected; or, Plain Instructions for the Discovery of Frauds in Food and Medicine. By ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D. Lond., Analyst of *The Lancet* Sanitary Commission, and Author of the Reports of that Commission published under the title of *Food and its Adulterations* (which may also be had, in 8vo. price 28s.) With 225 Illustrations, engraved on Wood. Crown 8vo. 17s. 6d.

Dr. Hassall's History of the British Freshwater Algæ: Including Descriptions of the Desmideæ and Diatomaceæ. 2 vols. 8vo. with 103 Plates, £1. 15s.

Col. Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting. 11th Edition, revised by the Author's Son, Major P. W. L. HAWKER. With Portrait, Plates, and Woodcuts. Sq. crown 8vo. 18s.

Haydn's Book of Dignities: Containing Rolls of the Official Personages of the British Empire, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Judicial, Military, Naval, and Municipal, from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time. Together with the Sovereigns of Europe, from the Foundation of their respective States; the Peerage and Nobility of Great Britain, &c. 8vo. 25s.

Hayward. — Biographical and Critical Essays, reprinted from Reviews, with Additions and Corrections. By A. HAYWARD, Esq., Q.C. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Hensman. — Handbook of the Constitution: Being a short account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Laws of England. By ALFRED F. HENSMAN, Barrister-at-Law. Fcp. 8vo. 4s.

Sir John Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy. Fifth Edition, revised and corrected to the existing state of astronomical knowledge; with Plates and Woodcuts. 8vo. 18s.

Sir John Herschel's Essays from the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, with Addresses and other Pieces. 8vo. 18s.

Hill. — Travels in Peru and Mexico. By S. S. HILL, Esq., Author of *Travels in Siberia*, &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Hinchliff. — Summer Months among the Alps: With the Ascent of Monte Rosa. By THOS. W. HINCHLIFF, Barrister-at-Law. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Hind. — Narrative of the Canadian Red River and Assininiboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expeditions: With a Description of the Physical Geography, Geology, and Climate of the Country traversed. By HENRY YOULE HIND, M.A., F.R.G.S., Professor of Chemistry and Geology in Trinity College, Toronto; in Charge of the Assininiboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. [*Just ready.*

Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society: With a Glance at Bad Habits. New Edition, revised (with Additions) by a Lady of Rank. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Hoare. — The Veracity of the Book of Genesis: With the Life and Character of the Inspired Historian. By the Rev. WILLIAM H. HOARE, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Holland.—Medical Notes and Reflections. By Sir HENRY HOLLAND, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen and Prince-Consort. Third Edition. 8vo. 18s.

Sir H. Holland's Chapters on Mental Physiology, founded chiefly on Chapters contained in *Medical Notes and Reflections*. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Hooker's (Sir W. J.) Popular Guide to the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew. With many Woodcuts. 16mo. 6d.

Hooker and Arnott's British Flora; comprising the Phænogamous or Flowering Plants, and the Ferns. Seventh Edition, with numerous Figures illustrative of the Umbelliferous Plants, the Composite Plants, the Grasses, and the Ferns. 12mo. with 12 Plates, 14s.; with the Plates coloured, price 21s.

Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. *Tenth Edition*, revised, corrected, and brought down to the present time. Edited by the Rev. T. HARTWELL HORNE, B.D. (the Author); the Rev. JOHN AYRE; and S. PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, LL.D. With 4 Maps and 22 Vignettes and Facsimiles. 4 vols. 8vo. £3. 13s. 6d.

Horne.—A Compendious Introduction to the Study of the Bible. By the Rev. T. HARTWELL HORNE, B.D. New Edition, with Maps, &c. 12mo. 9s.

Hoskyns.—Talpa; or, the Chronicles of a Clay Farm: An Agricultural Fragment. By CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNS, Esq. Fourth Edition. With 24 Woodcuts from Designs by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. 16mo. 5s. 6d.

Howard. — Athletic and Gymnastic Exercises. With 61 Illustrations, and a Description of the requisite Apparatus. By JOHN H. HOWARD. 16mo. 7s. 6d.

Howitt.—The Children's Year. By MARY HOWITT. With Four Illustrations. Square 16mo. 5s.

Howitt. — Tallangetta, the Squatter's Home: A Story of Australian Life. By WILLIAM HOWITT. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.

Howitt. — Land, Labour, and Gold; or, Two Years in Victoria: With Visit to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Second Edition, Two Volumes in One. Crown 8vo. 6s.

W. Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places: Old Halls, Battle-Fields, and Scenes illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry. With about 80 Wood Engravings. *New Edition.* 2 vols. square crown 8vo. 25s.

William Howitt's Boy's Country Book: Being the Real Life of a Country Boy, written by himself; exhibiting all the Amusements, Pleasures, and Pursuits of Children in the Country. With 40 Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

William Howitt's Rural Life of England. With Woodcuts by Bewick and Williams. Medium 8vo. 21s.

The Abbé Huc's Work on the Chinese Empire, founded on Fourteen Years' Travel and Residence in China. People's Edition, with 2 Woodcut Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Hudson's Executor's Guide. New and improved Edition; with the Statutes enacted, and the Judicial Decisions pronounced since the last Edition, incorporated. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Hudson's Plain Directions for Making Wills in conformity with the Law. New Edition, corrected and revised by the Author; and practically illustrated by Specimens of Wills containing many varieties of Bequests, also Notes of Cases judicially decided since the Wills Act came into operation. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Hudson and Kennedy's Ascent of Mont Blanc by a New Route and Without Guides. *Second Edition*, with Plate and Map. Post 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Humboldt's Cosmos. Translated, with the Author's authority, by Mrs. SABINE. VOLS. I. and II. 16mo. Half-a-Crown each, sewed; 3s. 6d. each, cloth; or in post 8vo. 12s. each, cloth. VOL. III. post 8vo. 12s. 6d. cloth: or in 16mo. Part 1. 2s. 6d. sewed, 3s. 6d. cloth; and Part II. 3s. sewed, 4s. cloth. VOL. IV. PART I. post 8vo. 15s. cloth; 16mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Humboldt's Aspects of Nature. Translated, with the Author's authority, by Mrs. SABINE. 16mo. price 6s.; or in 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each, cloth; 2s. 6d. each, sewed.

Humphreys.—Parables of Our Lord, illuminated and ornamented in the style of the Missals of the Renaissance by H. N. HUMPHREYS. Square fcp. 8vo. 21s. in massive carved covers; or 30s. bound in morocco, by Hayday.

Hunt's Researches on Light in its Chemical Relations; embracing a Consideration of all the Photographic Processes. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Hunter.—Introduction to the *Writing of Précis or Digests*, as applicable to Narratives of Facts or Historical Events, Correspondence, Evidence, Official Documents, and General Composition: With numerous Examples and Exercises. By the Rev. JOHN HUNTER, M.A. 12mo. 2s.

KEY, 12mo. *just ready.*

Hutchinson's Impressions of Western Africa: With a Report on the Peculiarities of Trade up the Rivers in the Bight of Biafra. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Idle's Hints on Shooting, Fish-ing, &c., both on Sea and Land, and in the Fresh-Water Lochs of Scotland. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Mrs. Jameson's Two Lectures on the Social Employments of Women, *Sisters of Charity* and the *Communion of Labour*. New Edition. Fcp. 2s.

Mrs. Jameson's Legends of the Saints and Martyrs, as represented in Christian Art. Third Edition; with 17 Etchings and upwards of 180 Woodcuts. 2 vols. square crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Mrs. Jameson's Legends of the Monastic Orders, as represented in Christian Art. Second Edition, enlarged; with 11 Etchings by the Author and 88 Woodcuts. Sq. crown 8vo. 28s.

Mrs. Jameson's Legends of the Madonna, as represented in Christian Art. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged; with 27 Etchings and 165 Wood Engravings. Square crown 8vo. 28s.

Mrs. Jameson's Commonplace-Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected. *Second Edition*; with Etchings and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. price 18s.

Jaquemet's Chronology for Schools: Containing the most important Dates of General History, Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary, from the Creation of the World to the end of the Year 1857. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Lord Jeffrey's Contributions to The Edinburgh Review. A New Edition, complete in One Volume, with Portrait and Vignette. Square crown 8vo. 21s. cloth; or 30s. calf.—Or in 3 vols. 8vo. price 42s.

Bishop Jeromy Taylor's Entire Works: With Life by Bishop HEBER. Revised and corrected by the Rev. C. P. EDEN. Now complete in 10 vols. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. each.

Kane's Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America; from Canada to Vancouver's Island and Oregon, through the Hudson's Bay Company's Territory, and back again. With Map, Illustrations in Colours, and Wood Engravings. 8vo. 21s.

Kemble. — The Saxons in England: A History of the English Commonwealth till the Conquest. By J. M. KEMBLE, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

Keith Johnston's Dictionary of Geography, Descriptive, Physical, Statistical, and Historical: Forming a complete General Gazetteer of the World. *Third Edition*, revised to April 1860. In 1 vol. of 1,360 pages, comprising about 50,000 Names of Places, 8vo. 30s. cloth; or half-bound in russia, 35s.

Kesteven. — A Manual of the Domestic Practice of Medicine. By W. B. KESTEVEN, F.R.C.S.E., &c. Square post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects: Comprising an Account of Noxious and Useful Insects, of their Metamorphoses, Food, Stratagems, Habitations, Societies, Motions, Noises, Hybernation, Instinct, &c. *Seventh Edition*, with an Appendix relative to the Origin and Progress of the work. Crown 8vo. 5s.

A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa; with Visits to the Italian Valleys of Anzasca, Mastalone, Camasco, Sesia, Lys, Challant, Aosta, and Cogne. With Map, 4 Illustrations from Sketches by Mr. G. Barnard, and 5 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 14s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia of History, Biography, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Natural History, and Manufactures. A Series of Original Works by EMINENT WRITERS. Complete in 132 vols. fcp. 8vo. with Vignette Titles, price £19. 19s. cloth lettered.

The Works *separately*, in single Volumes or Sets, price 3s. 6d. each Volume, cloth lettered.

Latham. — The English Language. By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., late Professor of the English Language in University College, London. Fourth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

Dr. Latham's Handbook of the English Language for the Use of Students of the Universities and Higher Classes of Schools. *Third Edition*. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Mrs. R. Lee's Elements of Natural History; or, First Principles of Zoology: Comprising the Principles of Classification, interspersed with amusing and instructive Accounts of the most remarkable Animals. New Edition; Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

L.E.L. — The Poetical Works of Letitia Elizabeth Landon; comprising the *Improvisatrice*, the *Venetian Bracelet*, the *Golden Violet*, the *Troubadour*, and Poetical Remains. 2 vols. 16mo. 10s. cloth; morocco, 21s.

Dr. John Lindley's Theory and Practice of Horticulture; or, an Attempt to explain the principal Operations of Gardening upon Physiological Grounds. With 98 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.

Dr. John Lindley's Introduction to Botany. New Edition, with corrections and copious Additions. 2 vols. 8vo. with Plates and Woodcuts, 24s.

Dr. Lindley's Synopsis of the British Flora arranged according to the Natural Orders; containing Vasculares or Flowering Plants. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Linwood's Anthologia Oxoniensis, sive Florilegium e Lusibus poeticis diversorum Oxoniensium Græcis et Latinis decerptum. 8vo. 14s.

Lorimer's Letters to a Young Master Mariner on some Subjects connected with his Calling. Fcp. 8vo. price 5s. 6d.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening: Comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape-Gardening. With 1,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs, or *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum* abridged: Containing the Hardy Trees and Shrubs of Great Britain, Native and Foreign, Scientifically and Popularly Described. With about 2,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 50s.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Agriculture: Comprising the Theory and Practice of the Valuation, Transfer, Laying-out, Improvement, and Management of Landed Property, and of the Cultivation and Economy of the Animal and Vegetable Productions of Agriculture. With 1,100 Woodcuts. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Plants: Comprising the Specific Character, Description, Culture, History, Application in the Arts, and every other desirable Particular respecting Plants found in Great Britain. With above 12,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 73s. 6d.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture and Furniture. New Edition, edited by Mrs. LOUDON; with more than 2,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 63s.

Loudon's Hortus Britannicus; or, Catalogue of all the Plants found in Great Britain. New Edition, corrected by Mrs. LOUDON. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Mrs. Loudon's Lady's Country Companion; or, How to Enjoy a Country Life Rationally. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Mrs. Loudon's Amateur Gardener's Calendar, or Monthly Guide to what should be avoided and done in a Garden. Crown 8vo. Woodcuts, 7s. 6d.

Love's Art of Cleaning, Dyeing, Scouring, and Finishing on the most approved English and French Methods: Being Practical Instructions in Dyeing *Silks*, *Woollens*, and *Cottons*, *Feathers*, *Chip*, *Straw*, &c.; Scouring and Cleaning *Bed* and *Window Curtains*, *Carpets*, *Rugs*, &c.; French and English Cleaning any Colour or Fabric of *Silk*, *Satin*, or *Damask*. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Lowe.—Central India during the Rebellion of 1857 and 1858: A Narrative of Operations of the British Forces from the Suppression of Mutiny in Aurungabad to the Capture of Gwalior under Major-General Sir HUGH ROSE, G.C.B., &c., and Brigadier Sir C. STUART, K.C.B. By THOMAS LOWE, M.R.C.S.E. Post 8vo. with Map, price 9s. 6d.

Lowndes's Engineer's Handbook; explaining the Principles which should guide the young Engineer in the Construction of Machinery, with the necessary Rules, Proportions, and Tables. Post 8vo. 5s.

Lord Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings; comprising his Contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, Articles contributed to the Edinburgh Review not included in his *Critical and Historical Essays*, Biographies written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Miscellaneous Poems and Inscriptions. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, 21s.

Macaulay. — The History of England from the Accession of James II. By the Right Hon. Lord MACAULAY. New Edition. VOLS. I. and II. 8vo. 32s.; VOLS. III. and IV. 36s.

Lord Macaulay's History of England from the Accession of James II. New Edition of the first Four Volumes of the Octavo Edition, revised and corrected. 7 vols. post 8vo. 6s. each.

Lord Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays contributed to The Edinburgh Review. Four Editions:—

1. A LIBRARY EDITION (the *Eighth*), in 3 vols. 8vo. price 36s.
2. Complete in ONE VOLUME, with Portrait and Vignette. Square crown 8vo. price 21s. cloth; or 30s. calf.
3. Another NEW EDITION, in 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. price 21s. cloth.
4. The PEOPLE'S EDITION, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth.

Lord Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, with *Ivry* and the *Armada*. 16mo. price 4s. 6d. cloth; or 10s. 6d. bound in morocco.

Lord Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. With Illustrations, Original and from the Antique, drawn on Wood by G. Scharf, jun. Fcp. 4to. 21s. boards; or 42s. bound in morocco.

Macaulay. — Speeches of the Right Hon. Lord MACAULAY. Corrected by HIMSELF. 8vo. 12s.

Mac Donald.—Poems. By George MAC DONALD, Author of *Within and Without*. Fcp. 8vo. 7s.

Mac Donald. — Within and Without: A Dramatic Poem. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Mac Dougall. — The Theory of War illustrated by numerous Examples from History. By Lieutenant-Colonel P. L. MAC DOUGALL, Commandant of the Staff College. *Second Edition*, revised. Post 8vo. with Plans, 10s. 6d.

Mac Dougall. — The Campaigns of Hannibal, arranged and critically considered, expressly for the use of Students of Military History. By Lt.-Col. P. L. MacDougall. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Sir James Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works: Including his Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. Square crown 8vo. 21s. cloth; or 30s. bound in calf: or in 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. 21s.

Sir James Mackintosh's History of England from the Earliest Times to the final Establishment of the Reformation. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

M'Culloch's Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce, and Commercial Navigation. Illustrated with Maps and Plans. New Edition. 8vo. price 50s. cloth; or 55s. half-russia. Supplement to the Edition published in 1859, containing the late Commercial Treaty with France, the New Indian Tariff, &c. price 2s. 6d.

M'Culloch's Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, of the various Countries, Places, and principal Natural Objects in the World. With 6 Maps. 2 vols. 8vo. 63s.

Maguire. — Rome; its Ruler and its Institutions. By John Francis Maguire, M.P. *Second Edition*, enlarged. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Mrs. Marcet's Conversations on Natural Philosophy, in which the Elements of that Science are familiarly explained. With 34 Plates. Fcp. 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

Mrs. Marcet's Conversations on Chemistry, in which the Elements of that Science are familiarly explained and illustrated. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 14s.

Marshman's Life of General Havelock.—Memoirs of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B. By John Clark Marshman. With Portrait, Map, and 2 Plans. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Marshman.—The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward: Embracing the History of the Serampore Mission. By John Clark Marshman. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.

Martineau. — Studies of Christianity: A Series of Original Papers, now first collected, or New. By James Martineau. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Martineau. — Endeavours after the Christian Life: Discourses. By James Martineau. 2 vols. post 8vo. price 7s. 6d. each.

Martineau. — Hymns for the Christian Church and Home. Collected and edited by James Martineau. *Eleventh Edition*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth, or 5s. calf; *Fifth Edition*, 32mo. 1s. 4d. cloth, or 1s. 8d. roan; an Edition in 18mo. price 2s. 10d. cloth.

Martineau.—Miscellanies: Comprising Essays chiefly religious and controversial. By James Martineau. Crown 8vo. 9s.

Maunder's Scientific and Literary Treasury: A new and popular Encyclopædia of Science and the Belles-Lettres; including all Branches of Science, and every subject connected with Literature and Art. Thoroughly revised Edition, with Corrections and Additions. Fcp. 8vo. 10s.

Maunder's Biographical Treasury: consisting of Memoirs, Sketches, and brief Notices of above 12,000 Eminent Persons of All Ages and Nations, from the Earliest Period of History: Forming a complete Dictionary of Universal Biography. *Eleventh Edition*, corrected and extended. Fcp. 8vo. 10s.

Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference: Comprising an English Dictionary and Grammar, a Universal Gazetteer, a Classical Dictionary, a Chronology, a Law Dictionary, a Synopsis of the Peerage, numerous useful Tables, &c. New Edition, reconstructed by B. B. Woodward, B.A.; assisted by J. Morris, Solicitor, and W. Hughes, F.R.G.S. Fcp. 8vo. 10s.

Maunder's Treasury of Natural History; or, a Popular Dictionary of Animated Nature: In which the Zoological Characteristics that distinguish the different Classes, Genera, and Species, are combined with a variety of interesting Information illustrative of the Habits, Instincts, and General Economy of the Animal Kingdom. With 900 Woodcuts. Fcp. 10s.

Maunder's Historical Treasury; comprising a General Introductory Outline of Universal History, Ancient and Modern, and a Series of Separate Histories of every principal Nation that exists; their Rise, Progress, and Present Condition, the Moral and Social Character of their respective Inhabitants, their Religion, Manners, and Customs, &c. New Edition, carefully revised throughout; with a new INDEX now first added. Fcp. 8vo. 10s.

Maunder's Treasury of Geography, Physical, Historical, Descriptive, and Political; containing a succinct Account of Every Country in the World: Preceded by an Introductory Outline of the History of Geography; a Familiar Inquiry into the Varieties of Race and Language exhibited by different Nations; and a View of the Relations of Geography to Astronomy and the Physical Sciences. New Edition, carefully revised throughout; with the Statistics throughout the volume brought, in every instance, up to the latest date of information. With 7 Maps and 16 Steel Plates. Fcp. 8vo. price 10s.

Merivale (Miss). — Christian Records: A Short History of Apostolic Age. By LOUISA A. MERIVALE. Fcp. 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

Merivale. — The Fall of the Roman Republic: A Short History of Last Century of the Commonwealth. By Rev. C. MERIVALE. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Merivale. — A History of the Romans under the Empire. By the Rev. CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo. with Maps:—

VOLS. I. and II. comprising the History to the Fall of *Julius Cæsar*. Second Edition, 28s.

VOL. III. to the Establishment of the Monarchy by *Augustus*. Second Edition.....14s.

VOLS. IV. and V. from *Augustus* to *Claudius*, B.C. 27 to A.D. 54 .....32s.

VOL. VI. from the Reign of Nero, A.D. 54, to the Fall of Jerusalem, A.D. 70.....16s.

Miles.—The Horse's Foot and How to Keep it Sound. *Eighth Edition;* with an Appendix on Shoeing in general, and Hunters in particular. 12 Plates and 12 Woodcuts. By W. MILES, Esq. Imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Miles's Plain Treatise on Horse-Shoeing. With Plates and Woodcuts. Second Edition. Post 8vo. 2s.

Minturn. — From New York to Delhi by way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China. By ROBERT B. MINTURN, Jun. With coloured Route-Map of India. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Thomas Moore's Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence. New Edition for the People, with 8 Portraits and 2 Vignettes on Steel. Edited and abridged from the First Edition by the Right Hon. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. Uniform with the *People's Edition of Moore's Poetical Works*. Square crown 8vo. 12s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

Thomas Moore's Poetical Works: Comprising the Author's Autobiographical Prefaces, latest Corrections, and Notes. Various Editions of the separate Poems and complete Poetical Works, as follows:—

	s.	*d.*
LALLA ROOKH, fcp. 4to. with Wood-cut Illustrations by TENNIEL.....	21	0
LALLA ROOKH, 32mo. ruby type	1	0
LALLA ROOKH, 16mo. Vignette	2	6
LALLA ROOKH, square crown 8vo. Plates	15	0
IRISH MELODIES, 32mo. ruby type..	1	0
IRISH MELODIES, 16mo. Vignette ..	2	6
IRISH MELODIES, square crown 8vo. Plates	21	0
IRISH MELODIES, illustrated by MACLISE, super-royal 8vo.....	31	6
SONGS, BALLADS, and SACRED SONGS, 32mo. ruby type	2	6
SONGS, BALLADS, and SACRED SONGS, 16mo. Vignette	5	0
POETICAL WORKS, People's Edition, 10 PARTS, each.....	1	0
POETICAL WORKS, Cabinet Edition, 10 VOLS. each.....	3	6
POETICAL WORKS, Traveller's Edition, crown 8vo.....	12	6
POETICAL WORKS, Library Edition, medium 8vo	21	0
SELECTIONS, "POETRY and PICTURES from THOMAS MOORE," fcp. 4to. Wood Engravings	21	0
MOORE'S EPICUREAN, 16mo. Vignette.....	5	0

Editions printed with the Music.

IRISH MELODIES, People's Edition, small 4to.	12	0
IRISH MELODIES, imperial 8vo. small music size	31	6
HARMONISED AIRS from IRISH MELODIES, imperial 8vo.	15	0
NATIONAL AIRS, People's Edition, small 4to.	12	0
NATIONAL AIRS, imperial 8vo. small music size	31	6
SACRED SONGS and SONGS from SCRIPTURE, imperial 8vo.	16	0

No Edition of Thomas Moore's Poetical Works can be published complete except by Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.

Mollhausen's Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific, with a United States Government Expedition. With an Introduction by Baron HUMBOLDT; Map and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

Moore.—The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Moore.—The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind. By G. MOORE, M.D. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Moore.—Man and his Motives. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

James Montgomery's Poetical Works: Collective Edition; with the Author's Autobiographical Prefaces, complete in One Volume; with Portrait and Vignette. Square crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth; morocco, 21s.—Or, in 4 vols. fcp. 8vo. with Plates, 14s.

Morell. — Elements of Psychology: PART I., containing the Analysis of the Intellectual Powers. By J. D. MORELL, M.A., One of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Morning Clouds. By the Author of *The Afternoon of Life*. Second Edition, revised throughout. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Morton's Agricultural Handbooks. — Handbook of Dairy Husbandry: Comprising Dairy Statistics; Food of the Cow; Milk; Butter; Cheese; General Management; Calendar of Daily Dairy Operations; Appendix on Cheese-making; and Index. By JOHN CHALMERS MORTON. 16mo. 1s. 6d.

HANDBOOK of FARM LABOUR, Steam, Horse, and Water Power, *nearly ready*.

Morton.—The Resources of Estates: A Treatise on the Agricultural Improvement and General Management of Landed Property. By JOHN LOCKHART MORTON. With 25 Lithographic Illustrations. Royal 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Moseley.—Astro-Theology. By the Rev. HENRY MOSELEY, M.A., F.R.S., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, &c. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Moseley's Mechanical Principles of Engineering and Architecture. Second Edition, enlarged; with numerous Woodcuts. 8vo. 24s.

Memoirs and Letters of the late Colonel ARMINE MOUNTAIN, Adjutant-General of H. M. Forces in India. Edited by Mrs. MOUNTAIN. Second Edition, Portrait. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Mure.—A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece. By WILLIAM MURE, of Caldwell. VOLS. I. to III. 8vo. price 36s.; VOL. IV. 15s.; and VOL. V. 18s.

Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography, comprising a complete Description of the Earth: Exhibiting its Relation to the Heavenly Bodies, its Physical Structure, the Natural History of each Country, and the Industry, Commerce, Political Institutions, and Civil and Social State of All Nations. Second Edition; with 82 Maps, and upwards of 1,000 other Woodcuts. 8vo. 60s.

Neale.—The Closing Scene; or, Christianity and Infidelity contrasted in the Last Hours of Remarkable Persons. By the Rev. ERSKINE NEALE, M.A. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 6s. each.

Newman. — The Scope and Nature of University Education. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory. Second Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

By the same Author, fcp. 8vo. 6s. each,

LECTURES and ESSAYS on UNIVERSITY SUBJECTS.

The OFFICE and WORK of UNIVERSITIES.

Ogilvie.—The Master-Builder's Plan; or, the Principles of Organic Architecture as indicated in the Typical Forms of Animals. By GEORGE OGILVIE, M.D. Post 8vo. with 72 Woodcuts, price 6s. 6d.

Osborn.—The Discovery of the North-West Passage by H.M.S. *Investigator*, Captain R. M'CLURE, 1850-1854. Edited by Captain SHERARD OSBORN, C.B. Third Edition; with Portrait, Chart, and Illustrations. 8vo. 15s.

Professor Owen's Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals. Second Edition, with 235 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.

Professor Owen's Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals. Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.

Palleske's Life of Schiller. Translated by LADY WALLACE. Dedicated by permission to Her Majesty the Queen. 2 vols. post 8vo. with 2 Portraits, 21s.

Memoirs of Admiral Parry, the Arctic Navigator. By his Son, the Rev. E. PARRY, M.A. Seventh Edition; with a Portrait and coloured Chart of the North-West Passage. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: a Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by JOHN BALL, M.R.I.A., F.L.S., President. Traveller's Edition (the *Fifth*), comprising all the Mountain Expeditions and the Maps, printed in a condensed form for the Pocket or Knapsack. 16mo. 5s. 6d.

The Fourth Edition of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, with 8 coloured Illustrations and many Woodcuts, may still be had, price 21s. Also the EIGHT SWISS MAPS, accompanied by a Table of the HEIGHTS of MOUNTAINS, 3s. 6d.

Peel.—Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. By the Right Hon. Sir LAWRENCE PEEL. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Dr. Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. *Third Edition*, enlarged and improved from the Author's Materials by A. S. TAYLOR, M.D., and G. O. REES, M.D. Vol. I. 8vo. 28s.; Vol. II. Part I. 21s.; Vol. II. Part II. 26s.

Dr. Pereira's Lectures on Polarised Light, together with a Lecture on the Microscope. 2d Edition, enlarged from the Author's Materials by Rev. B. POWELL, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. Woodcuts, price 7s.

Peschel's Elements of Physics. Translated from the German, with Notes, by E. WEST. With Diagrams and Woodcuts. 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. 21s.

Phillips's Elementary Introduction to Mineralogy. A New Edition, with extensive Alterations and Additions, by H. J. BROOKE, F.R.S., F.G.S.; and W. H. MILLER, M.A., F.G.S. With numerous Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 18s.

Phillips.—A Guide to Geology. By JOHN PHILLIPS, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Fourth Edition, corrected; with 4 Plates. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Piesse's Laboratory of Chymical Wonders: A Scientific Mélange intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of Young People. Fcp. 8vo. with Illustrations. [*Just ready.*

Piesse's Chymical, Natural, and Physical Magic, for the Instruction and Entertainment of Juveniles during the Holiday Vacation: with 50 Woodcuts and Portrait. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Piesse's Art of Perfumery, and Methods of Obtaining the Odours of Plants; with Instructions for the Manufacture of Perfumes for the Handkerchief, Scented Powders, Odorous Vinegars, Dentifrices, Pomatums, Cosmétiques, Perfumed Soap, &c.; and an Appendix on the Colours of Flowers, Artificial Fruit Essences, &c. *Second Edition*; Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Piozzi.—Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale), Author of *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*. Edited, with Notes and some account of her Life and Writings, by A. HAYWARD, Esq., Q.C. With a Portrait of Mrs. Piozzi, and an engraving from a Picture by Hogarth.

Pitt.—How to Brew Good Beer: A complete Guide to the Art of Brewing Ale, Bitter Ale, Table Ale, Brown Stout, Porter, and Table Beer. To which are added Practical Instructions for Making Malt. By JOHN PITT. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Porter.—History of the Knights of Malta, or the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. By Major WHITWORTH PORTER, R.E. With 5 Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Powell.—Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation. By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., &c. Crown 8vo. Woodcuts, 12s. 6d.

Powell. — Christianity without Judaism: A Second Series of Essays on the Unity of Worlds and of Nature. By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Powell.—The Order of Nature considered in reference to the Claims of Revelation: A Third Series of Essays on the Unity of Worlds and of Nature. By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A. Crown 8vo. 12s.

Power. — Virginia's Hand: a Poem. By MARGUERITE A. POWER. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Pycroft.—The Collegian's Guide; or, Recollections of College Days: Setting forth the Advantages and Temptations of a University Education. By the Rev. J. PYCROFT, B.A. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Pycroft's Course of English Reading; or, How and What to Read: Adapted to every taste and capacity. With Literary Anecdotes. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Pycroft's Cricket-Field; or, the Science and History of the Game of Cricket. Third Edition; Plates and Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Quatrefages' Rambles of a Naturalist on the Coasts of France, Spain, and Sicily. Translated by E. C. OTTE'. 2 vols. post 8vo. 15s.

Thomas Raikes's Journal from 1831 to 1847: Comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period. New Edition, complete in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 12s.

Ramsay.—The Old Glaciers of North Wales and Switzerland. By A. C. RAMSAY, F.R.S. and G.S. With Map and 14 Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo. price 4s. 6d.

Rich's Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities, with nearly 2,000 Woodcuts representing Objects from the Antique. Forming an Illustrated Companion to the Latin Dictionary and Greek Lexicon. Second and cheaper Edition. Post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Horsemanship; or, the Art of Riding and Managing a Horse, adapted to the Guidance of Ladies and Gentlemen on the Road and in the Field: With Instructions for Breaking-in Colts and Young Horses. By Captain RICHARDSON, late of the 4th Light Dragoons. With 5 Plates. Square crown 8vo. 14s.

Riddle's Household Prayers for Four Weeks: With additional Prayers for Special Occasions. To which is appended a Course of Scripture Reading for Every Day in the Year. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Riddle's Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the use of Colleges and Schools. *New Edition*, revised and corrected. 8vo. 21s.

Riddle's Diamond Latin-English Dictionary. A Guide to the Meaning, Quality, and right Accentuation of Latin Classical Words. Royal 32mo. 4s.

Riddle's Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the German-Latin Dictionaries of Dr. William Freund. Post 4to. 31s. 6d.

Rivers's Rose-Amateur's Guide; containing ample Descriptions of all the fine leading variety of Roses, regularly classed in their respective Families; their History and Mode of Culture. Sixth Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Dr. E. Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon to the Greek Testament. A New Edition, revised and in great part re-written. 8vo. 18s.

Mr. Henry Rogers's Essays selected from Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. Second Edition, with Additions. 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. 21s.

Samuel Rogers's Recollections of Personal and Conversational Intercourse with Fox, Burke, Grattan, Porson, Horne Tooke, Talleyrand, Erskine, Scott, Lord Grenville, *and* the Duke of Wellington. *Second Edition*. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Dr. Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases classified and arranged so as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition. Ninth Edition, revised and improved. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Ronalds's Fly-Fisher's Entomology: With coloured Representation of the Natural and Artificial Insects, and a few Observations and Instructions on Trout and Grayling Fishing. *Fifth Edition*; with 20 new-coloured Plates. 8vo. 14s.

Rowton's Debater: A Series of complete Debates, Outlines of Debates, and Questions for Discussion; with ample References to the best Sources of Information. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Dr. C. W. Russell's Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti: With an Introductory Memoir of eminent Linguists, Ancient and Modern. With Portrait and Facsimiles. 8vo. 12s.

SchimmelPenninck (Mrs.) — Life of Mary Anne SchimmelPenninck. Edited by her relation, CHRISTIANA C. HANKIN. Fourth Edition, carefully revised throughout; with a few Additions and a Portrait of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

SchimmelPenninck's (Mrs.) Select Memoirs of Port Royal. *Fifth Edition*, revised, &c. by C. C. HANKIN. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

SchimmelPenninck's (Mrs.) Principles of Beauty; with an Essay on the Temperaments, and Thoughts on Grecian and Gothic Architecture. Edited by C. C. HANKIN. With 12 coloured Illustrations in Facsimile of Original Designs by Mrs. SchimmelPenninck. price 12s. 6d.

SchimmelPenninck's (Mrs.) Sacred Musings on Manifestations of God to the Soul of Man; with Thoughts on the Destiny of Woman, and other subjects. Edited by C. C. HANKIN; with Preface by the Rev. Dr. BAYLEE. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Dr. L. Schmitz's History of Greece, mainly based upon Bishop Thirlwall's History. *Fifth Edition*, with Nine new Supplementary Chapters on the Civilisation, Religion, Literature, and Arts of the Ancient Greeks, contributed by C. H. WATSON, M.A. Trin. Coll. Camb.; also a Map of Athens and 137 Woodcuts designed by G. Scharf, jun., F.S.A. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Scoffern (Dr.)—Projectile Weapons of War and Explosive Compounds. By J. SCOFFERN, M.B. Lond. *4th Edition.* Post 8vo. Woodcuts, 9s. 6d.

Senior.—Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in the Autumn of 1857 and the beginning of 1858. By NASSAU W. SENIOR, Esq. With 2 Maps and 2 Views. Post 8vo. 12s.

Sewell (Miss).—New Edition of the Tales and Stories of the Author of *Amy Herbert*, in 9 vols. crown 8vo. price £1. 10s. cloth; or each work complete in one volume, separately, as follows:—

AMY HERBERT..... 2s. 6d.
GERTRUDE..... 2s. 6d.
The EARL'S DAUGHTER.. 2s. 6d.
The EXPERIENCE of LIFE.. 2s. 6d.
CLEVE HALL..... 3s. 6d.
IVORS, or the Two COUSINS 3s. 6d.
KATHARINE ASHTON.... 3s. 6d.
MARGARET PERCIVAL .. 5s. 0d.
LANETON PARSONAGE .. 4s. 6d.

Also by the Author of Amy Herbert.

Passing Thoughts on Religion. *New Edition.* Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Ursula: A Tale of English Country Life. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 12s.

History of the Early Church: from the First Preaching of the Gospel to the Council of Nicea. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

Self-Examination before Confirmation: With Devotions and Directions for Confirmation-Day. 32mo. 1s. 6d.

Readings for a Month preparatory to Confirmation: Compiled from the Works of Writers of the Early and of the English Church. Fcp. 8vo. 4s.

Readings for every Day in Lent: Compiled from the Writings of Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Bowdler's Family Shakspeare: In which nothing is *added* to the Original Text; but those words and expressions are *omitted* which cannot with propriety be read aloud. Illustrated with 36 Woodcut Vignettes. *Library Edition*, in One Volume, medium 8vo. price 21s.; *Pocket Edition*, in 6 vols. fcp. 8vo. price 5s. each; each *Play* separately, price 1s.

Sharp's New British Gazetteer, or Topographical Dictionary of the British Islands and narrow Seas: Comprising concise Descriptions of about 60,000 Places, Seats, Natural Features, and Objects of Note, founded on the best authorities. 2 vols. 8vo. £2. 16s.

Shee.—Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, F.R.S., D.C.L. By his Son, MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

Short Whist; its Rise, Progress, and Laws: With Observations to make any one a Whist-Player. Containing also the Laws of Piquet, Cassino, Ecarté, Cribbage, Backgammon. By Major A. New Edition; with Precepts for Tyros, by Mrs. B. Fcp. 8vo. 3s.

Simpkinson. — The Washingtons: a Tale of an English Country Parish in the Seventeenth Century. By the Rev. J. N. SIMPKINSON. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Simpson.—Handbook of Dining; or, How to Dine, theoretically, philosophically, and historically considered: Based chiefly upon the *Physiologie du Goût* of Brillat-Savarin. By LEONARD FRANCIS SIMPSON, M.R.S.L. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Sir Roger De Coverley. From the Spectator. With Notes and Illustrations, by W. HENRY WILLS; and 12 Wood Engravings from Designs by F. TAYLER. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.; or 21s. in morocco by Hayday.

The Sketches: Three Tales. By the Authors of *Amy Herbert*, *The Old Man's Home*, and *Hawkstone*. Fcp. 8vo. price 4s. 6d.

Sleigh.—Personal Wrongs and Legal Remedies. By W. CAMPBELL SLEIGH, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Smee's Elements of Electro-Metallurgy. Third Edition, revised; with Electrotypes and numerous Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Smith (G.) — History of Wesleyan Methodism. By GEORGE SMITH, F.A.S., Author of *Sacred Annals*, &c. VOL. I. *Wesley and his Times;* VOL. II. *The Middle Age of Methodism*, from 1791 to 1816. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. each.

Smith (J.) — The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul: With Dissertations on the Life and Writings of St. Luke, and the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients. By JAMES SMITH, F.R.S. With Charts, Views, and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith: a Selection of the most memorable Passages in his Writings and Conversation. 16mo. 7s. 6d.

A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. With a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. AUSTIN. *New Edition*. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

The Rev. Sydney Smith's Miscellaneous Works: Including his Contributions to The Edinburgh Review. Four Editions: —

1. A LIBRARY EDITION (the *Fourth*), in 3 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, 36s.
2. Complete in ONE VOLUME, with Portrait and Vignette. Square crown 8vo. 21s. cloth; or 30s. bound in calf.
3. Another NEW EDITION, in 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. 21s.
4. The People's Edition, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth.

The Rev. Sydney Smith's Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution in the Years 1804 to 1806. Fcp. 8vo. 7s.

Snow. — Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, Patagonia, and in the River Plate: A Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas. By W. PARKER SNOW. With Charts and Illustrations. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

Robert Southey's Complete Poetical Works; containing all the Author's last Introductions and Notes. Complete in One Volume, with Portrait and Vignette. Medium 8vo. 21s. cloth; 42s. bound in morocco. Or in 10 vols. fcp. 8vo. with Portrait and 19 Vignettes, 35s.

Southey's Doctor, complete in One Volume. Edited by the Rev. J. W. WARTER, B.D. With Portrait, Vignette, Bust, and coloured Plate. Square crown 8vo. 21s.

Southey's Life of Wesley; and Rise and Progress of Methodism. Fourth Edition, edited by Rev. C. C. SOUTHEY, M.A. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

Spencer.—Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By HERBERT SPENCER, Author of *Social Statics*. Reprinted chiefly from Quarterly Reviews. 8vo. 12s. cloth.

Spencer. — The Principles of Psychology. By HERBERT SPENCER, Author of *Social Statics*. 8vo. 16s.

Spitta.—Lyra Domestica: Christian Songs for Domestic Edification. Translated from the *Psaltery and Harp* of C. J. P. SPITTA. By RICHARD MASSIE. Fcp. 8vo. with Portrait, price 4s. 6d.

Sir James Stephen's Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography. *4th Edition*, complete in One Volume; with Biographical Notice of the Author by his SON. 8vo. 14s.

Sir J. Stephen's Lectures on the History of France. Third Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Stonehenge.—The Dog in Health and Disease: Comprising the various Modes of Breaking and using him for Hunting, Coursing, Shooting, &c.; and including the Points or Characteristics of Toy Dogs. By STONEHENGE. With about 70 Illustrations engraved on Wood. Square crown 8vo. 15s.

Stonehenge's Work on the Greyhound: Being a Treatise on the Art of Breeding, Rearing, and Training Greyhounds for Public Running; their Diseases and Treatment: Containing also Rules for the Management of Coursing Meetings, and for the Decision of Courses. With Frontispiece and Woodcuts. Square crown 8vo. 21s.

Stow's Training System, Moral Training School, and Normal Seminary for preparing Schoolmasters and Governesses. Eleventh Edition; Plates and Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Strickland.—Lives of the Queens of England. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Dedicated, by express permission, to Her Majesty. Embellished with Portraits of every Queen, engraved from the most authentic sources. Complete in 8 vols. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

Tate on the Strength of Materials; containing various original and useful Formulæ, specially applied to Tubular Bridges, Wrought Iron and Cast Iron Beams, &c. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Tennent.—Ceylon: An Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical: with Copious Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions. Illustrated by 9 Maps, 17 Plans and Charts, and 90 Engravings on Wood. By Sir J. EMERSON TENNENT, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. *Fifth Edition.* 2 vols. 8vo. price 50s.

Bishop Thirlwall's History of Greece. Library Edition; with Maps. 8 vols. 8vo. £3.—An Edition in 8 vols. fcp. 8vo. with Vignette Titles, 28s.

Thomson's Seasons. Edited by BOLTON CORNEY, Esq. Illustrated with 77 fine Wood Engravings from Designs by Members of the Etching Club. Square crown 8vo. 21s. cloth; or 36s. bound in morocco.

The Rev. Dr. Thomson's Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought: A Treatise on Pure and Applied Logic. 5th Edition. Post 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Thomson's Tables of Interest, at Three, Four, Four-and-a-Half, and Five per Cent., from One Pound to Ten Thousand, and from 1 to 365 Days, in a regular progression of single Days; with Interest at all the above Rates, from One to Twelve Months, and from One to Ten Years. Also, numerous other Tables of Exchange, Time, and Discounts. 17th Edition, revised and stereotyped. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

The Thumb Bible; or, Verbum Sempiternum. By J. TAYLOR. Being an Epitome of the Old and New Testaments in English Verse. Reprinted from the Edition of 1693. 64mo. 1s. 6d.

Todd (Dr.)—The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology. Edited by ROBERT B. TODD, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Now complete in 5 vols. 8vo. pp. 5,350, with 2,853 Woodcuts, £6. 6s. cloth.

Tooke.—History of Prices, and of the State of the Circulation, during the Nine Years from 1848 to 1856 inclusive. Forming Vols. V. and VI. of Tooke's *History of Prices*; with full Index to the whole work. By THOMAS TOOKE, F.R.S. and WILLIAM NEWMARCH. 2 vols. 8vo. 52s. 6d.

Trevelyan (Sir C.) — Original Papers illustrating the History of the Application of the Roman Alphabet to the Languages of India. Edited by MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A. 8vo. 12s.

Trollope.—The Warden, a Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New and cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Trollope's Barchester Towers, a Sequel to *The Warden*. New and cheaper Edition, complete in One Volume. Crown 8vo. 5s.

The Traveller's Library: A Collection of original Works well adapted for *Travellers* and *Emigrants*, for *School-room Libraries*, the *Libraries of Mechanics' Institutions*, *Young Men's Libraries*, the *Libraries of Ships*, and similar purposes. The separate volumes are suited for *School Prizes*, *Presents to Young People*, and for general instruction and entertainment. The Series comprises fourteen of the most popular of Lord Macaulay's *Essays*, and his *Speeches* on Parliamentary Reform. The department of Travels contains some account of eight of the principal countries of Europe, as well as travels in four districts of Africa, in four of America, and in three of Asia. Madame Pfeiffer's *First Journey round the World* is included; and a general account of the *Australian Colonies*. In Biography and History will be found Lord Macaulay's Biographical Sketches of *Warren Hastings*, *Clive*, *Pitt*, *Walpole*, *Bacon*, and others; besides Memoirs of *Wellington*, *Turenne*, *F. Arago*, &c.; an Essay on the Life and Genius of *Thomas Fuller*, with Selections from his Writings, by Mr. Henry Rogers; and a history of the *Leipsic Campaign*, by Mr. Gleig,—which is the only separate account of this remarkable campaign. Works of Fiction did not come within the plan of the TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY; but the *Confessions of a Working Man*, by Souvestre, which is indeed a fiction founded on fact, has been included, and has been read with unusual interest by many of the working classes, for whose use it is especially recommended. Dumas's story of the *Maitre-d'Armes*, though in form a work of fiction, gives a striking picture of an episode in the history of Russia. Amongst the works on Science and Natural Philosophy, a general view of Creation is embodied in Dr. Kemp's *Natural History of Creation;* and in his *Indications of Instinct* remarkable facts in natural history are collected. Dr. Wilson has contributed a popular account of the *Electric Telegraph*. In the volumes on the *Coal-Fields*, and on the Tin and other Mining Districts of *Cornwall*, is given an account of the mineral wealth of England, the habits and manners of the miners, and the scenery of the surrounding country. It only remains to add, that among the Miscellaneous Works are a Selection of the best Writings of the Rev. Sydney Smith; Lord Carlisle's *Lectures and Addresses*; an account of *Mormonism*, by the Rev. W. J. Conybeare; an exposition of *Railway* management and mismanagement by Mr. Herbert Spencer; an account of the Origin and Practice of *Printing*, by Mr. Stark; and an account of *London*, by Mr. M'Culloch.—To be had, in *complete Sets only*, at £5. 5s. per Set, bound in cloth and lettered.

☞ *The Traveller's Library* may also be had as originally issued in 102 parts, 1s. each, forming 50 vols. 2s. 6d. each; or any separate parts or volumes.

Sharon Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest. 3 vols. 36s.

Dr. Turton's Manual of the Land and Fresh-Water Shells of Great Britain: With Figures of each of the kinds. New Edition, with Additions by Dr. J. E. GRAY, F.R.S. Crown 8vo. with 12 coloured Plates, 15s.

Twisden. — Elementary Examples in Practical Mechanics, comprising copious Explanations and Proofs of the Fundamental Propositions. By the Rev. JOHN F. TWISDEN, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in the Staff College. Crown 8vo. 12s.

Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines: Containing a clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice. New Edition, chiefly rewritten and greatly enlarged; with nearly 2,000 Woodcuts. Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S., F.S.S., Keeper of Mining Records. 3 vols. 8vo. £4.

Walford. — The Handybook of the Civil Service. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

"HERE is the very book which aspirants to Government situations are in search of. It explains the whole system from principles to details. One objection to it may be that it tends to open for the candidate a road rather too royal." ATHENÆUM.

Warburton. — Hunting Songs and Miscellaneous Verses. By R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON. *Second Edition*. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Waterton's Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology: With Autobiography of the Author. THREE SERIES; with Portrait and 2 Vignettes. 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. price 16s.

Webb. — Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes. By the Rev. T. W. WEBB, M.A., F.R.A.S. With Map of the Moon, and Woodcuts. 16mo. 7s.

Webster and Parkes's Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy; comprising such subjects as are most immediately connected with Housekeeping: viz. The Construction of Domestic Edifices, with the Modes of Warming, Ventilating, and Lighting them—A description of the various Articles of Furniture, with the Nature of their Materials—Duties of Servants—&c. With nearly 1,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 50s.

Weld. — Two Months in the Highlands, Oreadia, and Skye. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Barrister-at-Law. With 4 Illustrations in Chromo-lithography and 4 Woodcuts from Sketches by Mr. GEORGE BARNARD and the Author. Post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Weld's Pyrenees, West and East. With 8 Illustrations in Chromo-xylography. Post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Weld's Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada. 10s. 6d.

Weld's Vacations in Ireland. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Dr. Charles West's Lectures on the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood. Fourth Edition, carefully revised throughout; with numerous additional Cases, and a copious INDEX. 8vo. 14s.

Dr. Charles West on Nursing Sick Children: Containing Directions which may be found of service to all who have the Charge of the Young. *Second Edition.* Fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

White and Riddle. — A Latin- English Dictionary. By the Rev. J. T. WHITE, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A., of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. Founded on the larger Dictionary of Freund, revised by himself. Royal 8vo. [*Nearly ready.*

Whiteside. — Italy in the Nine- teenth Century. By the Right Hon. JAMES WHITESIDE, M.P., LL.D. *Third Edition*, abridged and revised; with a new Preface. Post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Wilkins. — Political Ballads of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, annotated. By W. WALKER WILKINS. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Willich's Popular Tables for ascertaining the Value of Lifehold, Leasehold, and Church Property, Renewal Fines, &c. With numerous additional Tables—Chemical, Astronomical, Trigonometrical, Common and Hyperbolic Logarithms; Constants, Squares, Cubes, Roots, Reciprocals, &c. Fourth Edition. Post 8vo. 10s.

Wills.—"The Eagle's Nest" in the Valley of Sixt; a Summer Home among the Alps: Together with some Excursions among the Great Glaciers. By ALFRED WILLS, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition, with 2 Maps and 12 Illustrations. Post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Wilmot.—Lord Brougham's Law Reforms; or, an Analytical Review of Lord Brougham's Acts and Bills from 1811 to the Present Time. By Sir JOHN E. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Bart., Recorder of Warwick. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Wilmot's Abridgment of Black- stone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, in a series of Letters from a Father to his Daughter. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Wilson's Bryologia Britannica: Containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland systematically arranged and described according to the Method of *Bruch* and *Schimper;* with 61 illustrative Plates. Being a New Edition, enlarged and altered, of the *Muscologia Britannica* of Messrs. Hooker and Taylor. 8vo. 42s.; or, with the Plates coloured, price £4. 4s.

Yonge's New English-Greek Lexicon: Containing all the Greek Words used by Writers of good authority. *Second Edition.* Post 4to. 21s.

Yonge's New Latin Gradus: Containing Every Word used by the Poets of good authority. For the use of Eton, Westminster, Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby Schools; King's College, London; and Marlborough College. *Sixth Edition.* Post 8vo. 9s.; or, with APPENDIX of *Epithets*, 12s.

Youatt's Work on the Horse: With a Treatise on Draught. New Edition, revised and enlarged by E. N. GABRIEL, M.R.C.S., C.V.S. With numerous Woodcut Illustrations, chiefly from designs by W. Harvey. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. cloth.

Youatt.—The Dog. By William Youatt. A New Edition; with numerous Engravings, from Designs by W. Harvey. 8vo. 6s.

Zumpt's Grammar of the Latin Language. Translated and adapted for the use of English Students by Dr. L. SCHMITZ, F.R.S.E.: With numerous Additions and Corrections by the Author and Translator. 8vo. 14s.

[*October* 1860.

LONDON: PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE & CO. NEW-STREET SQUARE.

LIST OF WORKS BY LORD MACAULAY.

I.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS of the Right Hon. Lord MACAULAY: Comprising his Contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*; Articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, not included in his *Critical and Historical Essays*; Biographies written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; Miscellaneous Poems, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, price 21s.

II.

THE HISTORY of ENGLAND from the Accession of James the Second. By the Right Hon. Lord MACAULAY. New Edition, revised and corrected. 7 vols. post 8vo. price 42s. cloth; or separately, 6s. each.

III.

LORD MACAULAY'S HISTORY of ENGLAND from the Accession of James the Second. New Edition. VOLS. I. and II. 8vo. price 32s.; VOLS. III. and IV. 8vo. price 36s.

IV.

CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ESSAYS contributed to the Edinburgh Review. By the Right Hon. Lord MACAULAY. Library Edition (the Ninth). 3 vols. 8vo. price 36s.

V.

LORD MACAULAY'S CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ESSAYS contributed to the Edinburgh Review. A New Edition, in Volumes for the Pocket. 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. price 21s.

VI.

LORD MACAULAY'S CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ESSAYS contributed to the Edinburgh Review. The Traveller's Edition, complete in One Volume, with Portrait and Vignette. Square crown 8vo. 21s. cloth; calf, by HAYDAY, 30s.

VII.

LORD MACAULAY'S CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ESSAYS contributed to the Edinburgh Review. The People's Edition, complete in 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 8s. cloth; or in 7 Parts, price One Shilling each.

VIII.

LIST of Fourteen of Lord MACAULAY'S ESSAYS which may be had separately, in 16mo. in the TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY:—

Warren Hastings ..... 1s.	Lord Bacon ..... 1s.
Lord Clive ..... 1s.	Lord Byron; and the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration ..... 1s.
William Pitt; and the Earl of Chatham ..... 1s.	Frederick the Great ..... 1s.
Ranke's History of the Popes; and Gladstone on Church and State ..... 1s.	Hallam's Constitutional History of England 1s.
Life and Writings of Addison; and Horace Walpole ..... 1s.	Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson ..... 1s.

IX.

SPEECHES of the Right Hon. Lord MACAULAY, corrected by HIMSELF. 8vo. 12s.

X.

LORD MACAULAY'S SPEECHES on PARLIAMENTARY REFORM in 1831 and 1832. Reprinted in the TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY. 16mo. 1s.

XI.

LAYS of ANCIENT ROME. By the Right Hon. Lord MACAULAY. With Illustrations, original and from the Antique, by GEORGE SCHARF, jun., F.S.A., engraved on Wood by S. WILLIAMS. New Edition. Fcp. 4to. price 21s. boards; morocco, by HAYDAY, 42s.

XII.

LORD MACAULAY'S LAYS of ANCIENT ROME, with IVRY and the ARMADA. 16mo. 4s. 6d. cloth; morocco, by HAYDAY, 10s. 6d.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, and CO. Paternoster Row.